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APRIL 18, 1942

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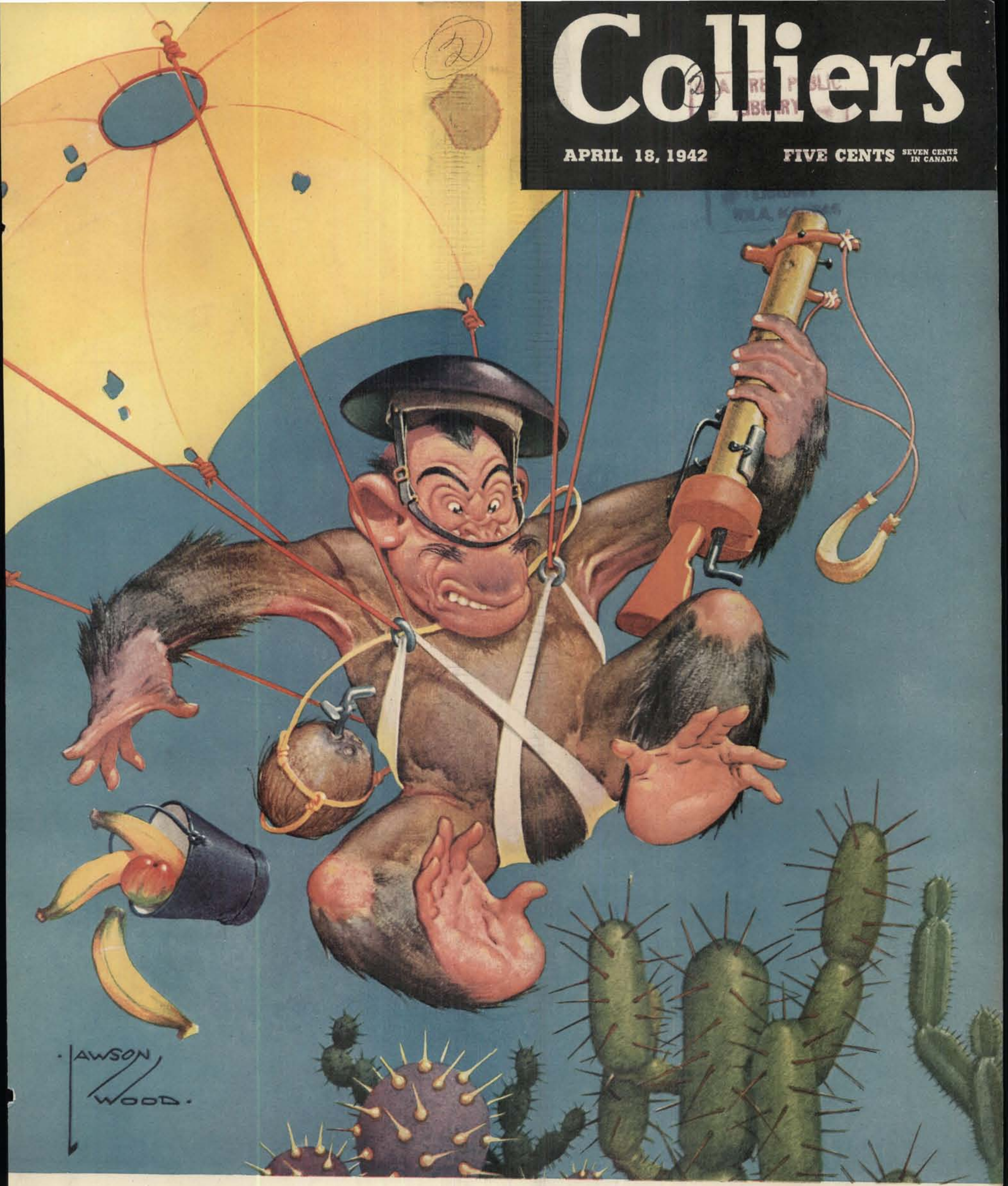
LAWSON WOOD.

ARGENTINA—AXIS GATEWAY BY FR

april 18,'42

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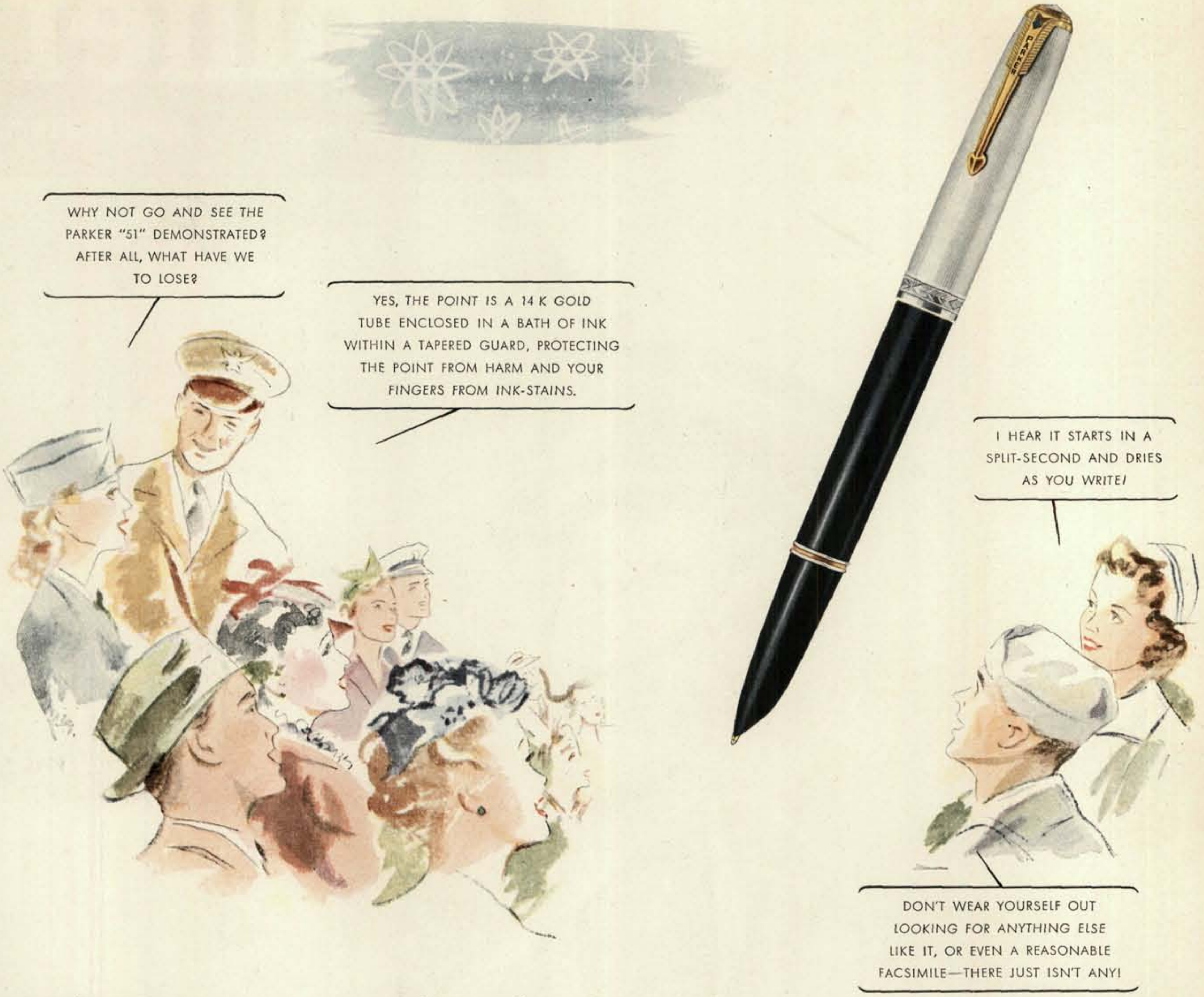
WHY NOT GO AND SEE THE PARKER "51" DEMONSTRATED? AFTER ALL, WHAT HAVE WE TO LOSE?
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PARKER

The Pen made for the ink —the Ink made for the pen

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Victory at last—the Parker "51" Pen and "51" Ink. Try them today at any nearby pen counter, and see them perform their miracles for *you.*

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A Hartford Agent or your insurance broker can obtain valuable advice for you on how to prevent accidents and fires. He can also build a sound program of insurance to protect you or your business against serious financial loss.

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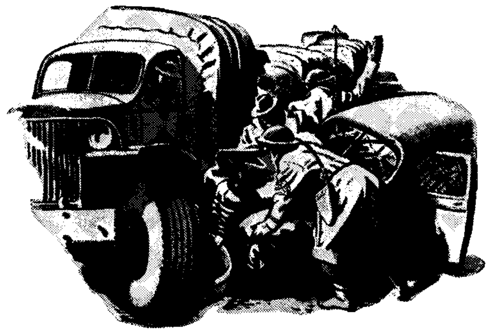

Be patriotic—drive carefully!

Civilian carelessness mustn't delay convoys. Drive at moderate speed—obey all traffic rules. And remember: an accident on the road today may mean *no car for you* for the duration!

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HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Picture OF THE MONTH

JEANETTE MacDONALD • NELSON EDDY

"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

DIRECTED BY: *Major W. S. Van Dyke II*

SCREENPLAY BY:.........*Anita Loos*

PRODUCED BY:.....*Hunt Stromberg*

SORT OF FOREWORD: We confess that we had quite a problem about selecting the Picture of This Month. Having passed up more serious fare we narrowed the choice down to two: "Rio Rita", starring Abbott and Costello; and "I Married An Angel", starring MacDonald and Eddy. Even now we're not certain about our choice, so please don't sulk, Mr. Abbott, and please don't brood, Mr. Costello. "Rio Rita" is good, too.

CAPSULE REVIEW: Nelson Eddy has his trouble with women. They can be extremely trying what with jealousies and extravagances. In despair he prays for some angel to marry. Heaven opens and Jeanette MacDonald, beautiful winged creature, drops onto earth. Very good, Eddy. Develop the complications and they add up to charm, merriment and wisdom. All in all, one of the dreamiest screen concoctions in these many moons. It is the perfect sort of escapist entertainment. Not too wise for the world but still not crass with harsh realities which we must face with a will in flesh and blood and not merely in shadow form. The film is thoroughly recommended from the standpoint of action, direction and script. It is a cameraman's field day and the M-G-M exceptionally proficient staff have missed no bets. By all means see "I Married An Angel".

TITLE NOTE: All Characters, says the foreword, are fictitious. We suppose this includes the Angel. Angels don't sue.

FORMER INCARNATION: Based upon the Broadway Stage Success. Produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. A musical adaptation by Rodgers and Hart (*Lorenz not Moss, New Yorker* please note) from the play by Vaszary Janos.

CAST EMBELLISHMENT: In addition to the stars, Jeanette and Nelson, one sees the stars Edward Everett Horton, Binnie Barnes, Reginald Owen, Douglas Dumbrille, Mona Maris, Janis Carter and Inez Cooper.

HUMMING WORD: All of us may join in the chorus:

> "Have you heard I married an angel?
> To Heaven she's carried this
> Fellow with a kiss".

REGRET: Dear Abbott and Costello: If we had two columns we'd write about "Rio Rita". Yours.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	CLARENCE H. ROY	Syntax
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	Far East
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor		

ANY WEEK

WE HAVE caught no more than a fleeting glimpse of Señor Domingo Turner but we are glad that our acquaintance with him is no more remote. In the politics of the Republic of Panama, Señor Turner is what the late Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania used to call a Pearly Revolving Door. In brief, Señor Turner is a political dissenter, a reformer, an individualist whose support of a candidate or office winner is violent until his man by word or deed departs a millimeter from the Turner convictions. In Panama Señor Turner is regarded as a radical but we'd scarcely call him that. He merely has standards, one of which is that the underprivileged should get a break. Anyway, whenever a revolution brews, at the first thin rumor of political upheaval, the government loses no time in arresting Señor Domingo Turner. He is always first in the roundup of those suspected of wishing ill upon the current administration. It is not necessary that Señor Turner should utter a word for or against either faction; the police fare forth at once and arrest him. He always goes to jail cheerfully and is always lodged in the same cell until the rebellion is frustrated or the government falls. Señor Turner has become a philosopher about all this. One day a Yankee visitor in Panama asked him why he was always the first to be arrested. Señor Turner spread his hands and sighed: "It is customary—*es costumbre.*"

ES COSTUMBRE

WE'VE had an enlightening talk with a gentleman from Costa Rica. He said that we might not have heard of him—Patrico Ryan y Masacolle—but most surely must know of his brothers, Feliz and Antonio. We didn't commit ourself, asking Patrico to proceed with his tale. So we learned that Feliz and Antonio were bandits who had, according to the newspapers, been executed no fewer than seven times during the past twelve years. Patrico explained that, according to the newspaper reports, they had been shot, hanged, poisoned, knifed, garroted and clubbed—always fatally and always together. "But these reports are not true," explained Patrico. "My brothers are in excellent health and spirits. They are eager to become soldiers against the tyrant Hitler. Would you care to pay a modest sum to interview them and perhaps have the privilege of sending them to the United States to fight for your country? It is impossible to destroy my brothers."

BUT we declined the honor and wandered over to a large, pleasant beer garden. It was almost deserted, a few languid waiters huddling in the shade of a red awning, apathetic in the tropical heat. But suddenly customers began to arrive in what the military calls force. In no time every table was filled. The waiters came to life. Beer began to flow in quantity. The world's loudest juke box, aided by a loudspeaker turned all the way on, began to fill the heavens with dance music. We made inquiries. "Church services are over," explained our waiter. "From their devotions have come all good Christians to dance and be happy. Thus they show the good God that they are grateful to Him for hearing their prayers and permitting them to see yet another beautiful day of rest. Ah, no, the American beer is not arrived upon the ship that was not permitted to arrive because of the war. And yet—"

SO WE had a sandwich and went to a baseball game (still alert, of course, against the ever-expected enemy). We're glad we went. It was like seeing the Phillies playing the Phillies. They did everything unusual short of running the bases on their hands. In the grandstand the betting was ferocious, the bets being laid as each man went to the plate. If he didn't hit, the losers became frantic, often requiring the services of the police. For his own safety it is better that a man get a few hits, however feeble. Frequently a hitless day means a police escort for the luckless swinger. Or if the odds are against his hitting and he crosses them up by smacking the ball out of the park, he may require protection. "One comes to have a pleasant time," explained Señor Hannigan, a spare umpire who sat with us. "Every player you have seen today has been wounded at least once."

AS WE bide our time here in Central America awaiting an assault or two by enemies who may long to damage that beautiful and important piece of engineering known as the Panama

(Continued on page 55)

Vol. 109, No. 16. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of *Woman's Home Companion*, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1942, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States, $2.00 a year, two years $3.50, three years $5.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Price in Canada, 7 cents a copy, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Collier's

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THIS WEE

APRIL 18, 1942

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COVER LAWSON WO

Ready to go anywhere ...QUICKLY

It's reassuring these days to see those sturdy Bell System trucks along the highway.

They are mechanized motor units. Each has a highly skilled crew; each has its own tools, power and materials. They are ready and efficient and can be mobilized anywhere, any time. And there are more than 27,000 of them.

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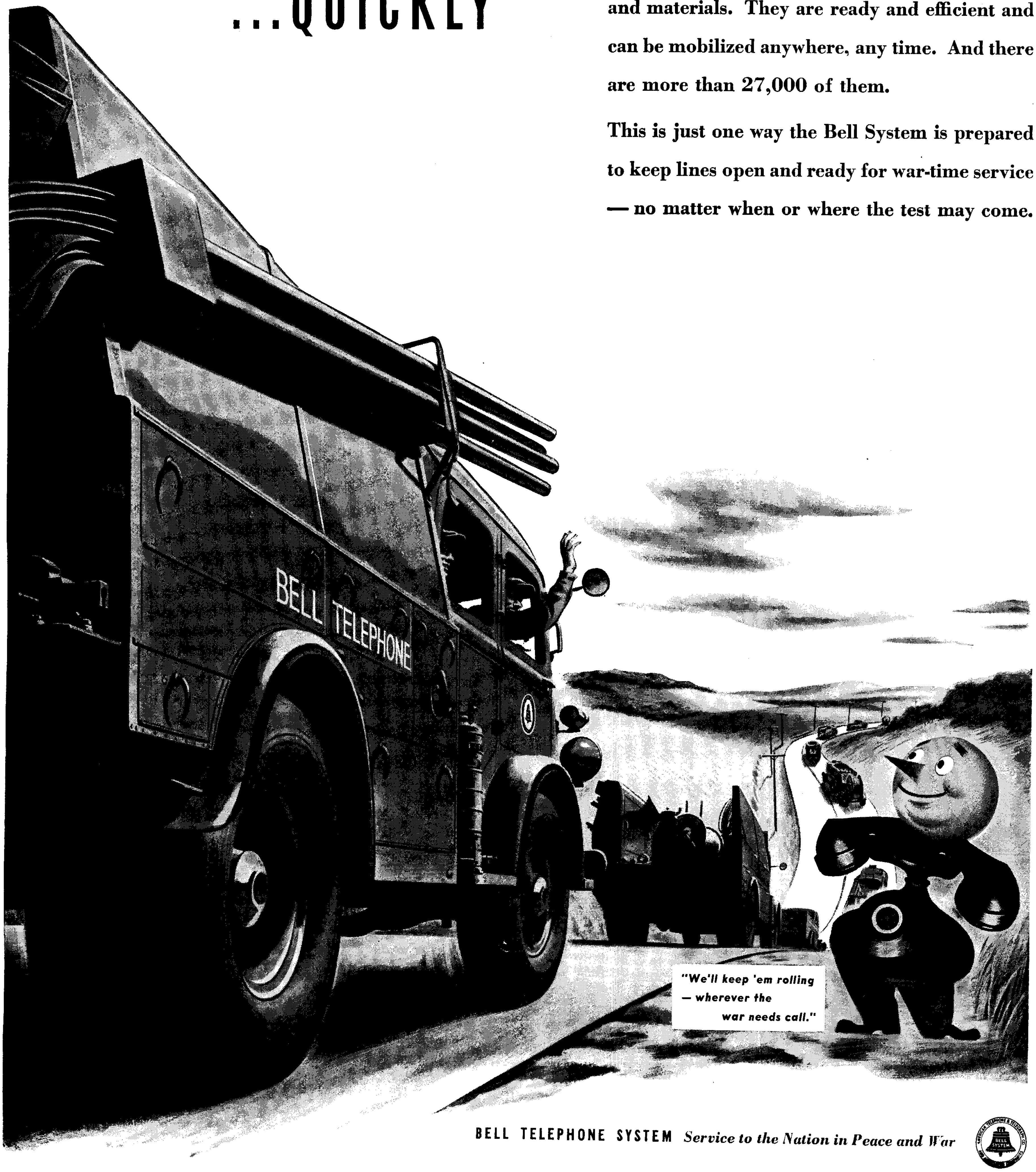
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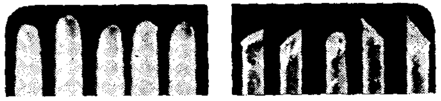

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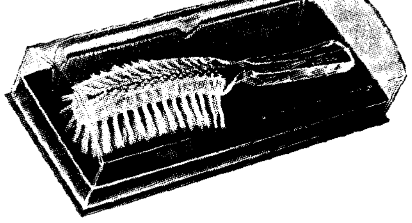
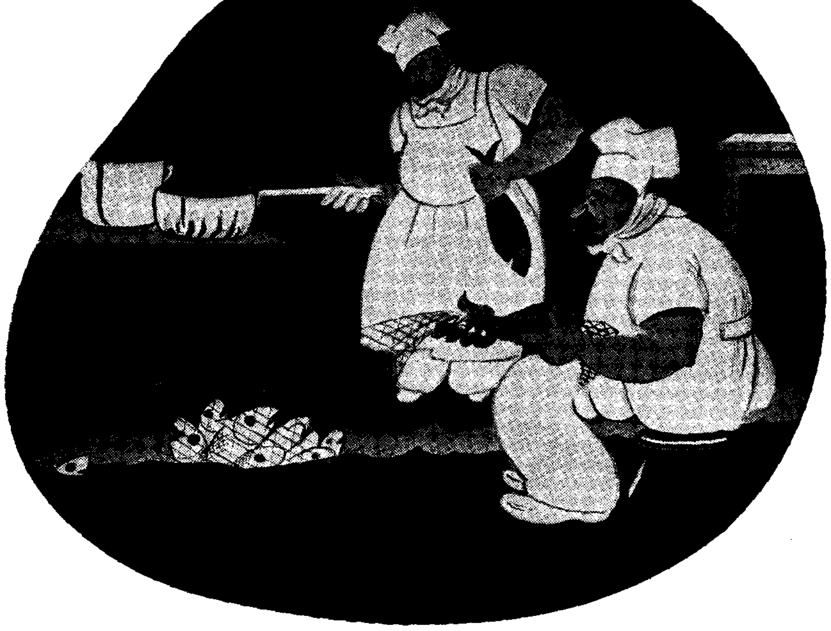


Jewelite Brushes *by* **Pro-phy-lac-tic**



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The Cistercian Monastery in Alcobaca, Portugal, obtains all the fish that it requires for food at no cost and with little labor. The cooks merely drop nets into a branch of the Alcoa River, which flows through the middle of their huge kitchen.—*By Maryanna McGovern, Wyola, Montana.*

Fruits, vegetables and other foods are now being dehydrated in vast quantities to solve wartime storage and shipping problems. After being thus dried in thousand-pound lots, for example, citrus fruits weigh 200 pounds, eggs 200, potatoes 170, milk 100, peas 90, carrots 80, corn 80, cabbage 60, spinach 50 and tomatoes 30 pounds.

The longest painting on record was the Panorama of the Mississippi, a canvas nearly 16,000 feet in length, which depicted the 1,300 miles of landscape of the river between the mouth of the Missouri and New Orleans. Executed by John Banvard between 1840 and 1846, this picture was exhibited by being passed between two upright revolving cylinders and required two hours to be shown in its entirety.

In nineteen states, when pardon or parole authorities are convinced that a former prisoner has violated the terms of his release, he is summarily returned to prison without being given a chance to disprove the alleged violation.—*By Philip Lee Lotz, Staunton, Virginia.*

In 18th-century Italy, a woman of high rank was never escorted by her husband to social events or places of public amusement. She was obliged by fashion to employ a male companion, called a *cicisbeo,* to accompany her on all such occasions

Although it is rock, slate becomes so flexible, when sliced to a thickness of one thirty-second of an inch, that it will bend like the blade of a long saw.—*By Andrew W. Robertson, London, England.*

One of the strangest partnerships in nature is that of the yucca plant and the yucca moth, which cannot live without each other. The plant is fertilized only by pollen that is brought to it by this insect, and the insect's larvae are able to survive only on food furnished by this plant. Incidentally, the moth spends the daylight hours within the closed blossom, as both are nocturnal.

Even on a sunny summer day, most of the heat in the air comes from the land and water, little of it being absorbed by the air directly from the sun.—*By Martha S. Cutts, Yankton, South Dakota.*

The praying mantes are the only insects that can turn their heads like man, the pelican is one of the few birds that loses its vocal powers upon reaching maturity, and the python is the only cold-blooded animal whose temperature rises several degrees above that of the surrounding air when hatching its eggs.

For more than ten years the schedules of both the National and American baseball leagues, or when and where the sixteen clubs will play their combined annual total of 1,232 games, have been worked out by an employee of a bank in Boston.—*By Henry B. Swan, Ray Brook, New York.*

While American grandmother clocks are miniature grandfather clocks, European "grandmothers" are often carved in the figure of a woman. One interesting life-sized model in the National Museum in Helsinki, Finland, has a short-sleeved blouse and flared skirt and stands on two human-shaped feet. —*By Jane Smith, Brooklyn, New York.*

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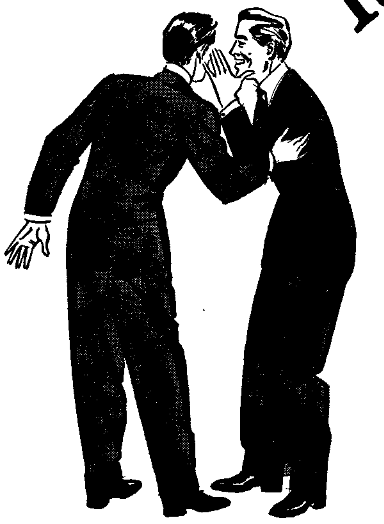

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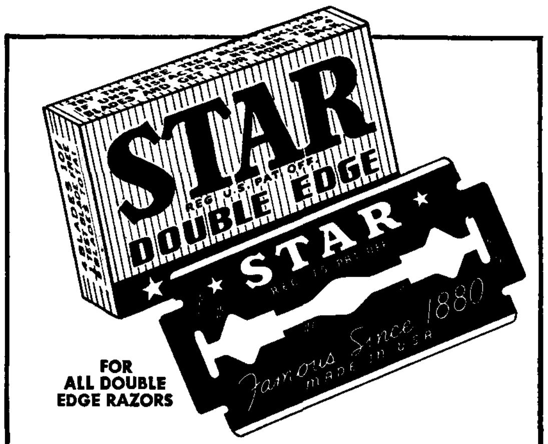

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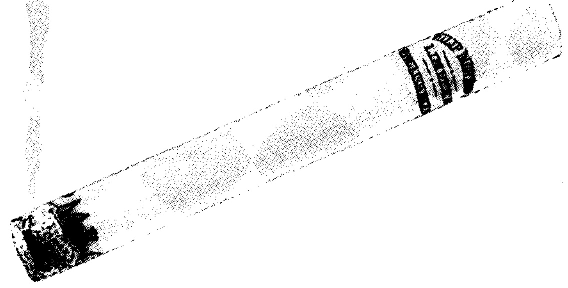

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WING TALK

Many industries may build planes in wartime, but from the drafting rooms of the basic air industry come all the advances in design

THIS is to clarify a little matter that makes our aircraft manufacturers unhappy whenever they get time to think about it, though they'll never come out and make an issue of it. The reason is that they, just as much as our High Command, want airplanes built faster and faster and they don't care who does it—they're that loaded up with government orders themselves. So there's no dog in the manger here.

When it became apparent that the present and potential capacity of the American aircraft industry would be insufficient to meet the war needs of the United Nations in the short time allotted, the government turned to other industries and told them to make parts, subassemblies and even the complete airplane. It did this for tanks, arms and other instruments of war. These heretofore nonaeronautical industries were asked to make planes and engines that have been developed and proved by aircraft designers and builders who have specialized in this work continuously for the last thirty years.

Therefore the other groups that are changing over to make aircraft are reproducing the government-accepted types, not newer types of their own creation. The aircraft industry has loaned its engineers and technicians to the new groups to teach them how airplanes shall be built, and all the while the basic aircraft industry has gone ahead with its own expansion and in the past twelve months has established a record for combat-plane production that is phenomenal. But even that is not enough for this modern air war.

The government depends entirely on the aircraft people to lead the way in the air armament of the nation and this is supported by the orders for new experimental types, of which each military aircraft firm has at least one. These pioneers in combat-airplane design, development, testing and production are the only people to whom the government can look for constant improvement in speed, range, fire power and load capacity. The Army and Navy do not design aircraft; they tell the aircraft industry what they want in performance, and the industry creates the plane.

The airplane builders, for the sake of safety, performance, and speed in delivery, hope that inexperienced people in the other industries now building aeronautical equipment will not monkey too much with the proved designs.

LAST August we reported the government was going to do something to protect airplane windshields against collisions with reckless-flying wildfowl. A lot has been done since, including a program of hurling dead chickens with terrific force at the equivalent of airplane cockpits. All this work is on the ground, because it takes too much time to go flying around looking for a goose. So the C.A.A., the Bureau of Standards, the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, the Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, and the Wild Life Research Division of the Department of the Interior all have put their heads together and are tackling this problem. That's how important it is.

Many good ideas have been advanced but had to be ruled out because windshield insurance against lightning and ice formations could not be sacrificed in favor of protection against a stray bird. However, recent developments of transparent glass-plastic combinations have resulted in windshield panels of reasonable thickness that have stubbornly resisted impacts.

In case you're concerned about how dead chickens were thrown at a windshield setup, it's done with a compressed-air gun of 3½-inch barrel diameter. Freshly killed chickens were fired at the rate of 200 feet a second. Now the government and industrial experts are arranging for the Westinghouse people of Pittsburgh to develop an air gun capable of firing a freshly killed 20-pound swan (minus its wings, which brings the weight down to 16 pounds) at a velocity of 270 miles per hour against a variety of transparent materials suitable for windshields. A bird of this size and weight is regarded as the maximum to protect against, until something bigger and heavier comes along. High-speed movies will be made, and strain gauges and accelerometer pickups will be established at various points of the test apparatus, to get at the bottom of just how much damage our feathered friends can create against our birds of metal and glass.

EVEN though the airlines, which hourly are increasing in value to the war effort, have been given a high preference rating for parts and supplies to keep their ships in tiptop shape, the operators are not sitting back waiting for the necessary equipment to be delivered as promised. The larger operators in particular, who have elaborate maintenance bases, are equipped with machine, sheet metal and drop-hammer facilities. So they are making parts that have been delayed or are difficult to get.

F. R. N.

This can be told

★

Today, wise military censorship keeps news of most current American inventions behind a cloak of secrecy.

This must be so.

Every true American wants it so.

But this absence of news must not let us forget that American pioneering is one of the great powers that built this nation. And don't let anyone tell you that we have run out of inventions.

Actually, the ability that invented the sewing-machine and the airplane, the telephone and the caterpillar tractor, the elevator and the revolver, the flying boat and the leak-proof gasoline tank—is at its peak right now.

To add to your confidence, and strengthen your faith in American inventiveness (if it needs strengthening), we tell you at this time the story of a dramatic tire development that has taken place in this country.

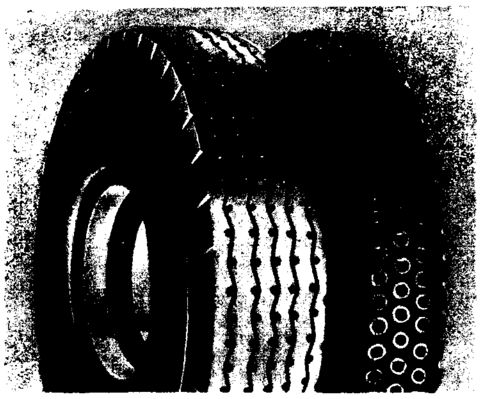
It is a straw in the wind—*and it is a story that can be told now.*

The seemingly impossible hurdle that tire designers have faced for years is this: the most effective non-skid tire was the old Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup—but it was noisy. . . . The quietest tire is a bald tire—but it is frightfully dangerous. So, to cater to the public's desire for safety, *and for silence,* tire treads have had to be a compromise. The more cuts and grooves added for safety, the greater the possibility of noise.

But American inventors continued to brush aside the word "impossible" in their desire to harness these two opposites and give both advantages in a single tire.

In 1941, the invention that cut this Gordian Knot took place at the Pennsylvania Rubber Company—the home of the original Vacuum Cup Tire.

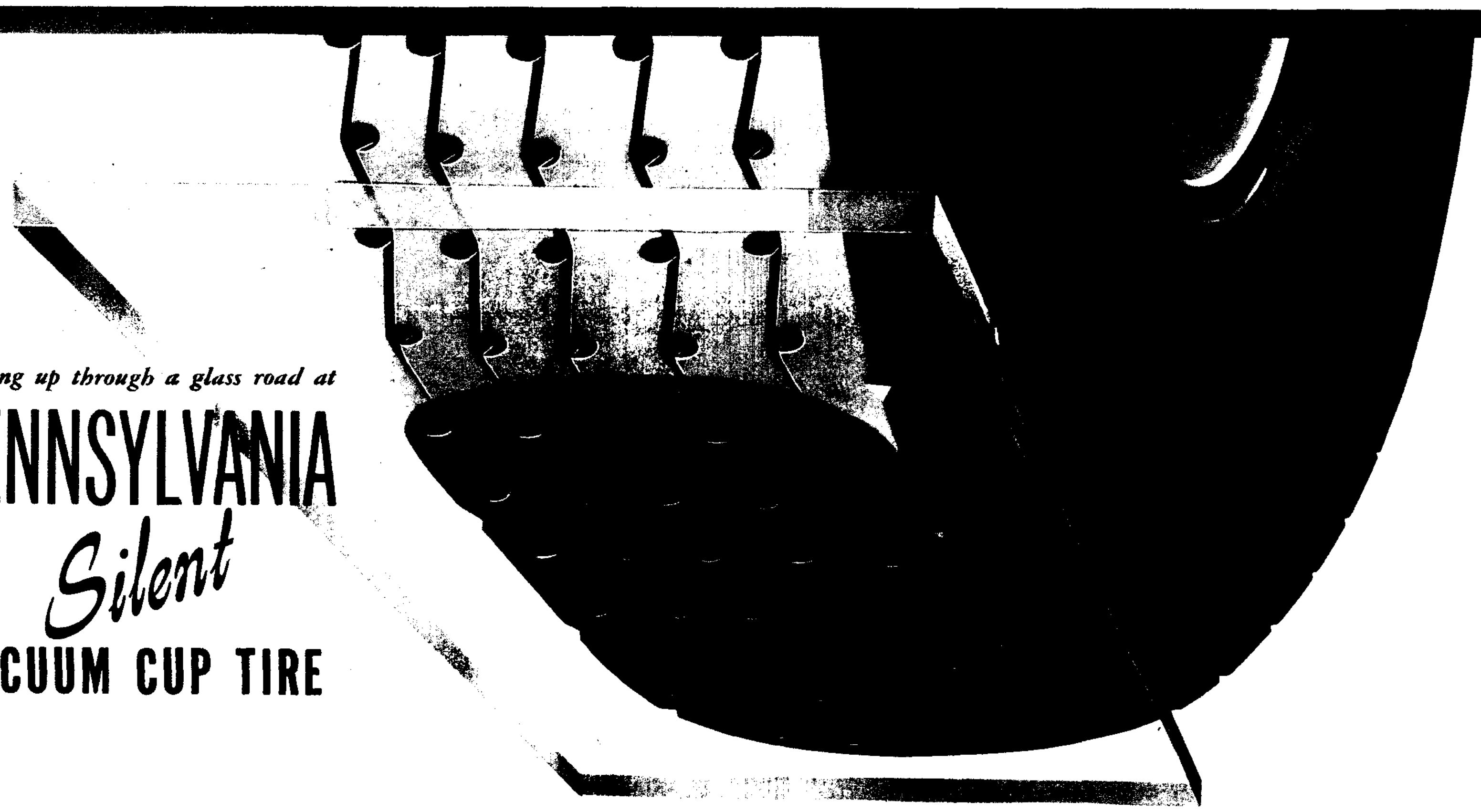
The new Vacuum Cup Tire accomplished the feat by upsetting the entire current principle of non-skid design. Instead of depending upon noisy ridges (only at their best in one direction), the new vacuum cup gets its amazing results by the silent indented cup which is equally effective in all directions. This resistance to skid at all 360 degrees of the circle introduced a wholly unexpected, and vitally important factor: *it eliminates much of the friction-producing side-to-side weaving and thereby extends materially the mileage from every pound of rubber.* And it does the job silently. It may prove the salvation in the use of synthetic rubber for tires.



(Left) *The new Pennsylvania Silent Vacuum Cup Tire*
(Right) *The original Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tire*

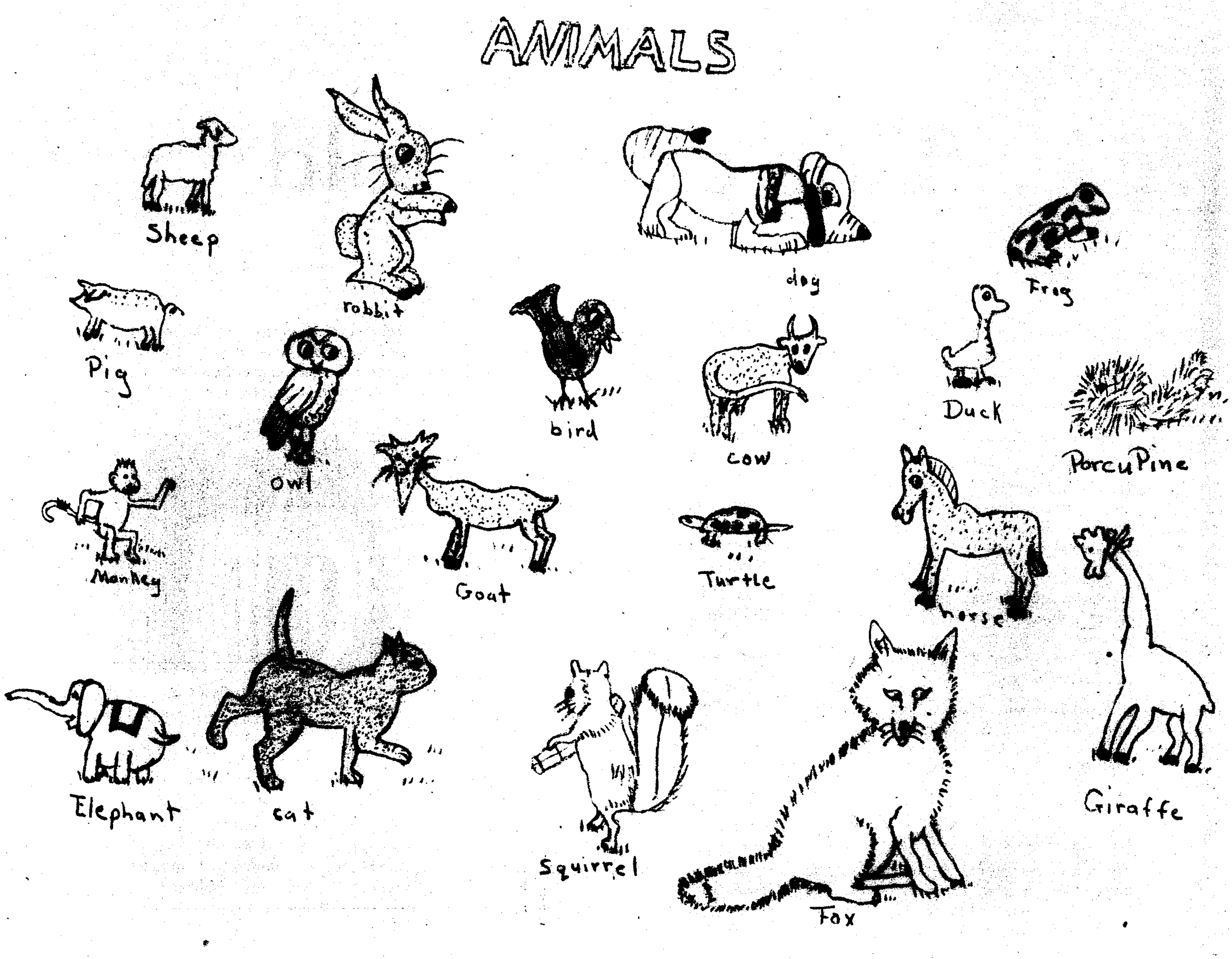
★ ★ ★

Of course, we cannot make deliveries until Victory permits, BUT when you wonder what is going on behind the scenes in the American inventors' war effort, think of this vacuum cup tire development, and multiply it hundreds of times. . . . Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pennsylvania.



Looking up through a glass road at

PENNSYLVANIA
Silent
VACUUM CUP TIRE



Concerning these animals drawn by a ten-year-old girl

THESE pictures were drawn by a yellow-haired, pretty little girl who lives in Bronxville, New York.

She is ten years old and her first name is Jane.

At present, Jane is absolutely certain she's going to be an artist when she grows up.

Not only is she determined she's going to be an artist, but it's all set in Jane's mind that she's going to be a certain kind of artist. She's going to draw and paint animal pictures, and nothing else.

Already her father has to bribe her to draw a human being.

If you'll think back to those days when you were a child, we think you'll recollect that you also had very definite plans as to what you were going to do when you grew up. And most likely what you're doing today isn't remotely connected with what you expected to be doing when you were a kid.

Some of the men who planned, as children, to be doctors, engineers, lawyers, or who wanted to be firemen or policemen are today Travelers insurance agents.

They will tell you that they're not only content, but very, very happy that they are insurance men. The reason is quite simple: a Travelers agent gets a lot of satisfaction out of his job.

You'd see why if you were with him when he goes to a hospital and hands over a check that makes a worried face light up, a check that means this man has no more worry about where he will find the money to pay the doctor, the rent, the food bill, and the myriad other bills of his family while he's laid up.

You'd see why if you could follow him into the home of a man who has injured someone in an automobile smash-up, and who might become liable for damages running into thousands of dollars except for the insurance policy this agent sold him.

You'd see why if you walked by a home where, thanks to a life insurance policy this agent sold, a family lives decently and comfortably.

Yes, it's a good job, an interesting and satisfying job.

And when a Travelers agent or insurance broker next calls on you, these are good things to remember as he walks in the door.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and fidelity and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR APRIL 18, 1942

rgentina – Axis Gatew

By Frank Gervasi

Worst chink in our hemisphere armor is in Argentina, where a pro-Axis government, plus official graft, a controlled press and a large and busy fifth column are giving our enemies exactly the setup they like best

IT'S a long way from Buenos Aires to the war. It's one of the few big towns left where you can really forget the war. In Buenos Aires, you can be fussy about the quality of a steak. You can quibble about the temperature of a bottle.

It's the new capital of that sleek and superficial and night-clubby civilization whose capital once was Paris. Here the tango replaces the apache dance, but the other props are familiar, from luxury shops on the midtown *avenidas* and pretentious cinemas and gaudy hot spots down to the brothels along the waterfront they call the boca.

In Buenos Aires, complacency is a way of life. It is the new capital of It Can't Happen Here. Its pleasureful smugness reminds you of Singapore, and its servility to the Axis recalls Vichy.

Here corruption is a craft. An honest election in Argentina is unknown. In August 1940, the Minister of War was implicated in a huge land fraud. In the elections the year before, the Conservatives stuffed the ballot boxes in the populous Catamarca Province so flagrantly that Radical President Ortiz was obliged to declare the voting invalid.

In Buenos Aires, abundance is a plague. Every night, enough food from hotel and restaurant tables is dumped into garbage cans to feed the entire London East End. This abundance insures that no one will grow hungry enough to risk his life to overthrow the antidemocratic government of Dictator (nominally he's Acting President) Ramón S. Castillo. The liberal Ortiz was obliged by illness to turn the government over to Castillo, who is a Conservative—which means, in Argentina, that he was born on the right side of the stockyards.

Castillo is the godhead of the Conservatives. The Conservative party is the party of the 2,000 families who own all of Argentina, her broad corn and cattle lands, her forests of quebracho, her mills and mines. These 2,000 families rule a prodigiously rich country that is more than a third the size of the United States. They boss Argentina's 13,000,000 people.

In this war, as in the last, Argentina has adopted a policy of strict neutrality. She is certain she can keep out of the war and profit by doing so. As a nation that has traditionally sold more than she has bought, she can't believe that the war can overtake her. She can't believe that her cattle might suddenly be stricken with a plague, that her wheat might wither. She can't believe such things, although already her marketless corn rots in heaps in the fields to surfeit the rats that have multiplied until the Rockefeller Foundation fears an outbreak of bubonic plague in the provinces.

If the people of Argentina ruled their nation, Argentina would by now have

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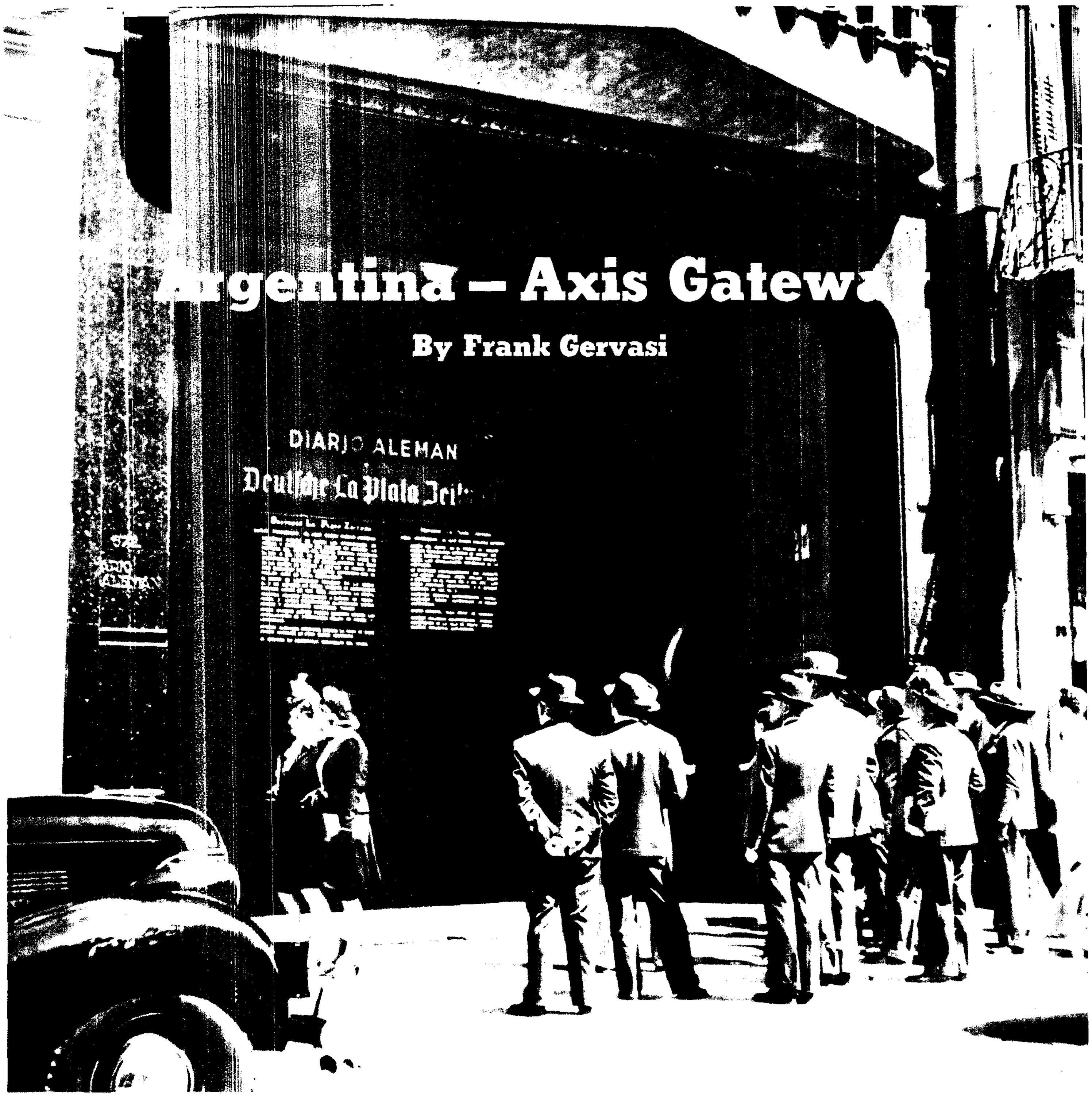


THREE LIONS

Passers-by read a German-language newspaper's bulletins in Buenos Aires. Argentina has 700,000-odd Axis nationals

INTERNATIONAL

Acting President Ramón S. Castillo, whose "neutral" policies facilitate Axis penetration in Argentina

JULES BUCHER

Mail still comes from Spanish ports to Buenos Aires, a wide-open route for Axis propaganda against America

The Day of Great Fear

By Stuart Cloete

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The American was as brave as any boy in China. Toa-Tuen knew this, and she was proud to wear his clothing

SINGLOO looked at Cheng's face. Cheng had just asked for volunteers . . . young boys.

"Only boys will do," he said.

There were great objections to being a leader among the boys. They thought a lot of Singloo because he was an American citizen and could speak English and read it. He thought with longing of his father's laundry in Bourbon Street, New Orleans . . . of the beautiful smell of washing and the hot scorched smell of his father's iron as it slid over shirts and slips on the big table by the window. He thought of the parcels of finished laundry all done up in brown paper and each parcel marked with a Chinese letter.

He stepped forward. "I will go," he said.

He had no idea where he was going. He had never had less desire to go anywhere. All he wanted was to stay safely with others . . . the men and boys of Cheng's guerrilla band.

And here he was standing like a fool by himself in front of them all.

There was nothing to indicate pleasure on Cheng's face but Singloo knew he was pleased. That what he had done had been expected of him. That by so doing, though he felt a fool, he had brought honor to his dead ancestors. But all the same it was not pleasant. On the contrary it was not only that he felt ridiculous, he also felt conspicuous and it made him look as if he held himself superior to the others. More brave than they. This was of course absurd. The only reason he had volunteered first was because he was so frightened. To be frightened made him angry. He would teach himself not to be afraid. By adding danger to fear, fear could be conquered.

"Six," Cheng said. "There is only one."

Ten boys joined him. He felt better. Now he was one of a group, no longer alone on the black earth in front of the band holding a rifle with a fixed bayonet that was taller than himself. Cheng came up to them.

"You can go, and you, and you." He sent five back. Out of the corner of his eye Singloo looked at the rejected boys. On what principle was Cheng choosing them. Why had Fanyan been sent back? He was nearly as big as a man, strong and known to be a brave fighter. Perhaps the bravest of us all, he thought. He looked at those who were left. They, including himself, were the smallest, the youngest, the slightest of the band.

Ah, he thought. We are going to be sacrificed. Like a wise leader Cheng is choosing those who can most easily be spared. His knees knocked together. It is for China, he thought. My ancestors must not be disgraced. And if a boy was killed without having children no blame could be laid upon him . . . this was obvious since he was still too young to have them. At least not too young, but too young to make it practical.

"Now go to the girls," Cheng said. "They are ready."

The girls . . . what was this? A strange idea entered his head. Perhaps they would leave sons after all; perhaps . . . but that was an absurd thought . . . or was it a hope?

"Go, I say," Cheng said. "They are at the temple. And you, Singloo, since you stepped forward first, are the leader. Do you agree that he should lead you?" he asked the others.

"We agree," they said.

THIS was a terrible thing. He was going to have to lead. It only showed where a combination of fear and vanity could lead you. What was it Confucius said about fear? He could not remember.

"The temple," Cheng said again.

Singloo moved slowly toward it. The others followed him. Whether he wanted it or not he was the leader. They were following him. It was most embarrassing. It made him very conspicuous.

The girls were giggling, laughing. They sat on a low wall like brave little black-haired birds on a perch, chirping like crickets in a cage. Birds, he thought again, as pretty as birds . . . as bright. And what had they in their hands? Clothes. They all had clothes in their hands—red, blue, green, yellow, embroidered silks and cottons.

"Here," one of them cried running up to him. "You are about my size."

What had size to do with it? He was suddenly very frightened. What would she do to him? He wished he were older, more experienced. He wished he were back in Bourbon Street. She was holding the clothes against him.

"Yes . . . yes . . . yes," she said.

Birds. She chirped like a beautiful little bird. Her hair was smooth, it was like the back of a bird.

"Now put them on," she said.

"Me?" he said. Woman's clothes! This would certainly upset his ancestors.

"It is an order from Cheng," she said.

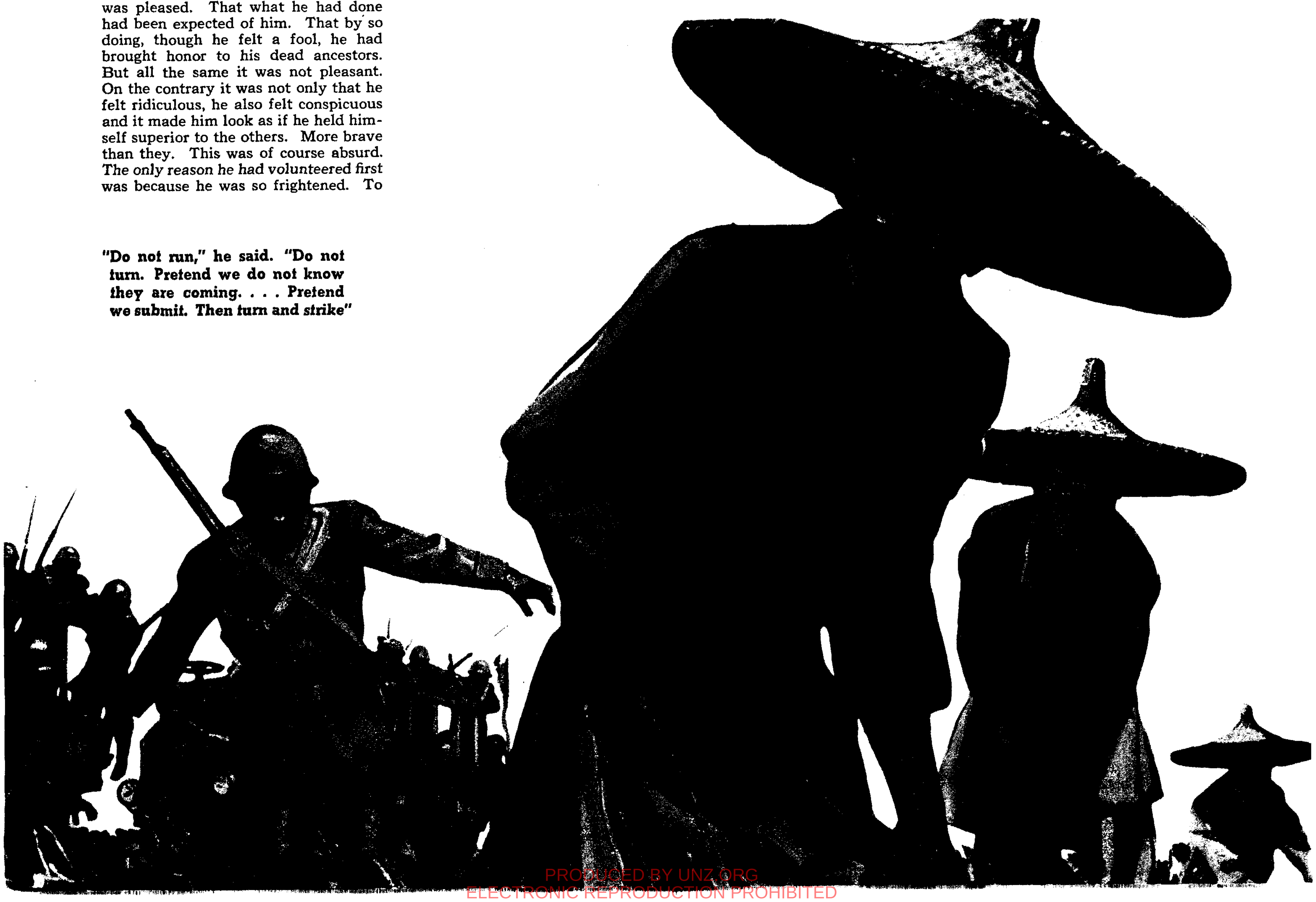
"What is your name?" he asked as he leaned his rifle against the wall. The sharp bayonet made a little scratch in the plaster as he rested it. If I had a scabbard he thought, I would not always have to go about with my bayonet fixed. It was very embarrassing to have to go about with a fixed bayonet all the time. But when he had picked it up from beside a dead Japanese it had been fixed like that. There had been no time to take off his belt because they were counterattacking; their planes had been overhead covering the advance and spraying down lead and bombs.

"I am called Toa-Tuen," she said. "But come, put on the clothes."

"I will put them on," Singloo said, "if it is an order but I had to know your name. I could not put on the dress of a strange girl. Such a thing would not be decent. It would be an act without dignity."

It was all very well to talk of dignity like this but it was not dignified even if you knew a maiden's name to be putting on her clothes with her helping you in

(Continued on page 57)



"Do not run," he said. "Do not turn. Pretend we do not know they are coming. . . . Pretend we submit. Then turn and strike"

Flight from Hong Kong

By Norman Soong

BY RADIO FROM CHUNGKING

An American-born Chinese cameraman outwits the Japs and escapes in disguise —to tell this inside story

OUTSIDE in the hot Hong Kong darkness the shop fronts remained silently boarded. No busses or trams were running. A few pedestrians hurried by in an effort to get home before dark. The Peak railway was not operating. A few Sikh policemen watched a line of people in front of a bread shop.

Occasional shells warbled overhead and banged against the hill a short distance away. From Wanchai rifle and machine-gun fire sounded like a battery of typewriters in action. At five o'clock firing ceased. An hour or so later the servants reported to my friend, in whose home I had taken refuge, that street gossip said a twelve-hour truce had been arranged.

Shortly before dawn some panicky neighbor discarded a tin hat and tossed it into the next compound. A servant there, fearing complications from the presence of military equipment, returned the helmet—which promptly came back to him. Our nerves were jangled every two minutes by the clatter of the battered tin headpiece landing and rolling on the concrete.

As dawn came the central district was piled high with war material—parts of uniforms, helmets, gas masks, cartridge belts and holsters—but significantly there were no pistols or rifles. A truck whizzed to a stop and discharged a lone Japanese soldier, who took up a position on a corner with his bayoneted rifle resting in the crook of his arm.

On the opposite corner stood a bewildered and bearded Sikh policeman, armed only with a futile short baton. Small crowds gathered and gaped from a distance. A newsboy did a brisk business selling papers with headlines announcing the cessation of hostilities.

Three Japanese soldiers came by, escorting 105 Canadian prisoners — I counted them, twice. The Canadians were in a cheerful mood—more cheerful than you would have expected from just-captured soldiers. One carried a guitar and another hugged ten precious cans of Capstan cigarettes. They were all young and looked inexperienced.

In the darkness that night I heard cries for help from a Chinese maid in the servants' quarters; then the sound of running footsteps and screams. Never in my life have I felt so helpless; there was nothing I could do.

My mind went back to my experience on the ill-fated U. S. S. Panay on the Yangtze River four Decembers before. At that time also we were helpless before the Japs, with no place to which to run—but it was better then, because I had my camera and was able to strike back later with my pictures.

In the first few days after the conquest and occupation I got a pretty good idea of what happens when the Japanese march into a captured city. And there was no end to the number of my friends in Hong Kong who eyewitnessed the orgy of rape, particularly in the Happy Valley race course section, a residential area for upper middle-class Chinese. The few foreign women in the colony generally escaped this fate, except in a few individual cases.

First to Be Organized

Conduct of the victory-elated Japanese soldiers improved somewhat after their military police began functioning and brothels were established. These institutions were the first to be organized after the setting up of army headquarters.

In the process of exploring their new conquest the Japanese discovered warehouses full of liquor, tobacco and assorted merchandise, to which they helped themselves generously before giving their local gangster allies the signal for a general looting.

Private residences were looted in a more gentle but no less effective manner. Japanese officers installed themselves in the better homes, evicted occupants and then later removed pianos, electric refrigerators, radios and furniture. The conquerors appeared particularly fond of hard, uncomfortable Chinese blackwood furniture, judging by the truckloads of it hauled to the water front.

Meanwhile, all Hong Kong worried about food. Ostrichlike, most people had not prepared for war by storing food and the others had consumed their reserves during difficult weeks of siege when it was impossible to buy food unless one was willing to stand in line for hours through shelling and bombing to get a loaf of bread.

Not that there was an insufficiency of food. The Japanese army had gone into business, shipping from Hong Kong large stores of rice to Shanghai for sale, and shopkeepers weren't interested in exchanging their food for currency backed by a nonexistent Hong Kong government.

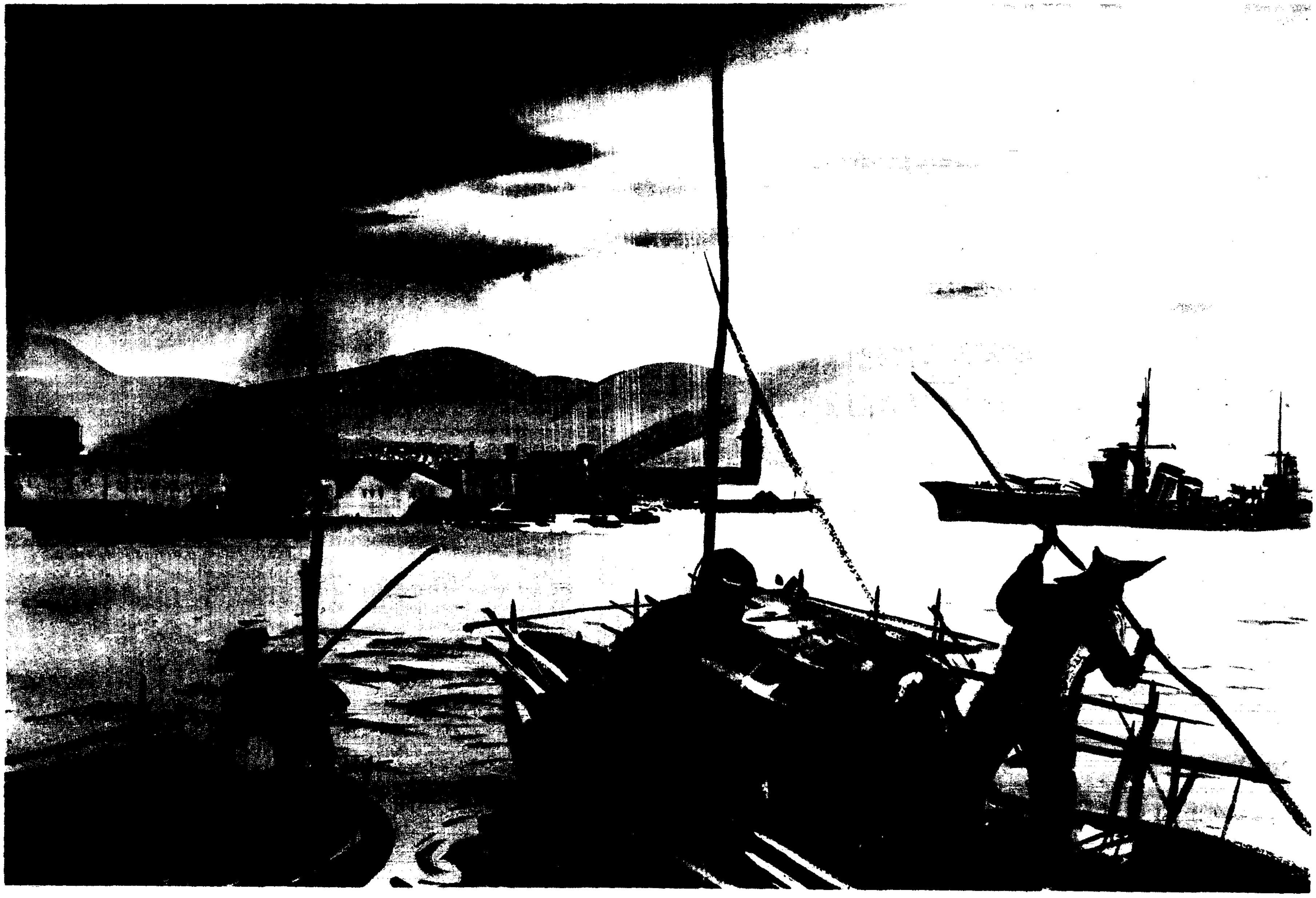
Money also was a big problem. The majority continued the usual habit of signing chits for food and drink throughout the siege with the result that the sudden surrender caught them practically penniless.

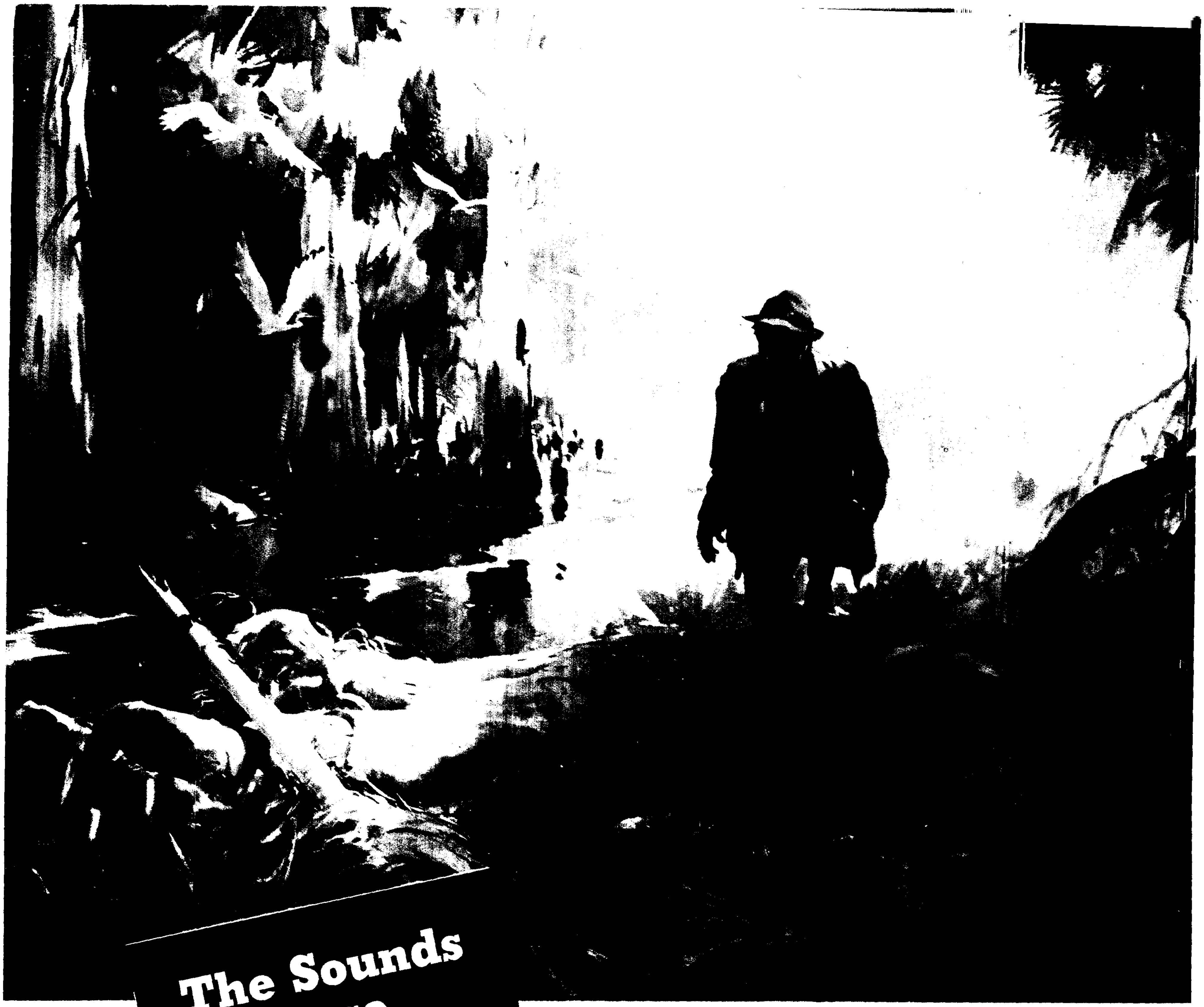
Hong Kong's population was hungry for news about progress of the war elsewhere in the southwestern Pacific. The only news available came in a puppetized press which everybody read but nobody believed. Despite their recent

(Continued on page 55)

At dawn of the tenth day I talked a sampan man into making the run across to Kowloon. Never did the mile of water seem so wide

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY





Joe leaned to tie his boot, saw the broken mast. He stared at it, puzzled

The Sounds of Geese

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

With the Lord's help Joe Bullock bares the villainy of Crabtree Myers, meting out punishment therefore

THE wild geese flew over high, the November sun momentarily glinting on the white of their chins and tails. Joe Bullock looked up from his painting and watched them briefly. "Them's late gitting here," he thought. Three skiffs passed the Pelican II, the gill nets piled on their stern decks. Without breaking the steady rhythm of their rowing, the men nodded as they moved by, partly to Joe, but mostly to Nellie Barnaby.

The fishermen turned in at Jules Barnaby's fish-house dock with their catch, and Joe said, "Nellie, I been thinking."

Nellie Barnaby sat on the rail of her father's party-fishing cruiser boat and watched a niggergoose feeding under an overhang of bay brush.

"Nellie," Joe said, "ain't no sense in you marrying me."

"Ain't it?" she said. "How come?"

"You don't want to marry no old hard-luck somebody like me."

"Thought you said you wasn't hard luck no more, after gitting me promised to you," Nellie said. "You ain't backing out, are you, Joe?"

"No. Ain't nothing like that. It just looks like everybody's making money but me. Party fishing's plumb done, you might say, until spring er so."

"You could go gill netting."

"Ain't got no gill net."

"Pa'd let you have the loan of one."

Joe shook his head. "Ain't fishing with no borrowed net. Hard luck the way I am, a shark'd git in it, er a sawfish, and then I wouldn't just only be broke, I'd be into debt. Then I couldn't never build you no little bumbalow."

"The way the fish are running now," Nellie insisted, "you could pay for a net in one night."

"I'm scared if I went gill netting, it'd put a stop to the whole dadgone run, and then wouldn't nobody catch no fish. Be dog, if that ain't the truth. I ain't got the heart to mess up everybody's moneymaking."

"Ah, foot, Joe," Nellie said in disappointment.

JOE'S brush smoothly spread the paint over the scars the Pelican II had received in the September storm, when the water had been knee-deep in Crabflake Myers' store. Joe didn't look up, avoiding the hurt in Nellie's dark eyes, until Walt Minton called him. Walt Minton was the preacher and the best red fisherman in town. He stood below them on the pier, with his little outboard resting on a croker-sack pad on his shoulder.

"Let me have a skiff, Joe," he said. "Them reds is going to be hongry out in the mouth of the river. I aim to harelip a few." Noticing the downcast manner of them, he said, "What ails you-all? Ain't had no disagreement, I hope."

"Everybody's making money but us," Nellie said. She nodded toward her father's fish house, where the latest catch was being weighed.

The preacher had been worried during this period of prosperity, for the jooks were getting too much business. He said, "Too much money is like a rattlesnake."

"Is that the truth?" Joe asked.

"The Lord's own sweet truth."

"We don't want too much," Nellie said. "Just some."

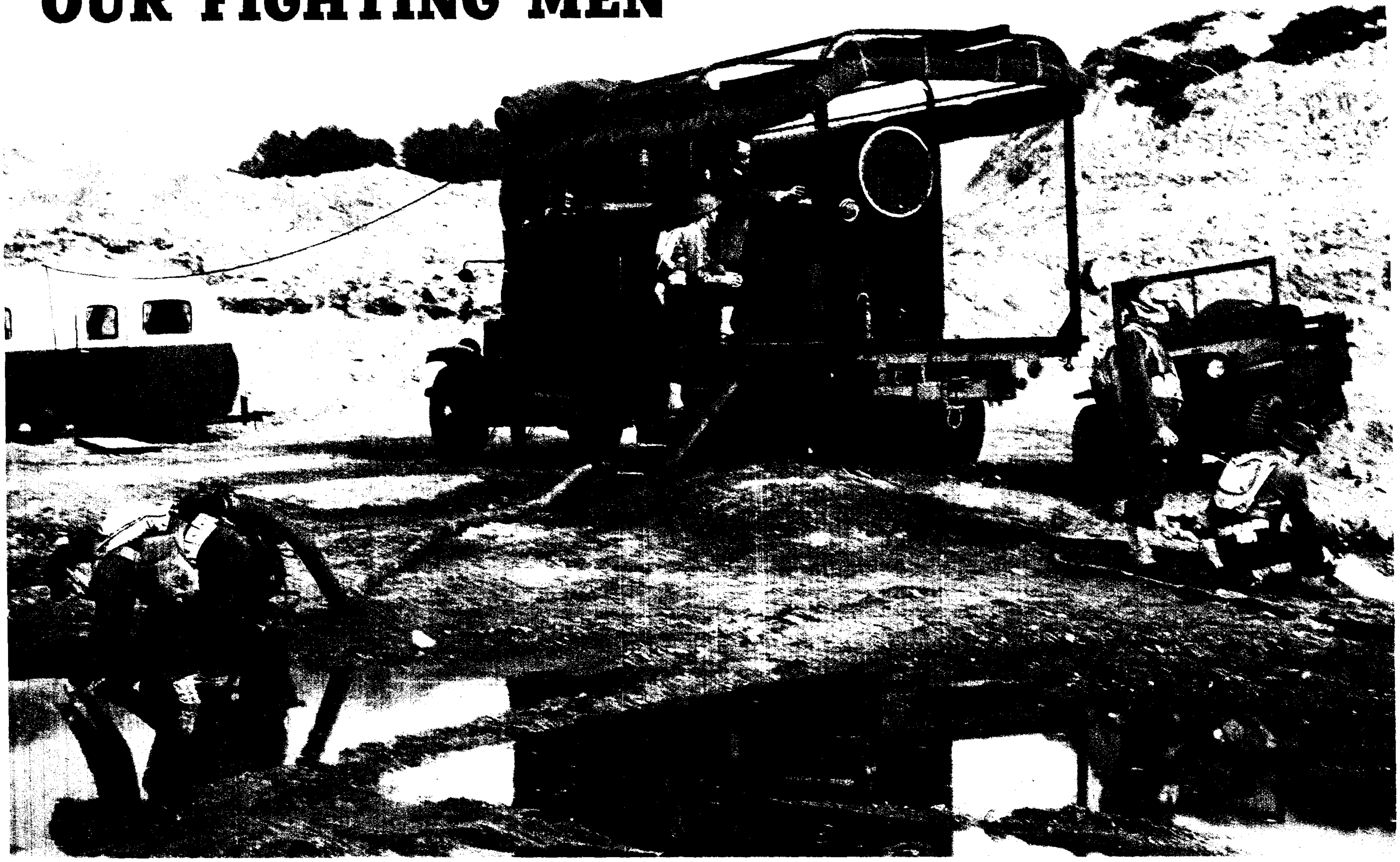
"Ain't you working for Jules, Joe?"

"Yes, but he cain't afford to pay me nothing much, except when they's fishing parties er goose hunters to take out. Trout and reds, they've come into the river now and don't nobody need a guide to find them. As for goose hunting, ain't many folks got the guts for that."

"Guess old John Ulm was one of the few shore-enough goose hunters, rest his soul," the preacher said, tightening the outboard's clamps on the transom of

(Continued on page 33)

OUR FIGHTING MEN



CLARENCE BLOCK

BACTERIA BURNER. Newest method of purifying water for Army use is provided by a mobile machine called Sterozone by its designer, Calif.-Tech. Engineer Donald K. Allison (shown on truck above). Water passed through a filter, then treated with ozone generated by a high-frequency electric discharge, is delivered at the rate of 9,000 gallons an hour, free of all bacteria, taste and odor. Thirty units have been ordered by the government. In the field, one machine will furnish sufficient water for a division

WHEN General Douglas MacArthur took charge in Australia things really began to hum—as they did in the Philippines, where natives used to tell U. S. soldiers how thankful they were MacArthur was there. "They thought the world of him," states Pvt. Edward Carpenter of Melrose, Mass., who joined the Army two years ago to be in on the ground floor and was transferred out of the Philippines after ten months for reasons of health. Soldiers had it fairly soft before MacArthur came along. They were good soldiers and they used to drill hard in the mornings to keep in shape, but because it was so hot they were off duty from 1 P. M. to 1 A. M., except on days when they had special duties. MacArthur got them to drilling in the afternoons, sent them on long hikes in the cool of the evening, and instituted a "parachute guard" stationed on the roofs of hotels and other high buildings. A lot of cushy customs went out the window. No longer on tap were Filipino boys to make bunks, shine shoes, do laundry and take over K.P. duty—all for $1.50 a month; and tailor-made uniforms at three dollars became extinct. It's no wonder, Pvt. Carpenter says, the American soldiers on Bataan gave the Japs such a going-over.

SINCE long before the war, the Filipino Scouts who fought with MacArthur have been calling United States soldiers Joe or Joe American. The nickname is now beginning to stick, and the soldiers in this country who call each other Joe are really paying tribute to the scrappy little Scouts of Bataan.

NORTHWEST DEFENSE SECTOR. The Army's bookkeeping system is such that the boys sitting out in the woods and on hilltops manning searchlights, antiaircraft guns and barrage balloons have to account for every shot fired. Expended, the quartermasters call it. So far, none of the reports from this sector list any ammunition expended on Japs, but the guys at lonely defense posts can't be blamed for taking advantage of the hunting opportunities. Their so-called covering up on the ammunition-fired reports, though, isn't fooling anybody. Standing gag at Antiaircraft Defense headquarters concerns the flock of pheasants that "attacked our installation" and were knocked for a loop with three shells. Another report told of killing a deer which—yes, that's right—was attacking an installation; but, for some reason probably not flattering to the prowess of the Army, the report concluded with the cryptic note that "some Marines got the deer." A bear was killed because it was using, as a claw-sharpening instrument, a post on which a searchlight cable was strung, and the claws were lacerating the wire—it says here. However, since cats aren't good eating, officers are more inclined to believe the report of an engagement with a cat on a barrage balloon wire which had to be shot down because the boys couldn't coax it down. It might have clawed the balloon, they said.

Actually, animals frequently sabotage the Army, and it's not always so funny. The antiaircrafters have hundreds of miles of wire laid along the ground in the Pacific Northwest, and besides being bothered by people who "find" the wire and use it for clotheslines or to tie up rosebushes, soldiers find that cows sometimes chew up the wires along with the adjacent grass. Porcupines seem genuinely fond of the wire insulation.

Air officers are elated by the friendly spirit prevailing between near-by residents and the soldiers on gun, searchlight and balloon emplacements in their back- and barnyards. The lads "on location" have virtually been adopted by their neighbors, but some field groups are stationed in odd places. One balloon outfit, commanded by an old-line cavalry officer, is quartered in a Girl Scout headquarters; and the C.O. has been riding horses long enough to get "government spread," with the result that he finds it a little tough trying to fit himself into Girl Scout desk chairs. One searchlight crew is in a Grange hall, and every other Saturday night the boys from Brooklyn and Washington, D. C., move their cots out and spend an evening dancing the polka with the Swedish gals in the neighborhood. Prize for ingenuity goes to a crew stationed by an airplane factory. The commanding officer, a former engineer with draftsmanship experience, spotted and appropriated some of the giant wooden boxes in which plane engines arrived, laid out a floor plan and set the boys to work building packing-box barracks. A fellow down the street contributed some window frames, and a woman neighbor tossed in eight window curtains.

FORT GREELY, Kodiak, Alaska. Since last December 15th the boys at this outpost have been issuing an eight-column newspaper which puts to shame some of the mimeographed jobs run by outfits in more comfortable surroundings in the States. A complete file of the Kodiak Bear has just reached our desk, together with a letter from Corp. Gene Newhall, the editor. "There's quite a story," writes he, "in the mechanics of publishing a printed paper at all on this bear-infested island (two of the world's largest extant carnivorous animals have been shot within sight of camp). Our first two printed issues were hand set and rammed through a gummy little press in the ancient Russian-settled town of Kodiak. Two soldier-printers worked 26 hours at a stretch to get the thing in type, and two Aleut printer's devils did the press work. A linotype machine had been ordered, but the war left it sitting on the dock at Seattle.

"Public Relations Officer Lt. Roy D. Craft, San Francisco Examiner man who put out the Fort Ord (Calif.) Panorama before coming up here, finally worked out a scheme for printing by remote control. We prepare and dummy all copy here, mail it to Anchorage on the mainland where it's printed and loaded aboard the first available transportation back to Kodiak. Naturally there are hitches in such a system, and we don't hit the street with the speed of a metropolitan extra, but we haven't

(Continued on page 60)

HI, HAZEL!

By Luther Davis
and John Cleveland

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Everyone she knows is on "Hi, Hazel!" terms with the Scott girl. Even old Franz Liszt would be if he were around to hear what she does to the music he wrote

ONE of New York's top music critics whispered to another of New York's top music critics: "Wait until you hear this! Liszt would die laughing in his grave!"

They were in New York's musical Mecca, Carnegie Hall, and the next item on the program had been announced as "Miss Hazel Scott playing Franz Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody."

On the stage appeared a lovely colored girl of an even twenty years, a dusky beauty with large flirtatious eyes, a pouting mouth, a quietly confident grin. She wore a strapless evening gown, and it was a dressmaker's dream; her mere appearance won applause. She bowed, went to the concert grand, took her seat deliberately, and immediately gave forth the introductory chords.

The composition was familiar to that well-manicured audience of musical intellectuals, and the house was quiet as Hazel played. She played well, with the forthrightness of an accomplished classical musician.

Then, subtly, something strange began to happen. Delicately the tempo changed and there was a stir in the auditorium. Someone in one of the center boxes laughed nervously, another person giggled, and then the entire aggregation was snickering happily. For Hazel Scott was swinging it.

Her left hand continued to beat out the careful, measured bass notes which the composer had written, but from her right hand came something syncopated and jazzy; something neither Hungarian nor Harlem, but pure Hazel Scott.

"It was the most impudent musical criticism since George Bernard Shaw stopped writing on the subject," according to one reporter of the event. "It was witty, daring, modern, but never irreverent. I think Liszt would have been delighted." Certainly the Carnegie Hall audience didn't mind. They applauded her as they applauded none of the other distinguished artists who appeared on the all-Negro bill that night. They kept her on-stage for many encores and made her swing such sacred composers as Bach, Chopin and Mozart. Only one musical die-hard seemed not to like it and was seen to run out of the hall with his hand over his face, presumably overcome by his emotions.

"Me," said Hazel when she heard of that precipitous exit, "I'm inclined to agree with him. I know lots of people have good reasons why it's all right to swing the classics, but—well, I wish I didn't do it." Then she drops her luxurious eyelids demurely. "I just can't help it."

It's just as well that she can't help it, for it's a little knack which earns this very talented young woman nearly twenty thousand dollars a year. It comprises the main attraction of one of New York's most successful night clubs and is stock in trade for several phonograph-record companies, who are very happy about it.

It allows Hazel to live precisely the kind of life she wants. Three shows a night at the night club Café Society Uptown at which she is the unquestioned princess; a few hours of conversation with the customers, who are chiefly representatives of Hollywood's great, the Social Register's city dwellers, and Dun & Bradstreet's more frivolous tycoons. Then she leaves the club through ranks of stay-up-late autograph seekers, steps into her costly limousine, snuggles comfortably into the cushions, and remarks to her uniformed colored chauffeur, "Home, Charlie, honey."

Home is a brand-new stucco house in New York's swank Westchester County, where Hazel habitually spends her daylight hours listening to recordings of swing artists or recordings of classical experts.

"I like them separate," she says. "My stuff is hybrid. I'm not grim enough for the classics. As for swing—well, I'm not sufficiently aboriginal."

Twelve-Year-Old Wonder

Hazel had been in Carnegie Hall once before that triumphal concert of December, 1940. When she was twelve, her music teacher Paul Wagner entered her in a children's competition there. Before the concert Professor Wagner made a unique request of the judges. "I should like Hazel Scott to play a piece of her own choosing," he said.

The judges expressed the opinion that the required Beethoven Minuet in G was a charming selection, well within the capabilities of a talented child.

"Yes," Wagner said excitedly, "that is just it. Hazel is a genius! I mean, something harder would be easier for her!"

The hard things were always easy for Hazel. Aged three, she startled the neighbors by reading intelligently the accounts of a murder trial in the local papers. Aged three and a half, she was discovered to have perfect pitch; was used by her family as a convenient substitute for a tuning fork. Hit an off note, and she'd chirp "Wwong!" Be on key, and she'd cry, "Bwavo!"

The bravos for Hazel started even before her birth. Her parents, by the lights of the citizens of Trinidad, British West Indies, made a perfect match. Hazel's father, R. Thomas Scott, had been a well-known colored scholar in Liverpool, England, and had come to Trinidad to teach English at St. Mary's College. Hardly was he settled in town when he met Alma Long Worrell, daughter of the king's architect, a student of music, and a ranking debutante in local Negro society. If their only child had not been a genius, if she had been, say, merely highly gifted or greatly talented—the whole town would have gone into mourning.

Mr. Scott taught at St. Mary's for four years, and then the entire family,

(Continued on page 56)

Moving Finger

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

SEVERELY injured when a plane he is piloting crashes, Jerry Burton, a young Londoner, goes—with his lively, fun-loving sister, Joanna—to the small town of Lymstock, where he hopes to recover his lost strength. No sooner is he settled (in "Little Furze," a house owned by Miss Emily Barton, an old maid) than he receives an insulting anonymous letter.

Slightly perturbed for a time, he soon learns that others are being attacked in a similar manner. After which, the question is: "Who is the author of the letters?" And two officials—Superintendent Nash and Inspector Graves—set to work to answer it. . . . All of the letters, it appears, are composed of printed words pasted on paper and addressed with a "Windsor 7" typewriter—one of which, old and worn, Richard Symmington, a prominent local lawyer, had given to the Woman's Exchange, which happens to be easy of access to anyone.

Among those the Burtons meet are: Symmington and his wife; Owen Griffith, a physician (in whom Joanna is presently "interested") and his strong, self-reliant sister, Aimée; the vicar—the Rev. Dane Calthrop—and his severely pious wife; Mr. Pye, a well-to-do dilettante; Megan Hunter, Symmington's step-daughter (whom everyone pities because she does not "do something"); and Elsie Holland, the Symmingtons' beautiful nursery governess. None of these persons appears to be the sort of person who might send "poison-pen" letters. . . .

While alone in her home, Mrs. Symmington kills herself with cyanide. She, too, investigation reveals, had received a nasty letter. . . .

At his new home, Burton hears his telephone ring. He answers it. A female voice says, "Oh!" Then—"Could I speak to Miss Partridge, just a moment?" ("Miss Partridge" is the maid.) "Certainly," Burton says. "Who shall I say?" There is a silence. "Oh," the voice says at last, "tell her it's Agnes, would you? Agnes Waddle."

A few minutes later, Megan Hunter—who has become the Burtons' guest after the death of her mother—insists that she must go home. Joanna argues with her, tries to make her stay; but the girl is adamant—she has decided that home is the place for her. *And go home she does.*

IV

I WAS annoyed, I must confess, at the abrupt way in which Megan had left us. Perhaps she had suddenly got bored with us.

After all, it wasn't a very amusing life for a girl. At home she had the kids and Elsie Holland.

I heard Joanna returning and hastily moved in case she should make more rude remarks about sundials.

Owen Griffith called in his car just before lunch time, and the gardener was waiting for him with the necessary garden produce.

While Old Adams was stowing it in the car I brought Owen indoors for a drink. He wouldn't stay to lunch.

When I came in with the sherry I found Joanna had begun doing her stuff.

No signs of animosity now. She was curled up in the corner of the sofa and was positively purring, asking Owen questions about his work, if he liked being a G. P., if he wouldn't rather have specialized. She thought doctoring was one of the most fascinating things in the world.

Say what you will of her, Joanna is a lovely, a heaven-born listener. And after listening to so many would-be geniuses telling her how they had been unappreciated, listening to Owen Griffith was easy indeed. By the time we had got to the third glass of sherry, Griffith was telling her about some obscure reaction or lesion in such scientific terms that nobody could have understood a word of it except a fellow medico.

Joanna was looking intelligent and deeply interested.

I felt a moment's qualm. It was really too bad of Joanna. Griffith was too good a chap to be played fast and loose with. Women really were devils.

Then I caught a sideways view of Griffith, his long, purposeful chin and the grim set of his lips, and I was not so sure that Joanna was going to have it her own way after all. And anyway a man has no business to let himself be made a fool of by a woman. It's his own lookout if he does.

Then Joanna said:

"Do change your mind and stay to lunch with us, Dr. Griffith," and Griffith flushed a little and said he would, only his sister would be expecting him back—

"We'll ring her up and explain," said Joanna quickly and went out into the hall and did so.

I thought Griffith looked a little uneasy, and it crossed my mind that he was probably a little afraid of his sister.

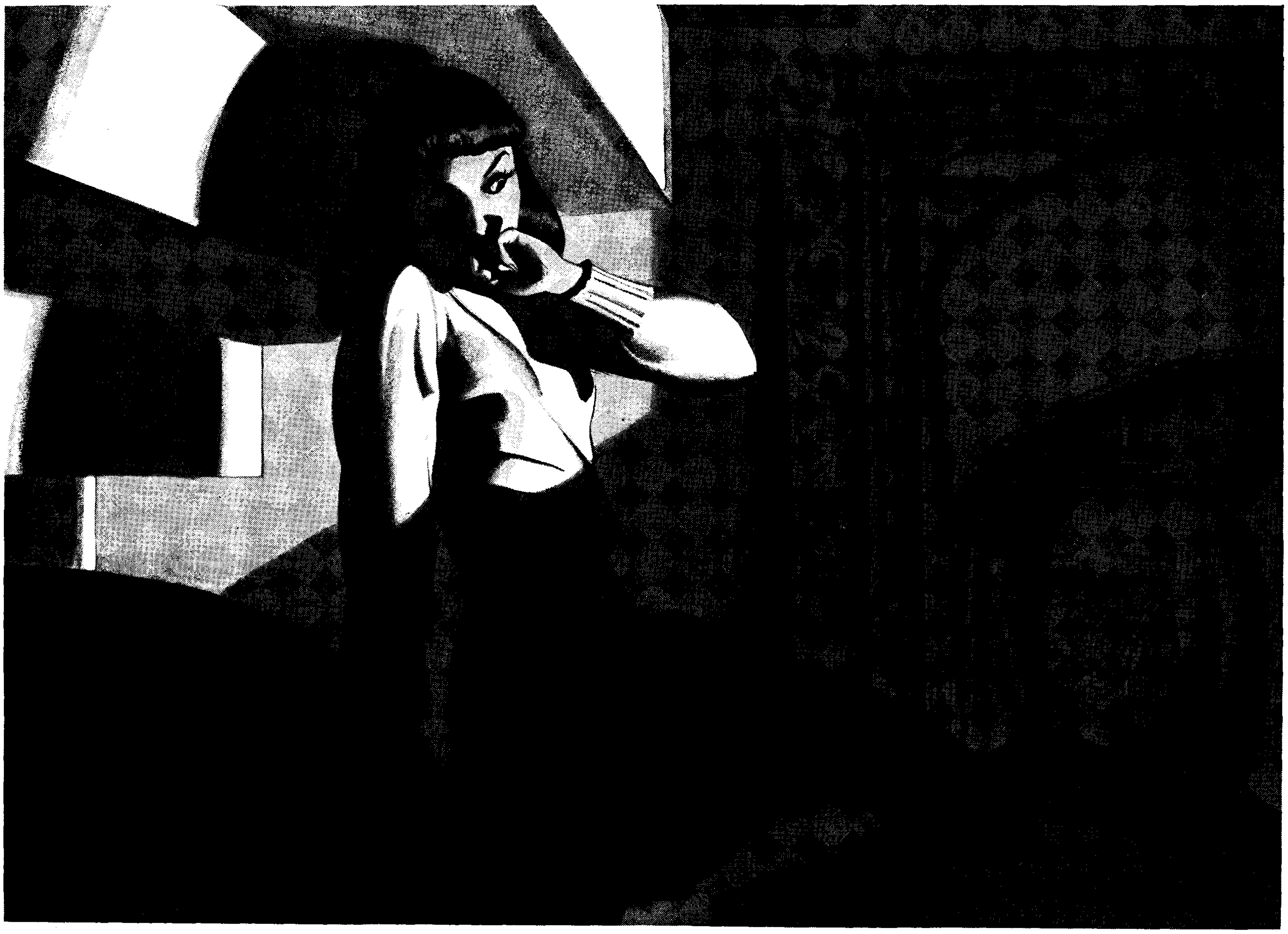
Joanna came back smiling and said that that was all right.

And Owen Griffith stayed to lunch and seemed to enjoy himself. We talked about books and plays and world politics, and about music and painting and modern architecture.

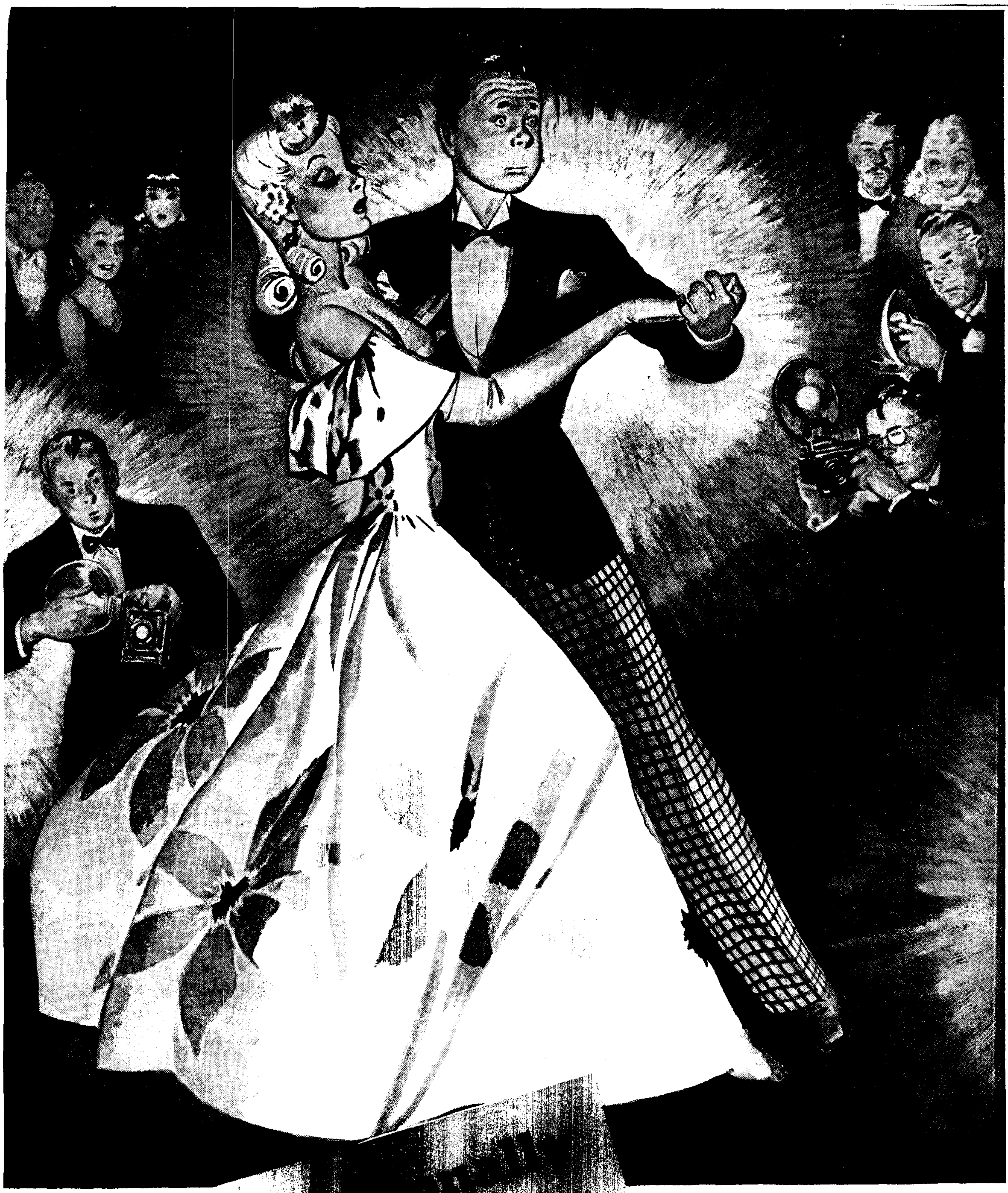
WE DIDN'T talk about Lymstock at all, or about anonymous letters, or Mrs. Symmington's suicide.

We got right away from everything, and I think Owen Griffith was happy. His dark sad face lighted up, and he revealed an interesting mind.

(Continued on page 26)



"I started looking around, and I stepped into the storeroom under the stairs and—and—she was there . . ."



I guide Caroline around to the edge of the floor, and the lights pop. The boys are kneeling on the floor now, getting pictures of us as we dance

Inter
Kno

By Do

ILLUSTRATED

The funny character in the singular trousers is about to become both the happiest and the luckiest character in Hollywood—thanks to his pal Joe

I AM out of work and my heart is in my shoes and my shoes are wet; I am standing in the rain. Thinking.

This is Hollywood, I am thinking, and I am an actor. I am an actor from Broadway, and I am not the best actor in the history of the theater, but neither does Hollywood make the best plays in the history of the world. It looked like a natural, from a long distance. Such a long, long distance.

I thought they'd at least give me a screen test.

No screen test.

I have tried every studio, and no screen test. Too busy. I am not too busy; they are too busy. I have worked hard in the theater; I have studied and I have tried. And I know I'm set for the movies if I can get a fair test.

I am standing in the rain and in my pocket are two dimes. This is not the most fashionable part of Hollywood. I cannot look across the street at the home of a movie star, but I can look across the street at a lunch room, where hamburgers are for sale. And I cannot make up my mind whether to spend both dimes right now, or save one for tomorrow. One of the dimes is a comparatively new 1937, the other a nicely preserved 1892. One hamburger for a dime, two for twenty cents. Two right now or one now and one tomorrow?

I am not counting the fifty-cent piece in my watch pocket. That is for the last. The very, absolute last. It is not time yet. Not quite. Almost, but not quite.

I go across the street and into the lunch room and hang up my raincoat. I forgot to say I have a raincoat. It leaks where it folds. I hang this up and sit on a stool and put the 1937 on the counter.

"Hamburger," I tell the fellow.

"Coffee?"

"No; just hamburger, with a slice of raw. And a pickle."

He takes a pat of hamburger from between some waxed paper and drops it on the hotplate. He slices a bun.

"Toast the bun?"

"Yes. Wipe it around in the grease first. Wipe it a lot."

The door opens and a fellow comes in and sits a couple of stools away. He says, "Fix me a shot of bicarb, Joe." The counterman nods. He must be Joe. He turns my hamburger over. I can tell the fellow who has come in is looking at me. Suddenly he says, "Hello, Peter."

I look over there. I should have got the voice in the first place. "Hello, Jason," I say. I can feel my face crack when I grin. Long time no grin. Jason moves over to the stool next to mine. "Gee!" he says. "Who would have expected to see— What lot you on, Peter?"

"I'm free-lancing," I tell him. I pull out the 1892 and slip it to the counter. "Have a hamburger?" When Jason was on the New York Express he was always on the edge of being broke, always fishing around in his pockets for the final two or three cents to make up the price of his coffee and cakes.

"PLEASE don't mention food," he says. He makes a face. "The thought of it nauseates me."

"Get a good hot hamburger into you," I tell him, "and you'll feel better."

"That's not the trouble," he says. Joe gives him his bicarb and he drinks it. "Two hours from now, Peter, I'll be so full of steak, grouse, lobster and wine I won't be able to take a deep breath. Then a few hours later, the same thing again." He looks kind of frightened. "It's getting me down."

"Tough," I say. I wait. I don't get this. Jason says, "I don't know how long you been here, whether you've noticed it or not, but I'm on the Los Angeles Press. I'm doing the night-life column and the Where-to-Eat stunt. I got to cover all the best spots and eat their grub. When I come in a place they pass the word to the chef and he piles it on."

"You mean it's on the house?"

"Of course. Peter, it's a terrible experience. I got to eat the grub or some spot might complain to the paper. I got to hang on to the job."

Joe gives me my hamburger with a thick slice of raw and two pickles. "Extra pickle," he says.

"Thanks."

My first bite is good for half the sandwich. While chewing it, I am thinking things over. And fast. Something has got to be done. Maybe this is it: "Jason, I was just thinking. Maybe you could use a guest expert. Like they do on the radio, or something. I could sit in for you. Know what I mean?"

Jason's eyes are narrowing. "Aha!" he says. He nods slowly. "'Mr. Peter Hagen,'" he says, "'the internationally known bon vivant, polo player, actor—ah—gourmet, in Hollywood direct from the Transvaal to—'" Jason hits the counter with his fist. "Sold!" he says. "Peter, would you do it? Old times' sake?"

"Old times' sake."

"Fine, Peter. Swell stunt for the column. Look, be at the Parakeet Club at nine. I'll meet you there; got to make a couple calls on the way. And be in good shape. Be sure and don't eat any dinner."

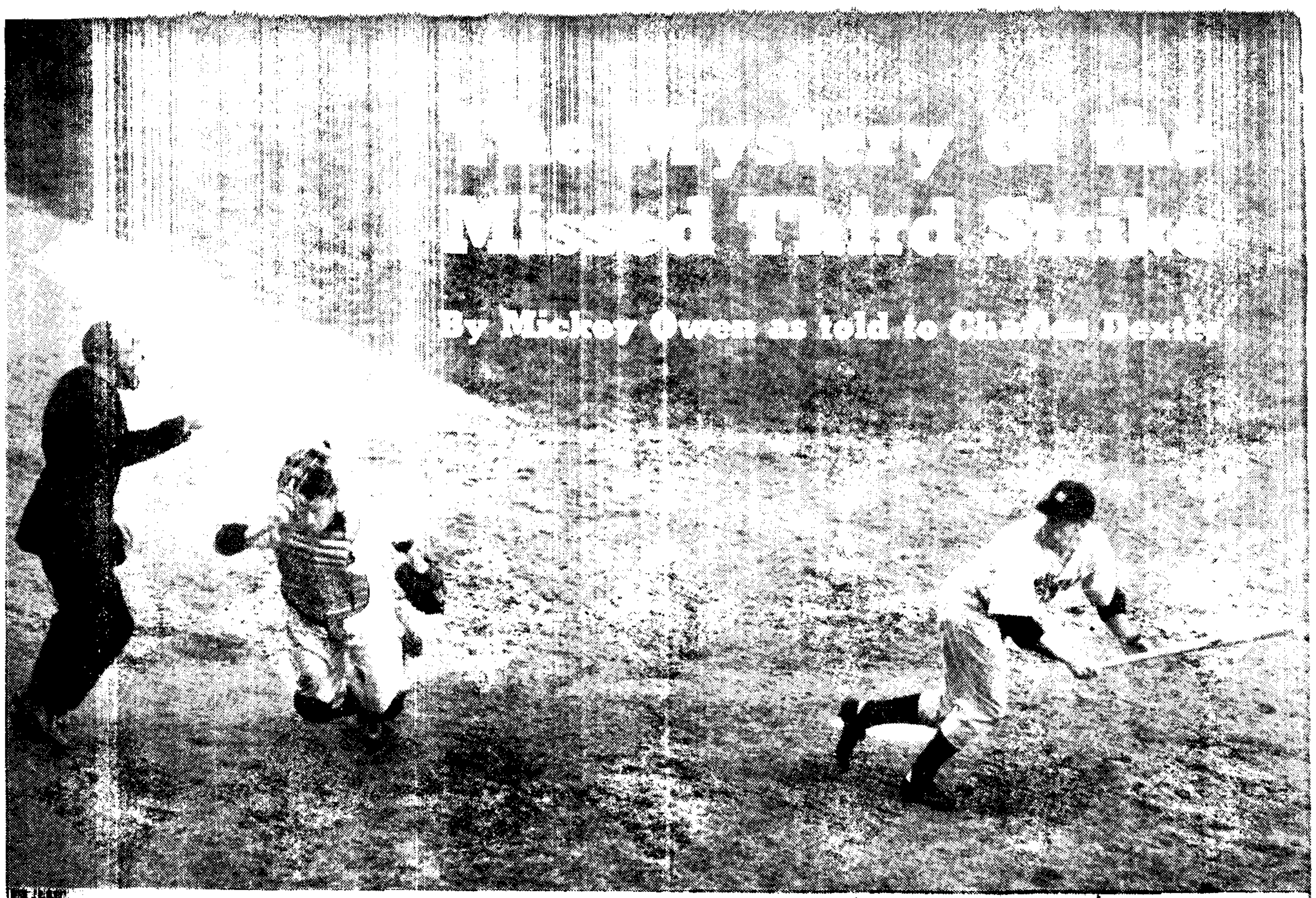
"I'll be sure."

(Continued on page 62)

The Mystery of the Missed Third Strike

By Mickey Owen as told to Charles Dexter

The fun began when Mickey Owen's error turned a Dodger victory into a crushing defeat in the last World Series. You probably have read all the experts' versions of the incident. Now, here's Mickey's



The play that cost the Dodgers the fourth Series game: Henrich, having swung at and missed the third strike that should have ended the game, goes to first as the ball gets away from Catcher Mickey Owen

GLORIA had been shopping in Springfield that afternoon, and after the baby was put to bed, she sat reading a detective story. I was fussing around my desk, trying to find some bills beneath the pile of fan letters which were still arriving. Suddenly I heard her laugh.

"What's so funny?" I asked, turning.

"I just thought of a great title for a mystery story I'm going to write some day," she grinned. "It'll be a killer-diller."

"You write a detective story? Hah!"

"With you the murdered man—"

"Me murdered? What for?"

"You'll be the man everyone hates. I'll call it The Mystery of the Missed Third Strike."

When you have a conversation like that with your own wife, it's about time to call a halt. I missed that third strike on Tommy Henrich four weeks before. It was the turning point in the World Series; and the two inches between my glove and the ball had been the difference between Dodger defeat and Yankee victory.

"It's no mystery," I told Gloria. "And no joke. I should have caught the ball. It was low, inside and right at Henrich's shoe tops. I simply held my glove wrong."

Gloria stared at me—the way wives stare when they want to make sure that hubby knows what they mean. Then she said: "It's about time you stopped explaining—and had fun again."

Ever since I started to play professional ball, I've looked forward to happy October weeks at home, puttering around the farmhouse, hunting a little, resting. It's mild in midautumn in my part of Missouri, and plenty of work was to be done in our house near Brookline. But I was no ordinary ballplayer last year. I was a Dodger, with all that that means. And from the moment I missed Hugh Casey's pitch in that fourth game of the Series, with two out in the ninth, three strikes on the batter, and nothing to do but celebrate because the score was Dodgers 4, Yankees 3, I was a marked man. Five minutes after that strike zipped by, the Yankees had us, 7 to 4; they were over the hill to the championship 24 hours later. And it was all my fault.

The Neighbors Pay Off

Gloria had been in the stands that fatal Sunday afternoon. She had been waiting for me afterward, on the ramp that leads to the Dodgers' dressing room at Ebbets Field. A question hung on her lips as she saw me, but I couldn't tell her what had happened just then, for five thousand other people were waiting, too. I thought they had fire in their eyes. I thought I heard some boos. I imagined—well, you never can tell about Dodger fans—I was even prepared for a lynching bee.

But I had nothing to worry about. Dodger fans not only understood how I felt, but they told me so. When I came to bat the next afternoon, they cheered me as if I was the Series hero. And five thousand and more fans in every state in the Union rained letters down upon me, wonderful letters of advice, encouragement and faith.

Weeks later, as she sat across the room watching me, Gloria knew what was in my mind. "You've been under a strain," she said. "It's about time to laugh it off."

As I needed some tools, I drove down the pike a piece to a farm sale the following morning. Cars were parked on the driveway, and I shoved my sedan into an open space on the grass and hurried into the shed back of the house. Various implements were on display, ranged against the wall or on tables. From the corner of my eye, I noticed that several of the farmers were staring, not at the tools, but at me. They were discussing, of course, The Mystery of the Missed Third Strike. I would have been happy to tell them the same story I had told hundreds of others, for I have never refused to answer a fair question. But farmers aren't built that way—they're shy. One of the number, Joe Wise, a feed man, was bolder than most. He came toward me, saying:

"Mickey, we Missourians are sorta plain-spoken. We're all Dodger fans, and Mickey Owen fans, too. We were pulling plenty hard for you at the World Series."

"Thanks," was all that I could say.

Then his voice rose, and I *(Continued on page 40)*

Embarrassed hero of the most talked-of play in recent baseball history, Mickey Owen spends his winters as usual on his farm home near Brookline, Missouri. Even Mickey's neighbors forgave him

A Pair of Gloves

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

By William Cole

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

HIS name was Nikholai. Nikholai Gregorievich . . . his last name has slipped my mind. There was nothing unusual about him. Nothing to distinguish him from ten million other Red soldiers. Nothing, unless . . . well, unless you'd want to count those gloves.

I didn't see him come up to my table. I was listening to the evening Tass bulletin coming over the radio in the back of the restaurant. When the news was over, I saw him standing there, looking down at me. *"Zdravstvouy, tovarich,"* he said.

"Zdravstvouy," I said. "How goes it with you, comrade?"

"Fine." He grinned broadly, the grin splitting his square, rugged face. "It goes very well." He pulled off his military cap, and his thick, closely cropped hair stood up on end. "Do you mind if I sit here?" He waved the cap, indicating that the other tables were all full.

"Certainly not. Please do."

He put the pair of gloves he was carrying down on the wooden table. His cap and his greatcoat he hung next to my things on a peg on the wall. Then, with an audible sigh of satisfaction, he sat down.

"Ah," he said. "This is good."

His big hands went out to the gloves. He drew them over to him and smoothed them flat. There was something special about those gloves, I could see. They weren't military gloves; they were knitted, and very well knitted, too, of heavy brown wool.

I would have given a lot for a pair of gloves like that. I would have given a great deal.

We introduced ourselves. When he heard my name was Jones, his eyes glowed and his grip almost crushed my hand. "An American!" he exclaimed. "Good! Good! That would make you either a correspondent, a diplomat or a very great engineer."

I smiled. "Why 'very great'?"

"All American engineers are great," he said. "What machines you people turn out! What perfection in every detail! I saw your tanks at Kalinin. They were marvelous!"

The waitress brought his order—*golubtzi* and a glass of *kvas*. Nikholai was in high spirits, the natural reaction from having been released from the stifling discipline of the front. He grinned insolently at a group of girls seated at a table across the room and saluted with his hand. The girls smiled back.

"INTERESTING," Nikholai said. "The long, narrow one with the full mouth looks most interesting. If I did not have to catch a bus in an hour, I would investigate that."

He'd had just this one day in Moscow; one day's leave in five months of continuous battle. In one hour, he was going back. Going back to stand there and fight against an overwhelming superiority of tanks and planes, to fight with his rifle, with his bare hands if necessary, but to stand in his place as long as he was still alive; not to yield an inch.

These were the orders. Stalin had given them.

I asked him, as I had asked others, if he thought the Germans would take Moscow. His answer was the same as all the rest. "No," he said simply. "No, they will not."

We sat silently a moment, listening to the gypsy string orchestra coming faintly over the radio. I offered Nikholai a cigarette. He accepted it with delight. I took a cigarette myself, noting that there were now only eight left in the pack. I wondered what I would do when these eight were gone; they were the last that I had.

"That's a fine pair of gloves you have there," I told Nikholai, as I held out the match. "Could you tell me where you bought them?"

"Bought them?" He squinted at me through the smoke.

I explained that I had lost the only pair I had brought to Moscow; I had tried several shops but, like the vodka and cigarettes, there didn't seem to be a single warm pair to be had.

"Yes," he said. "Clothing is scarce." He looked at the gloves. "These," he said, "these I didn't buy. My . . . my mother knitted them for me. She did not . . . *does not,"* he quickly corrected, "see very well. But the day before I left home, she knitted them. All day and night she worked to finish them on time. 'Matushka,' I said to her, 'Matushka, they will give me gloves. Please . . . you will ruin your eyes.' I could do nothing with her. All day and night she sat there, the needles flying, right up against her face."

He was silent again and I said what I dreaded to say but what I had to say. "Your mother," I said, "where is she? Where is your home?"

"Nogradilov," he said. The name meant nothing to me. It meant nothing until he told me it was a small village in the western Ukraine.

The rest of his story poured out quickly.

How many times had I heard that same story! . . . The village, when the Russians had fallen back, had been destroyed. Methodically, completely—everything that could not be taken out had been burned—every foot of ground scorched. But, because of the lack of trucks and wagons, the civilians had been forced to remain behind.

"My mother," Nikholai kept repeating, "she does not see well. She is not very strong. What will she eat? Whom will she turn to? How will she get along?"

I looked down at the table. At his big, calloused hands smoothing out the gloves. For a long while, it seemed, he smoothed them. Then, in a quick movement, he shoved them across to me and withdrew his hands.

"Take them," he said. "Take them and not a word. I don't need them. I have my military pair."

When I could trust my voice, I thanked him. I told him I could not fully express my gratitude, so I would not try. But no, I could not take them. I pushed them back.

His grin was returning. It was a little crooked; one side of his mouth just went up. "You are sending us munitions," he said. "You are giving us planes and tanks and guns. Cannot we at least, at the very least, give you in return a pair of gloves?"

I said that, if anything, the debt was the other way around. I thanked him again but said no, I couldn't take the gloves. They were . . . well, I didn't have to explain, I said.

He shrugged. He said he wished he could persuade me. He said I was a stubborn man.

And then, soon, he glanced at the clock and got up.

I watched him cross the room to say goodby, first, to someone he knew. The gypsy band went off the radio and a speaker came on. Fresh panzer units had been thrown into the gap at Mozhaisk, the speaker said. Every available Red soldier was being rushed to the spot.

Automatically, I put a cigarette between my lips and struck a match. Over the flame I watched that kid across the room laughing and shaking hands. I thought of what he and all those other kids were going back to. I thought of the Stukas coming first and then the tanks.

THE match went out. I put the cigarette back in the pack. Reaching over to the wall, I slid the pack into a pocket of the greatcoat. I didn't want to offer him the cigarettes. I didn't want any more of that polite arguing.

He was still laughing when he came back. "The Nazis have left Rostov," he said. "They came in, did not like the reception they got, so they left. Their feelings are hurt."

He stood with his back to me, getting into his coat. When he turned, I got up and we shook hands.

"Goodby, comrade," he said. "Perhaps, sometime, somewhere . . ."

"Perhaps," I said. "If, in a year or so from now, I pass through—what is the name of that place?—Nogradilov—I will pay you a call."

He stared.

"You and your mother, both," I added recklessly. "At your new house."

This time I thought for sure I was going to lose my hand. "Do that," he said. "I . . . we will be expecting you."

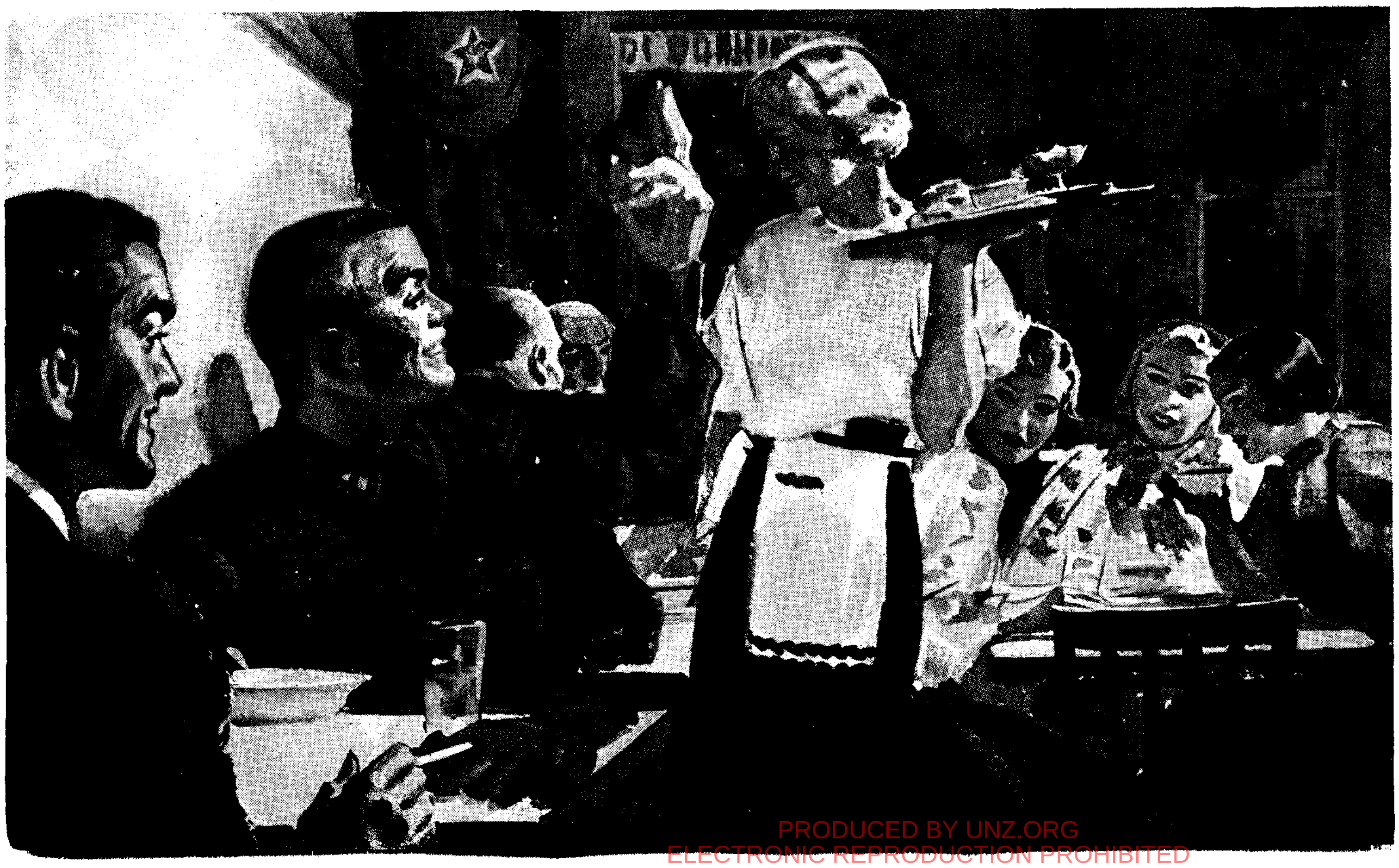
He swung his cap in a wide arc. *"Dosvidanya,"* he said. "Until Nogradilov, then." He strode to the door, twisting his shoulders so they would go through.

UNTIL Nogradilov! . . . I was thinking about that, as I got into my hat and coat and picked up the check.

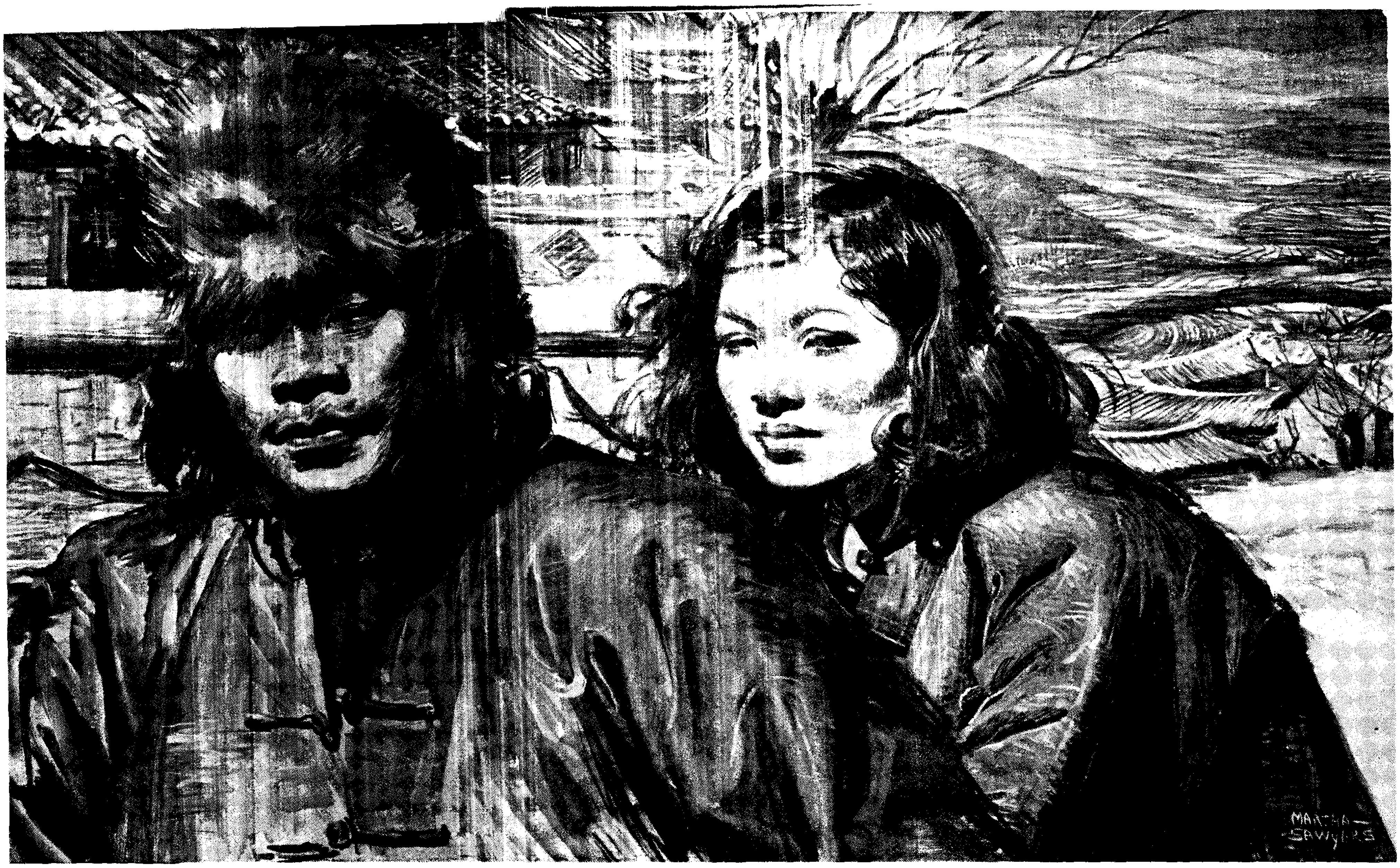
I was thinking that when the time came—as I knew it would come—when Nogradilov—when all the Nogradilovs—were free again, that he probably wouldn't be there to see it. Neither he nor his mother. None of the people who had given the most would be there to see it.

I was thinking of my own contribution to the cause, as I groped for some money. My own tremendous contribution—eight cigarettes.

And then my hand stopped. The lights swam. When they were steady again, I slowly drew out of the pocket of my coat the heavy knitted gloves.



Nikholai grinned insolently at a group of girls seated at a table across the room and saluted with his hand. The girls smiled back



"What will you do when we get to the Japanese?" she asked—but she already knew the answer. "Come. Quickly!" he said

China Gold

By Pearl S. Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The Story Thus Far:

ELAINE BRIAN'S mother—"the richest woman in the world"—dies in New York City. Restless and unhappy, Elaine leaves New York and (without telling her father, a surly brute, of her destination) flies to China. There, in the city of Ta-ming, she becomes an assistant of a priest—Father Valerian, one of her mother's dearest friends—in his work at a little mission.

On the way to China, she meets an American—Elton Field—who lives in Shanghai. Hoping to marry her for her money, Field is extremely attentive. Then, his advances repelled, he cables her father, informs him that his daughter is in peril, and urges that she be forced to come home. . . .

Father Valerian's right-hand man is a German refugee: Rudolf Helgel. With a young Chinese guerrilla leader, Captain Siao, Helgel is planning an attack on Ta-ming, which is held by the Japanese. Seeing much of Elaine, the German falls in love with her. . . . Meanwhile, Helen Kung, Field's Eurasian mistress (recently discarded) has left Shanghai, gone to Ta-ming, and opened a "house of amusement." Among her girls is Mei-su, Captain Siao's sister.

A Japanese captain, interested in Mei-su, visits Helen's place frequently. Once, while intoxicated, he raves about "fighting the Americans," and bombing American ships "in the harbor." *But he cannot be induced to name the harbor.*

In New York City, Paul Brian, Elaine's father, receives Elton Field's cablegram. He reads it; then summoning Larch Corpran (a young man who loves Elaine), he gives him a curious assignment: To fly to China, meet Elton Field, and bring Elaine back to America.

A few days later, Elaine is astounded to see Field (whom she detests) and Corpran on a street in Ta-ming. Hoping to avoid Field, she slips into a Chinese home, where a charming old lady invites her to stay—permanently! Mystified by her disappearance, Field searches for her. Learning that a Japanese officer whom he knows can help him—and that the officer is at Helen Kung's house—he goes to the "house of amusement." There Helen (who, adoring him once, now hates him) kills him.

A short time later, Rudolf Helgel finds Elaine. Realizing that the city will soon be attacked by Siao's guerrilla band, and that Elaine will be in peril, he takes her to Helen's establishment. Then—following a talk with Helen and Mei-su—he turns to Elaine. "Go with the young girl," he says. "Do not be afraid. I will come for you myself when I can. *But keep yourself hidden.*"

Elaine, knowing that Mei-su will escort her to her home village, does not answer. She rises and follows the young girl away.

Conclusion

IN THE village of the Siao, Elaine was alone. She had followed the young Chinese girl out of the city and along the country road. At the city gate they had been stopped by surly Japanese guards, but Mei-su with a scanty half dozen words had taken out a paper with Japanese writing upon it, and the guards had fallen silent and let them pass.

"What is it that has so much magic?" Elaine had asked.

"I do not know," the girl had replied with indifference. "It is something my mistress gave me. She is very clever."

"Is she kind to you?" Elaine asked.

She was amazed at the warmth that flushed the girl's face. "She is always kind to me," Mei-su answered.

But after Mei-su had spoken, her face closed. She had followed her mistress into that room when she went to take the paper from the Japanese and she had seen the white man dead. By accident she had followed, as she so often followed her mistress and when Helen heard her footsteps she had turned with a leap of fright.

"Oh, it is only you, child," she had said. But her face was white.

Mei-su had stared down at the two men. "Is the white man dead?" she had whispered.

"He is dead," Helen had replied. "I am waiting for the Japanese to wake and see what he has done. Tell no one what you have seen, child."

In silence now therefore she led the way along the country road to her village. Tell no one, her mistress had said and yet, Mei-su thought, "I ought to tell my brother. He must know everything."

She walked along two yards ahead of Elaine, her frowning young face bent toward the dusty road. These two loyalties were her religion—her love of the strange beautiful woman to whom she now seemed to belong, and her own brother who was of her family and blood. She strode along with the free step of the girl whose feet had never been bound.

"I wish I knew how to be friends with her," Elaine thought, watching that tireless stride and the dark bent head.

But the girl was as impersonal as the landscape to which she belonged. It was a beautiful landscape, wide as a desert, brown under the blue sky by day and dark by night, human with clusters of small villages under clumps of trees. But it was a landscape strange to Elaine in its age and in the simplicity of its quality. Who could be native to it if he had not been born here?

For some reason which she could not understand she felt more and more alien as she went. Earth was under her feet, sky over her head, the houses of people were near, a woman walked with her, and yet for the first time she had a surge of homesickness for her own country and her own people—not for her father, not even for Larch, but for men and women who spoke her tongue, and the familiar faces of people whose names she did not know, but who were her own people. She remembered Father Valerian. But now even he seemed alien. He seemed to belong here.

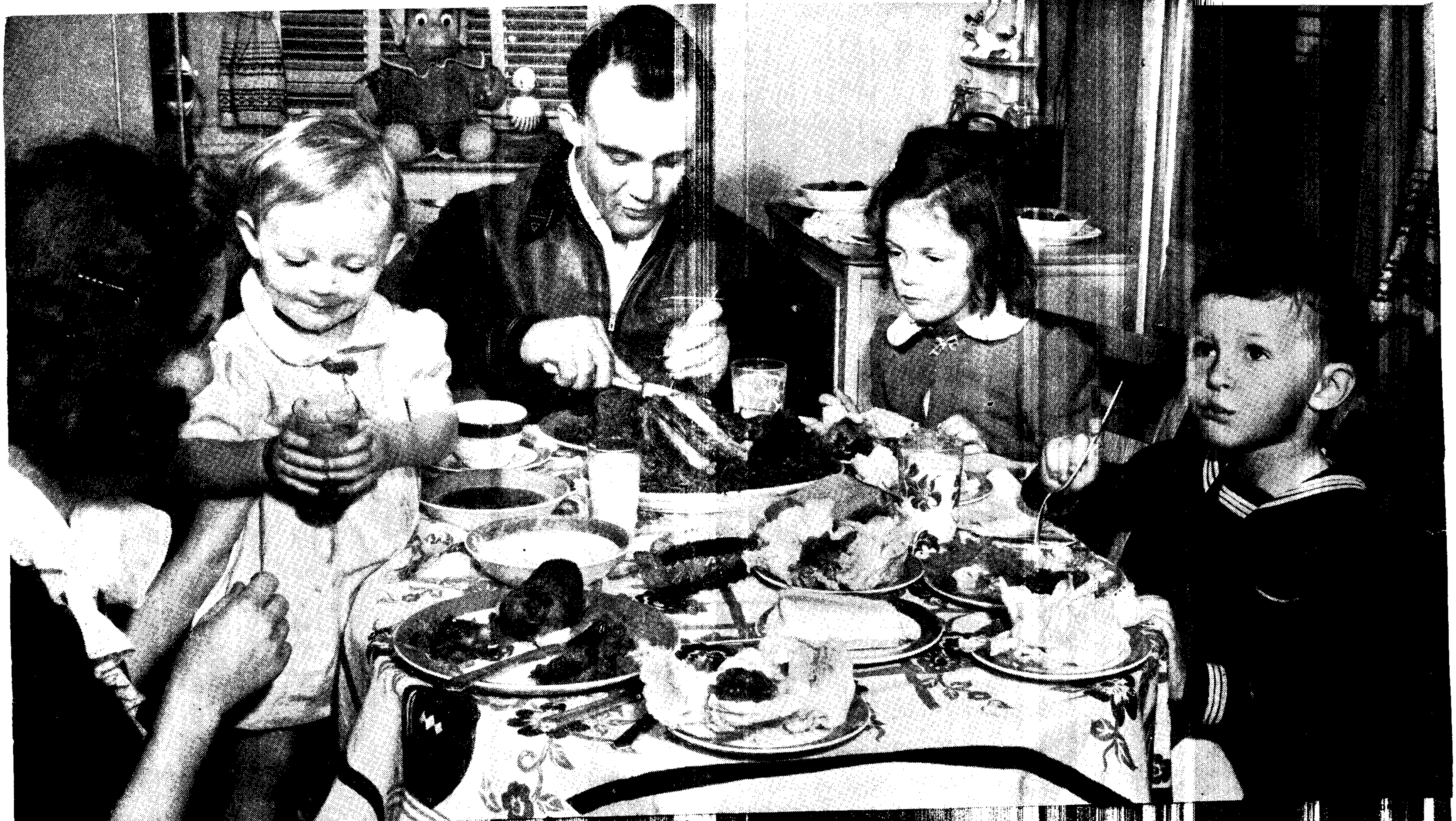
"He has forgotten everything," she thought, "perhaps—even Mother."

And thus they had come to the Siao village and she stood at the door of a small earthen farmhouse while Mei-su explained to an old man and woman why she had brought a foreign woman here. Elaine watched the brown old faces, wrinkled with dust and wind and age, and could not tell whether she was welcome or not. She could only obey when Mei-su beckoned to her to come in.

"My father says you had better stay inside," she said. "He says there are many men about today."

Mei-su led the way into a small room with a little glassless window that opened upon a fragment of a back yard and a pigpen. A chair, a table, a bed

(Continued on page 44)



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Front Line in the Kitchen

By Ruth Carson

Uncle Sam is taking a personal interest in what you're eating nowadays, because winning a war takes strength and energy. Here's how to help him, and yourself

TODAY you're being deluged with diet charts and vitamin counts and health advice. And maybe you think: "But this doesn't mean me. I'm healthy and I feel pretty good and I eat plenty."

But it isn't as simple as that. You can eat a lot and still be undernourished. You can look pretty healthy and still be accumulating a lot of little lacks that don't total up to strong resistance, under the stresses of today. And even the diet doubters would like to have what it takes. So Collier's had you investigated.

We turned you over—by proxy, to be sure—to a staff of technicians at the Ellen H. Richards Institute of the Pennsylvania State College, headed by Dr. Pauline Beery Mack, a jolly, brown-haired woman who can—and does—relish two desserts the same as you, but who counts her vitamins, too.

These are no armchair advisers. For the past seven years, with the co-operation of Pennsylvania's Department of Health, they have been studying farmers, city workers, miners, office workers, school children—country and town, all ages and all incomes. Now, under the wing of the Philadelphia Child Health Society, they are testing school children and some of their families in that city. They test, prescribe diet, and test again to prove results. And they know for a fact that most of us, left to our own haphazard devices, don't get as much value out of our food dollars as we should.

After a few thousand tests, it's possible to generalize, since most of us fit into patterns. Take, for example, city children and country children.

"Many city children are pampered and fed baby food too long," says Dr. Mack. "Their bones are well developed because they get milk and cod-liver oil as a daily ritual. But they don't get other needed foods early enough. Farm children sit up at the table with the family at a younger age and eat almost everything the rest of the family does. Their hemoglobin, the red coloring matter of blood, which distributes oxygen through our bodies and gives us energy, is better as a result. But mamma shouldn't sell so much of the eggs and milk. Farm children too often don't get enough of these foods, and their bones show the lack of them."

Now to generalize about you, from the records of people who are typical of

(Continued on page 24)

FREE
LIBRA
IOLA, KANS

CAPTAIN W. FLETCHER GRABILL, veteran T. W. A. "Million Mile" pilot, and operations officer for T.W. A.'s Army Reserve Squadron in Kansas City, talks of the future to his son Wilson, who has flown over 30,000 miles.

"Son, I've Seen the Blueprints of a *Brighter World* ahead for You"

"I SAW them building army planes for Uncle Sam when I was in Wichita. And the way they're turning them out over there makes you feel mighty good. Our aircraft builders are certainly doing their full share to help America win this war. And they'll be doing just as good a job to help make America a better place to live in when the war is over. For instance, the Cessna Aircraft Company have plans for a Family Car of the Air that's as simple and safe to fly as driving an automobile.

"They won't start building this new Cessna Family Car of the Air until this war's over. But when they do, it's going to open up a whole new world of opportunity for your generation. Until they showed me those Cessna blueprints, I hadn't believed much of this talk about people flying their own planes. But I'm certainly convinced now that you'll be travelling all over America in your own Cessna Family Car of the Air as soon as this war is over. And so will everyone else."

You'll Call It Your Family Car of the Air . . . because you'll learn to fly it as quickly as you'd learn to drive a car. It will be every bit as easy and as safe, only you'll be covering three times the distance, cruising comfortably and naturally along the skyways instead of the highways. And all those skyways will be planned and regulated for air traffic as carefully as they are controlled for the airlines now.

It's only natural that Cessna with its 31 year background in aviation should have developed the airplane that everyone can buy and fly. It was an aviation problem that could be answered only by men who have spent their lives developing such aircraft as the Airmaster, three times judged the World's Most Efficient Airplane. And that answer is in the future Cessna, ready to be produced for you as soon as this war is over.

All Out for Victory Now!

That's our big job today—our only job. And we're not letting anything interfere with our 24-hour effort to keep twin-engined Cessnas flying regularly to the U.S. Army Air Corps and the Royal Canadian Air Force. In the past 12 months Cessna Bobcats and Cranes have flown over 50 million miles in bomber training service. That's equal to over 200 trips to the moon. Deliveries are well ahead of schedule. And they're going to stay ahead. That's our only job until this war is won. Then, and only then, can we take time out to build your Cessna Family Car of the Air.

Wear Your Wings! Keep 'Em Flying!

Yes, wear these *wings-with-a-reason!* They'll be a handsome, permanent reminder that you're helping to "Keep 'Em Flying." Send 10c (coin or stamps) to Cessna Aircraft Company, Wichita, Kansas. We'll send you a 10c Defense Stamp in return . . . and enclose your wings free, postage paid.

CESSNA

Cessna SYMBOL OF Aircraftsmanship

FOR THIRTY ONE YEARS

COPR. 1942, CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO.

The Parade of the Seasons
does not disturb the slumbers
of Briggs' choice golden tobaccos,
which sleep on for years in fragrant casks
of oak . . . gathering extra mellowness,
losing all harshness.

Briggs is cask-mellowed for years
(longer than many luxury-priced blends).
You can enjoy the flavor difference
it makes . . . for
only 15¢ a tin.

BRIGGS
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"
BRIGGS
15¢

CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

Front Line in the Kitchen

Continued from page 22

most of us—people who eat what they want, who feel pretty good, who have enough money to pay for the food they need (if only they knew what it was) and who have jobs with demands on them that are typical of most of ours. They are:

Miss Sybil Conant, secretary, stand-in for millions of desk-job women. Sybil is young, pretty, graduate of The Pennsylvania State College, where she majored in psychology. She is secretary to Dr. James J. Waygood, neuropsychiatrist in Germantown, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Norman Brightcliffe, answering "Present" for men with hard office jobs. He is an assistant supervisor at an important plant manufacturing precision devices used in making parts that go into planes, ships and tanks. He must be at his best all day in this defense plant.

Mr. Brady Floyd, mechanic, his young wife and their three children—Shirley who is six, Burton just turned five, and Baby Patricia, eighteen months. Mr. Floyd is in the maintenance crew of a company where the largest castings in the world are made—locomotives, gun mountings, tank chassis—the heavy machinery of war. "We keep 'em rolling," he says. He sometimes works two shifts straight, does every kind of repair work except electrical, earns a good wage.

Mrs. Floyd has a full-time job as housekeeper and mother. The Floyds live in a trailer. It's in a big trailer camp near the plant.

A Real Going-Over

Dr. Mack and her crew of helpers set to work on your representatives. Maybe you don't know what diet testing has developed into.

You have your body measured thirty-six different ways, to find out whether you have been growing on schedule since birth.

You have your bones X-rayed for skeletal development in children and degree of mineral content in everybody. Don't think that once you are an adult your bones can't change. Their degree of mineralization may change within a few weeks on an inadequate diet. Bones have to be fed the same as the rest of you. Milk, cheese, eggs and many kinds of vegetables and fruits will do the job.

You go into a dark room and peer into a machine called a photometer, with an eyepiece somewhat like that of your favorite stereoscope. Only instead of pictures there are lights of varying intensities which you either can or cannot see, depending on your degree of darkness-adaptation—meaning your ability to see in different degrees of semidarkness. The better you can see, the better your storage of vitamin A, and the manufacture of this vitamin into visual purple, the light-sensitive substance in the retina of your eye. Better stop cutting down on butter and take more milk and green and yellow vegetables, and an occasional slice of liver, if you're given to stumbling in darkish places.

You rest your chin on another instrument called a slit lamp, and a high-powered microscope trained on your eyeball enables an expert to determine whether you have been getting enough of certain vitamins—principally riboflavin, or B_2, one of the important B vitamins, in which most Americans are too short. Riboflavin is found in whole-grain cereals, liver, milk, some leafy green vegetables, and in many lean meats. Lack of adequate riboflavin causes a lot of disasters, including blindness in extreme cases. Few of us suffer from such severe deficiency, but most of us show some deficiency of this vitamin, because the foods we eat are too refined. We need more of the foods containing this valuable B_2 vitamin, particularly whole-grained cereals.

You have your blood tested by microscope, by colorimeter, by a whole laboratory full of electrical and chemical equipment—to determine its hemoglobin value and red-cell count, and its content of other minerals and vitamins.

You are examined by a research physician who judges your nutritional well-being on the basis of his training and past experience with hundreds of others like you. You are examined by a doctor of dental surgery who X-rays your teeth, and by a chemist and a bacteriologist who test your saliva.

Breakfast is a Meal, Too

Here are the high points of your score, as chalked up by your proxies:

Sybil Conant passed with a score of good to medium throughout. This means that she is doing all right, but could do better—the case with most of us. Sybil's major eating error is her breakfast. A cup of coffee, a bun, and a little fruit juice, a replica of millions of other breakfasts gobbled by rushing commuters.

"I wouldn't waste a meal on that breakfast," says Dr. Mack. "Everyone needs three good meals a day, and she'll never be able to catch up in the next two. Breakfast should be nearly a third of the day's food. That goes for desk workers, too. You've had your longest fast overnight, and anything can be ahead of you these days. Better be prepared."

For Sybil's breakfast Dr. Mack ordered:

Half a pint of orange juice (the usual drugstore glass holds only a token).

Whole wheat cooked cereal, ¾ of a cupful, with ¾ cup of whole milk.

One poached egg on whole wheat toast.

Glass of milk unless Sybil objects.

Sybil does object, preferring coffee with her breakfast. That's all right with Dr. Mack, so long as she gets a pint of milk sometime during the day, in some form.

Of course Sybil will vary her breakfast and other meals from day to day. In general she needs, like all of us, more protective foods — milk, whole-grain cereals, vegetables, particularly yellow, green and leafy ones, and more fruit. She should have meat at least once a day, liver once a week. She can eat all of this and not increase her weight if she doesn't eat excessive amounts of bread, candy, sugar or potatoes. Potatoes, however, contrary to what you think, are not especially fattening unless eaten in excess of your needs.

Lunch for a Desk Worker

Norman Brightcliffe eats a good breakfast and dinner at home, lunch in the company cafeteria where he has a choice of soup, several meats, half a dozen vegetables, several desserts. His tests show good results. But his bones could use more minerals and he has the slight riboflavin deficiency that is typical of many of us.

As a reminder that liver is a good source of riboflavin, as well as many other nutrients, Dr. Mack ordered it for his model lunch, along with yellow corn and escarole (both sources of vitamin A, of which he can use more because he works constantly with his eyes), whole wheat bread (B vitamins and several minerals), and butter (more vitamin A), a baked apple (small but important quantities of many minerals and vitamins), a whole wheat cookie, and milk, to give his bones a snack of mineral. Naturally he wouldn't eat this same lunch every day, even if it were on the menu, which it isn't. But he should get liver once a week for lunch or dinner, keep up the milk and whole wheat bread, and vary his vegetables to suit his appetite. Meat once a day, or twice on only a few days of a week, is enough for desk workers.

The Floyds have dinner about three in the afternoon, because Mr. Floyd checks in at the plant at 4:30 for the first night shift. The Floyds like a meat and potato dinner, including baked potatoes, which they eat skin and all, and a good thing, too. They try different fruit juices for the children, and various vegetables. But not enough of them, according to their diet records and tests. To give Mr. Floyd what he needs for his heavy, exacting work, and to increase the minerals and vitamins in the diet of the whole family, Dr. Mack recommended this for a typical dinner:

Chuck roast (B vitamins, proteins—valuable for tissue building, and iron).

Baked potato (Some vitamins, and minerals—especially just under the skins).

Steamed carrots (Vitamin A, conserved in the steaming).

Turnip greens (Vitamin A. Helps Mr. Floyd to see well in the factory, in spite of the glare of blast furnaces. And anyway he likes turnip greens. Good and Southern).

Uncooked canned tomatoes (Vitamin C, which will flit out of the pan under too much cooking. So serve them cold. They taste even better).

Whole wheat bread (Minerals and B vitamins) and butter (Vitamin A).

Prune spread.

Mixed dried fruit, stewed (Minerals and some vitamins).

Coffee for Mr. Floyd, to give him a boost on the way to work.

Milk, the good old bone builder, for everyone else.

Those turnip greens, to repeat. We don't pay enough attention to variety in greens, and we don't eat enough of them. Too many of us call greens spinach, and maybe we don't like it. And so we miss a lot of fine messes of beet greens, kale, chard, turnip tops, dandelion greens, and escarole, that are just as full of vitamins and plenty cheap. We should get out of our rut, and grow some beets and turnips in our winter window box, and all year if we haven't a garden. We don't need to wait for the roots to mature, to eat the leaves. And the fresher we eat them the better they taste.

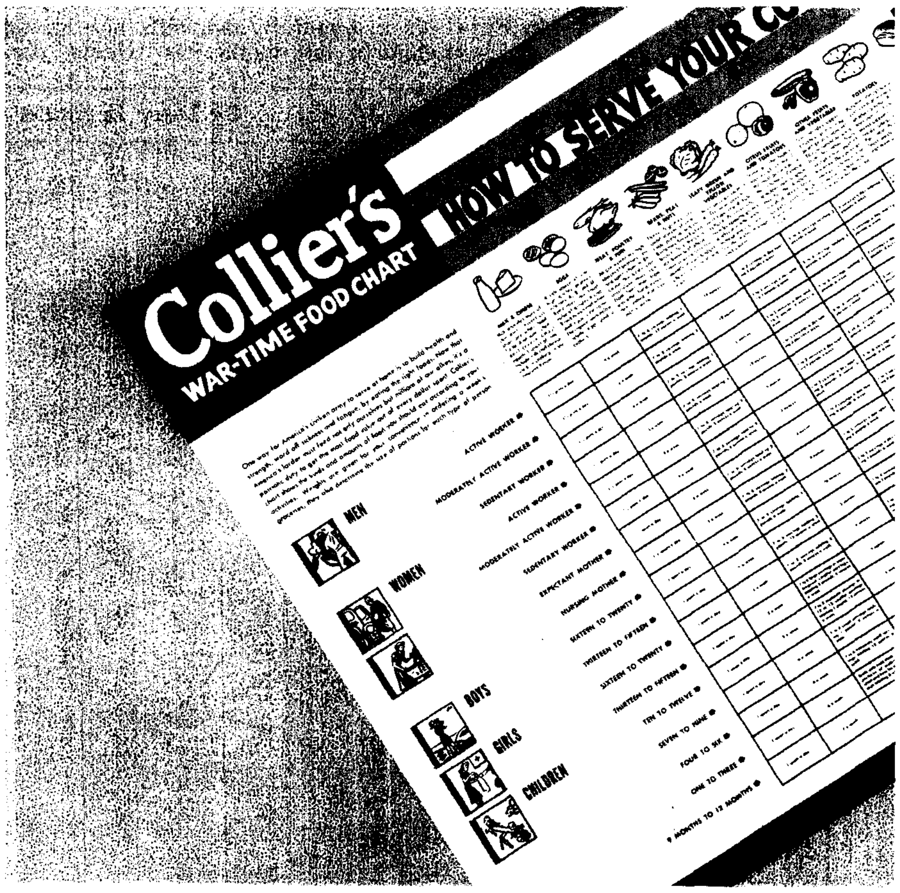
Baby Patricia wasn't invited to tackle all this dinner, although the way she stood up at the table and spooned into things she indicated she was ready and willing. In addition to her milk, she had soup from the meat stock, juice from the tomatoes, and cooked whole wheat cereal with milk. She tasted some of the family dinner, and soon will be eating almost everything in small portions. Shirley and Burton ate some of everything, with portions graded down to size.

We have hit, of course, only the high points. But they are the points we could mind the most. We vary in individual ways, but our proxies, picked because they are representative of thousands of us in our jobs, have proved to be representative in their tests and eating habits too, says Dr. Mack. They fit the patterns defined by close to four thousand other subjects and what goes for them can go a long way for us, too. If you want to go even further, and get down to more details, we can direct you to them.

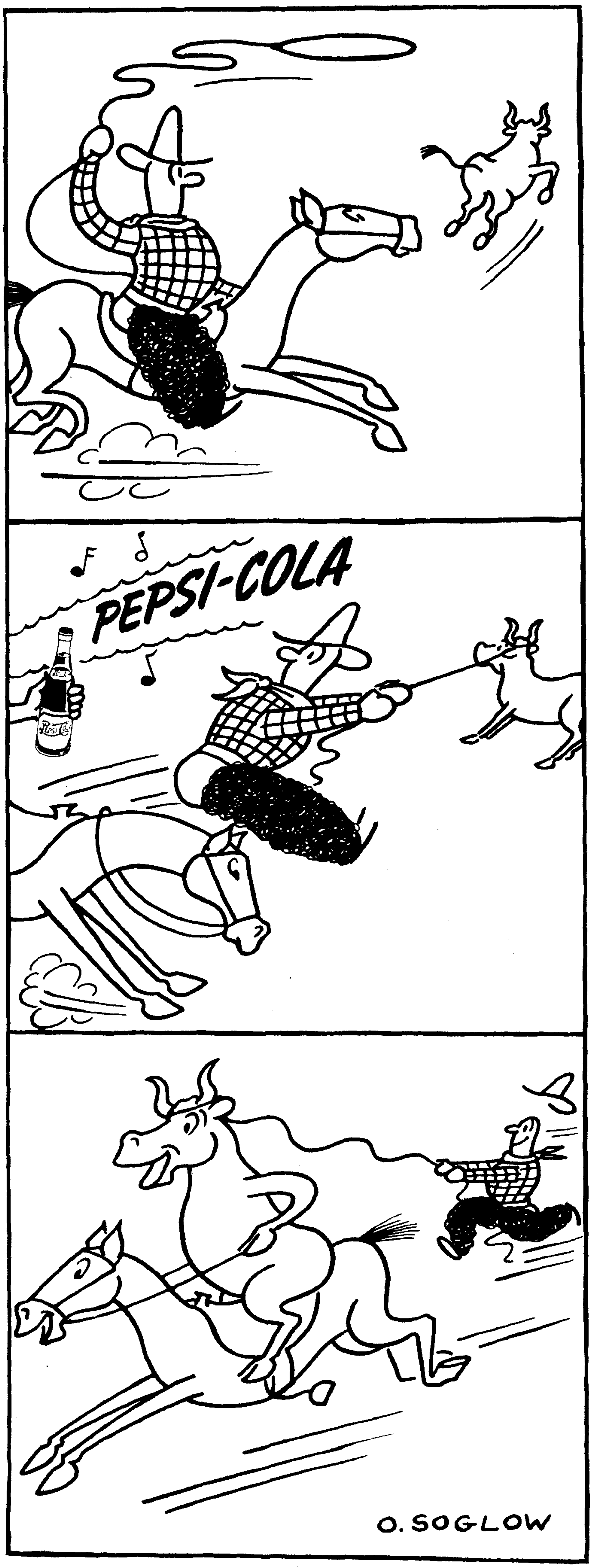
Two more questions we asked Dr. Mack: Sugar rationing? She says it will do us no harm. Maybe good. Most of us eat too much sugar. We can get along with a great deal less than usual if all other aspects of the diet are taken care of.

Vitamins in capsules? Okay, as a safety margin. But mind your diet first. There are still too many unknown elements in food for food not to come first.

THE END



Collier's War-Time Food Chart lists essential foods and how much of each you need each week, depending on your age (for children), sex and job. A colorful 25x36-inch copy will be sent to you postpaid on receipt of 10 cents in coin or stamps. Address: Collier's Food Editor, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio



Moving Finger

Continued from page 17

When he had gone I said to Joanna. "That fellow's too good for your tricks."

"That's what *you* say!" Joanna said. "You men all stick together!"

"Why are you out after his hide, Joanna? Wounded vanity?"

"Perhaps," said my sister.

THAT afternoon we were to go to tea with Miss Emily Barton at her rooms in the village.

We strolled down there on foot, for I felt strong enough now to manage the hill back again.

We must have got there early, for the door was opened to us by a tall, rawboned, fierce-looking woman who told us that Miss Barton wasn't in yet.

"But she's expecting you, I know, so if you'll come up and wait, please."

This was evidently faithful Florence.

We followed her up the stairs and she threw open a door and showed us into what was quite a comfortable sitting room, though perhaps a little over-furnished. Some of the things, I suspected, had come from Little Furze.

The woman was clearly proud of her room.

"It's nice, isn't it?" she demanded.

"Very nice," said Joanna warmly.

"I make her as comfortable as I can. Not that I can do for her as I'd like to and in the way she ought to have. She ought to be in her own house, properly, not turned out into rooms."

Florence, who was clearly a dragon, looked from one to the other of us reproachfully. It was not, I felt, our lucky day. Joanna had been ticked off by Aimée Griffith and Partridge and now we were both being ticked off by the dragon Florence.

"Parlormaid I was for nine years there," she added.

Joanna, goaded by injustice, said, "Well, Miss Barton wanted to let the house. She put it down at the house agents'."

"Forced to it," said Florence. "And she living so frugal and careful. But even then, the government can't leave her alone! Has to have its pound of flesh just the same."

I shook my head sadly.

"Plenty of money there was in the old lady's time," said Florence. "And then they all died off one after another, poor dears. Miss Emily nursing them one after the other. Wore herself out she did, and always so patient and uncomplaining. But it told on her, and then to have worry about money on top of it all! Shares not bringing in what they used to, so she says, and why not, I should like to know? They ought to be ashamed of themselves. Doing down a lady like her who's got no head for figures and can't be up to their tricks."

"Practically everyone has been hit that way," I said, but Florence remained unsoftened.

"It's all right for some as can look after themselves, but not for *her*. She needs looking after, she does, and as long as she's with me I'm going to see no one imposes on her or upsets her in any way. I'd do anything for Miss Emily."

AND glaring at us for some moments in order to drive that point thoroughly home, the indomitable Florence left the room, carefully shutting the door behind her.

"Do you feel like a bloodsucker, Jerry?" inquired Joanna. "Because I do. What's the matter with us?"

"We don't seem to be going down very well," I said. "Megan gets tired of us, Partridge disapproves of you, faithful Florence disapproves of both of us."

Joanna murmured, "I wonder why Megan *did* leave?"

"She got bored."

"I don't think she did at all. I wonder—do you think, Jerry, it could have been something that Aimée Griffith said?"

"You mean this morning, when they were talking on the doorstep?"

"Yes. There wasn't much time, of course, but—"

I finished the sentence: "But that woman's got the tread of a cow elephant! She might have—"

The door opened and Miss Emily came in. She was pink and a *little* out of breath and seemed excited. Her eyes were very blue and shining.

She chirruped at us in quite a distracted manner:

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry I'm late. Just doing a little shopping in the town, and the cakes at the Blue Rose didn't seem to me quite fresh, so I went on to Mrs. Lygon's. I always like to get my cakes the last thing, then one gets the newest batch just out of the oven, and one isn't put off with the day before's. But I am so distressed to have kept you waiting—really unpardonable—"

Joanna cut in:

"It's our fault, Miss Barton. We're early. We walked down and Jerry strides along so fast now that we arrive everywhere too soon."

"Never too soon, dear. Don't say that. One cannot have too much of a good thing, you know."

And the old lady patted Joanna affectionately on the shoulder.

Joanna brightened up. At last, so it seemed, she was being a success. Emily Barton extended her smile to include me, but with a slight timidity in it, rather as one might approach a man-eating tiger guaranteed for the moment harmless.

"It's very good of you to come to such a feminine meal as tea, Mr. Burton."

Emily Barton, I think, has a mental picture of men as interminably consuming whisky-and-sodas and smoking cigars, and in the intervals dropping out to do a few seductions of village maidens, or to conduct a liaison with a married woman.

When I said this to Joanna later, she replied that it was probably wishful thinking, that Emily Barton would have liked to come across such a man, but alas, had never done so.

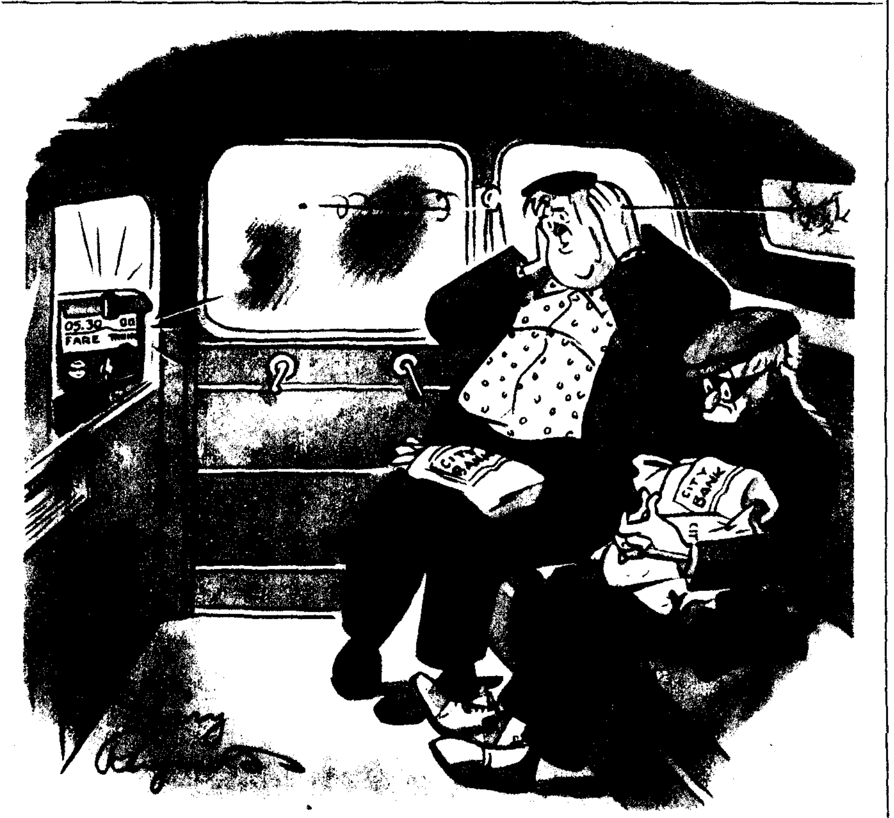
In the meantime Miss Emily was fussing around the room, arranging Joanna and myself with little tables, and carefully providing ashtrays, and a minute later the door opened and Florence came in bearing a tray of tea with some fine Crown Derby cups on it, which I gathered Miss Emily had brought with her from Little Furze. The tea was China and delicious and there were plates of sandwiches and thin bread and butter, and a quantity of little cakes.

Florence was beaming now, and looked at Miss Emily with a kind of maternal pleasure, as at a favorite child enjoying a doll's tea party.

JOANNA and I ate far more than we wanted to, our hostess pressed us so earnestly. The little lady was clearly enjoying her tea party and I perceived that to Emily Barton, Joanna and I were a big adventure, two people from the mysterious world of London and sophistication.

Naturally, our talk soon dropped into local channels. Miss Barton spoke warmly of Dr. Griffith, his kindness and his cleverness as a doctor. Mr. Symmington, too, was a very clever lawyer, and had helped Miss Barton to get some money back from the income tax which she would never have known about. He was so nice to his children, too, devoted to them and to his wife—she caught herself up. "Poor Mrs. Symmington, it's so dreadfully sad, with those young children left motherless. Never, per-

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"It ain't th' whizzin' bullets or th' screamin' sirens that I mind—it's th' click-click-click of th' cab meter!"

LONGINES
the most honored watch for a Lady

This lovely watch mounted with rubies and diamonds expresses the elegance of styling of a Longines Watch for a lady. The enlarged photograph shows the sculptured detail and exquisite finish. This Longines Cordoba model $190.

Longines
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

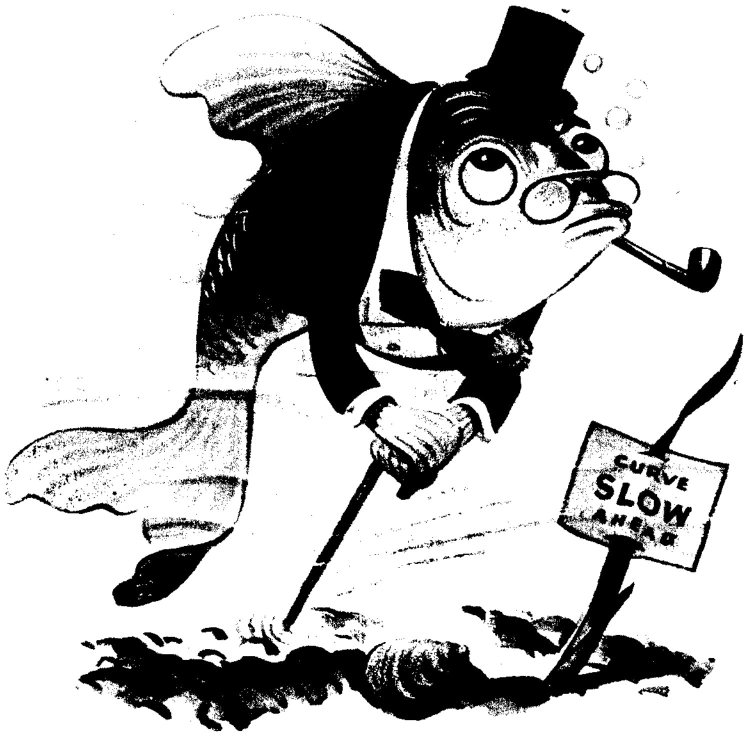
Charm is expected in a Longines ladies' watch. Unexpected is the unusual accuracy and sturdy dependability of this tiny mechanism. Ten world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold medals are Longines' awards for elegance and excellence. Longines-Wittnauer jewelers show Longines Watches for every timekeeping need; also Wittnauer Watches, a companion line moderately priced from $27.50—product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva.*

*Federal Tax Included

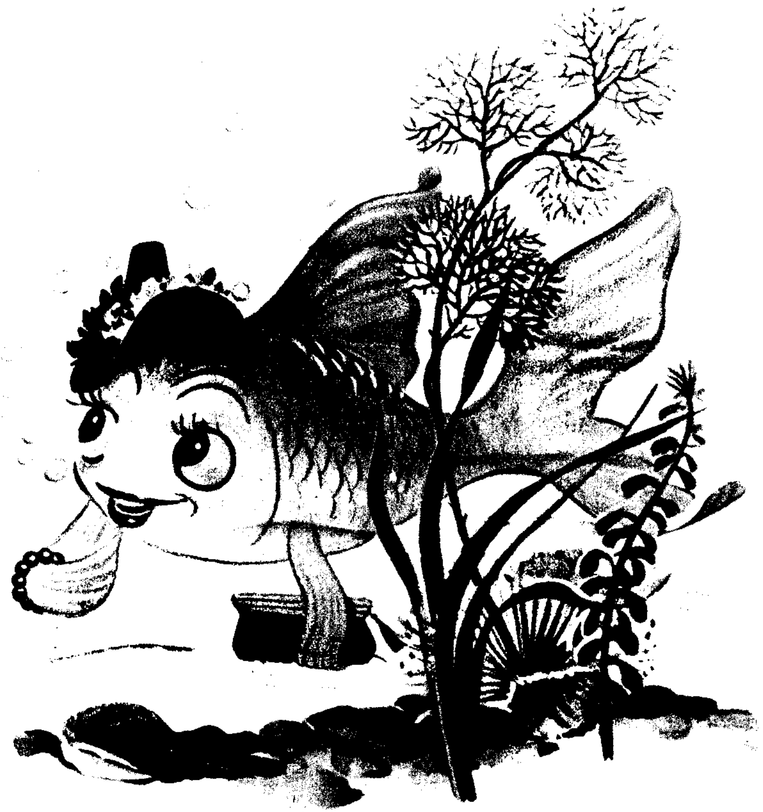
Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

Illustrated: Longines Trinidad *(top left)* $93.50; World's Fair LA *(top right)* $67.50; World's Fair strap *(center)* $67.50; Hall of Fame man's bracelet $82.50

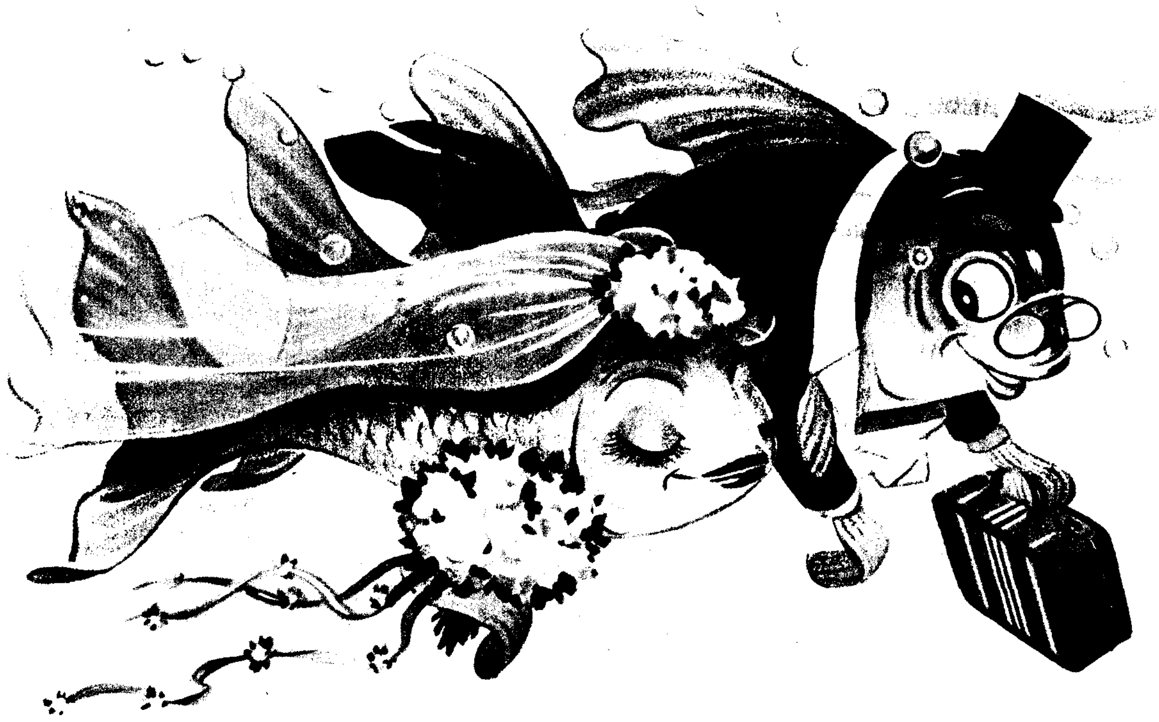
ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1. Gilbert, the Goldfish, was noble of soul
But he swam all alone in his circular bowl.



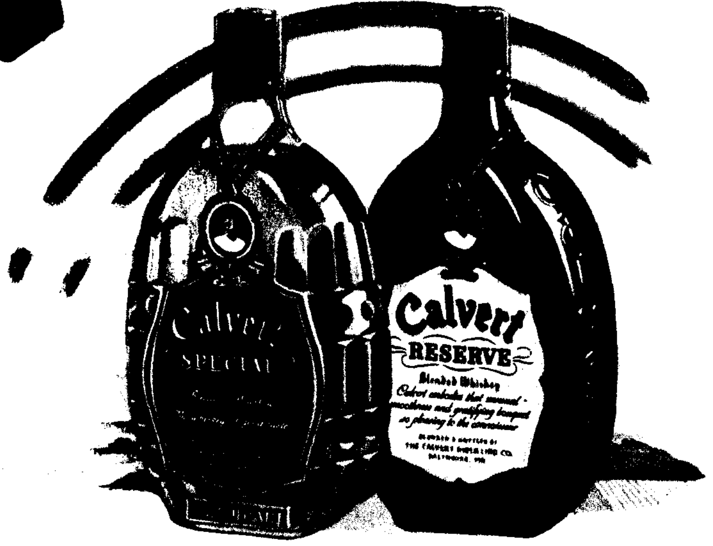
2. Gracie was charming, and neat as a pin,
And Gil met his "Bowl-Mate" when Gracie dropped in.



3. A true Happy Blending—
That's Gil and his Grace;
And the same perfect mating
Makes CALVERT an ace!

Yes, CALVERT'S a blend
Of great qualities, sir,
Which is why it's a whiskey
That millions prefer.

4. So speak up for CALVERT when you're on a quest
For a whiskey of mellowness, flavor and zest;
And your search will result in a true Happy Ending,
For CALVERT'S a triumph of true Happy Blending.



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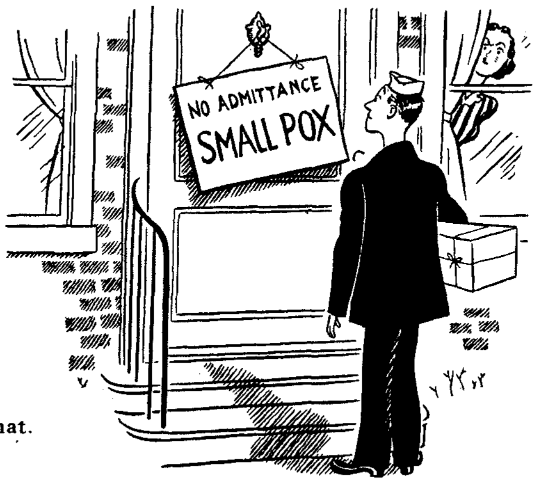


A while back, Davy
Joined the Navy.
And whenever he had leave
He'd visit, if he could, his old
girl, Genevieve.
But by and by her home which
receptions had been warm at
Lost the welcome from its doormat.

Well, Davy got to be a C.P.O.
(Chief Petty Officer, just in case
you didn't know).
These higher-ups among the sailors
Look as if they'd been turned out by
swanky custom tailors.
The shirts they wear are crisp and
white;
Might they be Arrows? Yes, they
might.

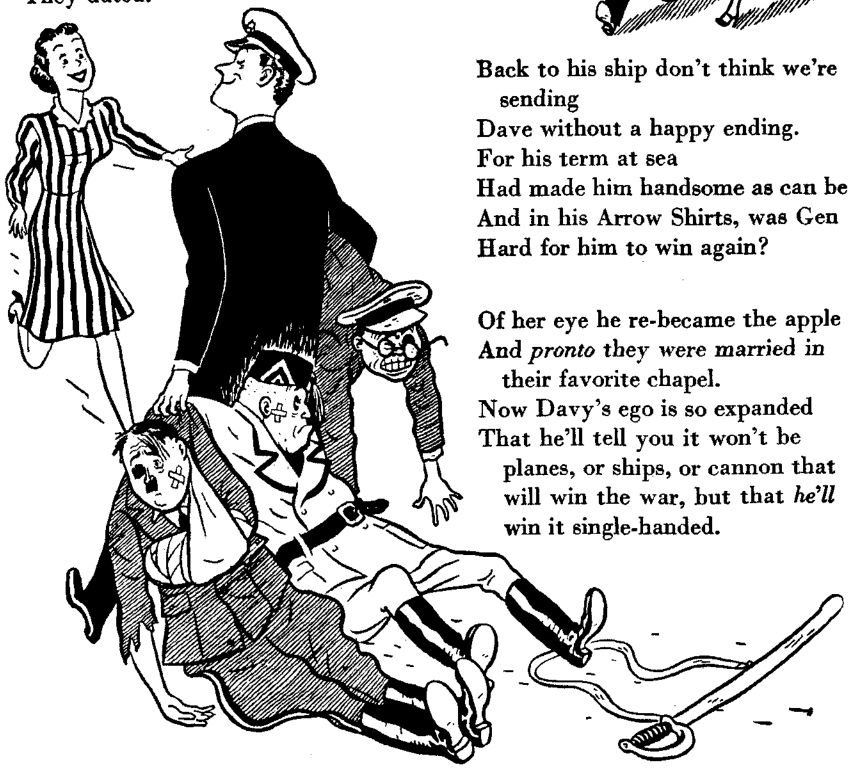
Davy found that Arrow Collars
Are nearly as smart as Defense
Bond dollars.
And whether you're small or big your
Arrow "Mitoga" fits your figure.

At last, or so Dave reckoned,
The fiddle he would play would *not*
be second.
But when her man is way out yonder
A gal of other guys grows fonder;
And all the men that Genevieve
knew
Wore, like Davy, Arrows, too.
And so when Davy called
Genevieve hemmed and hawed and
stalled.
But it was fated:
They dated.

NO ADM
TANCE
SMA
POX

Back to his ship don't think we're
sending
Dave without a happy ending.
For his term at sea
Had made him handsome as can be.
And in his Arrow Shirts, was Gen
Hard for him to win again?

Of her eye he re-became the apple
And *pronto* they were married in
their favorite chapel.
Now Davy's ego is so expanded
That he'll tell you it won't be
planes, or ships, or cannon that
will win the war, but that *he'll*
win it single-handed.



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haps, a very strong woman—and her health had been bad of late.

"A brain storm, that is what it must have been. I read about such a thing in the paper. People really do not know what they are doing under those circumstances. And she can't have known what she was doing or else she would have remembered Mr. Symmington and the children."

"That anonymous letter must have shaken her up very badly," said Joanna.

Miss Barton flushed. She said, with a tinge of reproof in her voice:

"Not a very nice thing to discuss, do you think, dear? I know there have been—er—letters, but we won't talk about them. Nasty things. I think they are better just ignored."

Well, Miss Barton might be able to ignore them, but for some people it wasn't so easy. However, I obediently changed the subject and we discussed Aimée Griffith.

"Wonderful, quite wonderful," said Emily Barton. "Her energy and her organizing powers are really splendid. She's so good with girls too. And she's so practical and up to date in every way. She really runs this place. And absolutely devoted to her brother. It's very nice to see such devotion between brother and sister."

"Doesn't he ever find her a little overwhelming?" asked Joanna.

Emily Barton stared at her in a startled fashion.

"She has sacrificed a great deal for his sake," she said with a touch of reproachful dignity.

I saw a touch of Oh, Yeah? in Joanna's eye and hastened to divert the conversation to Mr. Pye.

Emily Barton was a little dubious about Mr. Pye.

All she could say was, repeated rather doubtfully, that he was very kind—yes, very kind. Very well off, too, and most generous. He had very strange visitors sometimes, but then, of course, he had traveled a lot.

We agreed that travel not only broadened the mind, but occasionally resulted in the forming of strange acquaintances.

"I have often wished, myself, to go on a cruise," said Emily Barton wistfully. "One reads about them in the papers and they sound so attractive."

"Why don't you go?" asked Joanna.

THIS turning of a dream into a reality seemed to alarm Miss Emily.

"Oh, no, no, that would be *quite* impossible."

"But why? They're fairly cheap."

"Oh, it's not only the expense. But I shouldn't like to go alone. Traveling alone would look very peculiar, don't you think?"

"No," said Joanna.

Miss Emily looked at her doubtfully.

"And I don't know how I would manage about my luggage—and going ashore at foreign ports—and all the different currencies—"

Innumerable pitfalls seemed to rise up before the little lady's affrighted gaze, and Joanna hastened to calm her by a question about an approaching garden fete and sale of work. This led us quite naturally to Mrs. Dane Calthrop.

A faint spasm showed for a minute on Miss Barton's face. "You know, dear," she said, "she is really a very *odd* woman. The things she says sometimes."

I asked what things.

"Oh, I don't know. Such very *unexpected* things. And the way she looks at you, as though you weren't there but somebody else was—I'm expressing it badly but it is so hard to convey the impression I mean. And then she won't—well, *interfere* at all. There are so many cases where a vicar's wife could advise and—perhaps *admonish*. Pull people up, you know, and make them mend their ways. Because people would listen to her, I'm sure of that, they're all quite in awe of her. But she insists on being aloof and far away, and has such a curious habit of feeling sorry for the most unworthy people."

"That's interesting," I said, exchanging a quick glance with Joanna.

"Still, she is a very well-bred woman. She was a Miss Farroway of Bellpath, very good family, but these old families sometimes *are* a little peculiar, I believe. But she is devoted to her husband who is a man of very fine intellect—wasted, I am sometimes afraid, in this country circle. A good man, and most sincere, but I always find his habit of quoting Latin a little confusing."

"Hear, hear," I said fervently.

"Jerry had an expensive public school education, so he doesn't recognize Latin when he hears it," said Joanna.

This led Miss Barton to a new topic.

"The schoolmistress here is a most unpleasant young woman," she said. "Quite *Red,* I'm afraid." She lowered her voice over the word "Red."

Later, as we walked home up the hill, Joanna said to me:

"She's rather sweet."

AT DINNER that night, Joanna said to Partridge that she hoped her tea party had been a success.

Partridge got rather red in the face and held herself even more stiffly. "Thank you, Miss, but Agnes never turned up after all."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"It didn't matter to *me,*" said Partridge.

She was so swelling with grievance that she condescended to pour it out to us:

"It wasn't me who thought of asking her! She rang up herself, said she'd something on her mind and could she come here, it being her day off. And I said, yes, subject to your permission, which I obtained. And after that, not a sound or sign of her! And no word of apology either, though I should hope I'll get a postcard tomorrow morning. These girls nowadays—don't know their place—no idea of how to behave."

Joanna attempted to soothe Partridge's wounded feelings:

"She mightn't have felt well. You didn't ring up to find out?"

Partridge drew herself up again. "No, I did *not,* Miss! No, indeed. If Agnes likes to behave rudely that's her lookout, but I shall give her a piece of my mind when we meet."

Partridge went out of the room still stiff with indignation and Joanna and I laughed.

"Probably a case of 'Advice from Aunt Nancy's Column,'" I said. "'*My boy is very cold in his manner to me, what shall I do about it?*' Failing Aunt Nancy, Partridge was to be applied to for advice, but instead there has been a reconciliation and I expect at this minute that Agnes and her boy are one of those speechless couples locked in each other's arms that you come upon suddenly standing by a dark hedge. They embarrass you horribly, but you don't embarrass them."

Joanna laughed and said she expected that was it.

We began talking of the anonymous letters and wondered how Nash and the melancholy Graves were getting on.

"It's a week today exactly," said Joanna, "since Mrs. Symmington's suicide. I should think they must have got on to something by now. Fingerprints, or handwriting, or *something.*"

I answered her absently. Somewhere behind my conscious mind, a queer uneasiness was growing. It was connected in some way with the phrase that Joanna had used, "a week exactly."

I ought, I dare say, to have put two

and two together earlier. Perhaps, unconsciously, my mind was already suspicious.

Anyway the leaven was working now. The uneasiness was growing—coming to a head.

Joanna noticed suddenly that I wasn't listening to her spirited account of a village encounter.

"What's the matter, Jerry?"

I DID not answer because my mind was busy piecing things together.

Mrs. Symmington's suicide. . . . She was alone in the house that afternoon. . . . Alone in the house *because the maids were having their day out*. . . . A week ago exactly. . . .

"Jerry, what—"

I interrupted:

"Joanna, maids have days out once a week, don't they?"

"And alternate Sundays," said Joanna. "What on—"

"Never mind Sundays. They go out the same day every week?"

"Yes. That's the usual thing."

Joanna was staring at me curiously.

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BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Her mind had not taken the track mine had.

I crossed the room and rang the bell. Partridge came.

"Tell me," I said, "this Agnes Woddell. She's in service?"

"Yes, sir. At Mrs. Symmington's. At Mr. Symmington's, I should say now."

I drew a deep breath. I glanced at the clock. It was half past ten.

"Would she be back now, do you think?"

Partridge was looking disapproving. "Yes, sir. The maids have to be in by ten there. They're old-fashioned."

I said, "I'm going to ring up."

I went out to the hall. Joanna and Partridge followed me. Partridge was clearly furious. Joanna was puzzled. She said as I was trying to get the number, "What are you going to do, Jerry?"

"I'd like to be sure that the girl has come in all right."

Partridge sniffed. Just sniffed, nothing more. But I did not care twopence about Partridge's sniffs.

Elsie Holland answered the telephone from the other end.

"Sorry to ring you up," I said. "This is Jerry Burton speaking. Is—has—your maid Agnes come in?"

It was not until after I had said it that I suddenly felt a bit of a fool. For if the girl had come in and it was all right, how on earth was I going to explain my ringing up and asking. It would have been better if I had let Joanna ask the question, though even that would need a bit of explaining. I foresaw a new trail of gossip started in Lymstock, with myself and the unknown Agnes Woddell as its center.

Elsie Holland sounded, not unnaturally, very much surprised: "Agnes? Oh, she's sure to be in by now."

I felt a fool, but I went on with it: "Do you mind just seeing if she has come in, Miss Holland?"

There is one thing to be said for a nursery governess; she is used to doing things when told. Hers not to reason why! Elsie Holland put down the receiver and went off obediently.

Two minutes later I heard her voice: "Are you there, Mr. Burton?"

"Yes."

"Agnes isn't in yet, as a matter of fact."

I knew then that my hunch had been right.

I heard a noise of voices vaguely from the other end, then Symmington himself spoke:

"Hullo, Burton, what's the matter?"

"Your maid Agnes isn't back yet," I said.

"No. Miss Holland has just been to see. What's the matter? There's not been an accident, has there?"

"Not an *accident*," I said.

"Do you mean you have reason to believe something has happened to the girl?"

I said grimly, "I shouldn't be surprised."

I SLEPT badly that night. I think that, even then, there were pieces of the puzzle floating about in my mind. I believe that if I had given my mind to it, I could have solved the whole thing then and there. Otherwise why did those fragments tag along so persistently?

How much do we know at any time? Much more, or so I believe, than we know we know! But we cannot break through to that subterranean knowledge. It is there, but we cannot reach it.

I lay on my bed, tossing uneasily, and only vague bits of the puzzle came to torture me.

There *was* a pattern, if only I could get hold of it. I ought to know who wrote those cursed letters. There was a trail somewhere if only I could follow it. . . .

As I dropped off to sleep, words danced irritatingly through my drowsy mind:

"No smoke without fire. No fire without smoke. Smoke. . . . Smoke? Smoke screen. . . . No, that was the war—a war phrase. War. Scrap of paper. . . . Only a scrap of paper. Belgium—Germany. . . ."

I fell asleep. I dreamed that I was taking Mrs. Dane Calthrop, who had turned into a greyhound, for a walk with a collar and lead.

IT WAS the ringing of the telephone that roused me. A persistent ringing.

I sat up in bed, glanced at my watch. It was half past seven. I had not yet been called. The telephone was ringing in the hall downstairs.

I jumped out of bed, pulled on a dressing gown, and raced down. I beat Partridge coming through the back door from the kitchen by a short head. I picked up the receiver.

"Hullo?"

"Oh—" It was a sob of relief. "It's *you!*" Megan's voice. Megan's voice indescribably forlorn and frightened. "Oh, please do come—*do* come. Oh, please do! Will you?"

"I'm coming at once," I said. "Do you hear? *At once*."

I took the stairs two at a time and burst in on Joanna.

"Look here, Jo, I'm going off to the Symmingtons'."

Joanna lifted a curly blond head from the pillow and rubbed her eyes like a small child.

"Why—what's happened?"

"I don't know. It was the child—Me-

"NOW what have I done?"

Nothing! That's just it!

You come home too tired even to talk and bury yourself behind the paper. Why act so old so soon? You can make evenings the Best Part of the Day if you just do this before dinner . . .

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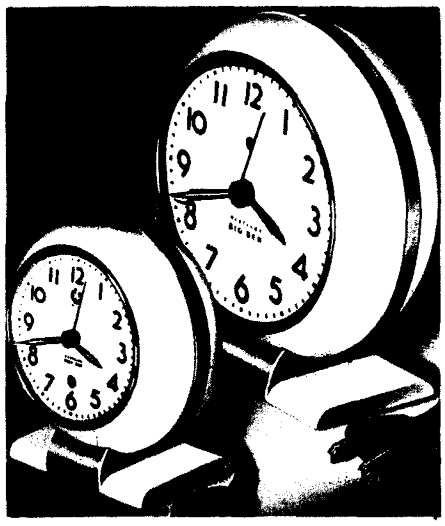

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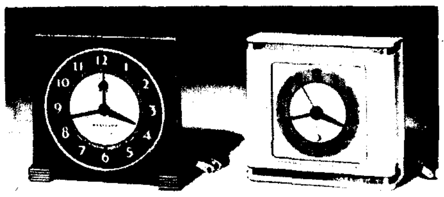

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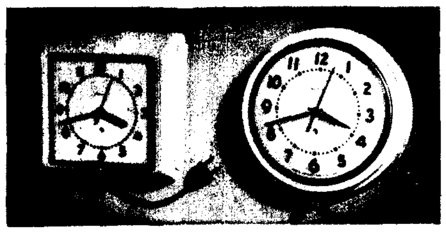

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gan—who called. She sounded all in."

"What do you think it is?"

"The girl Agnes, unless I'm very much mistaken."

As I went out of the door, Joanna called after me, "Wait. I'll get up and drive you down."

"No need. I'll drive myself."

"You can't drive the car."

"Yes, I can."

I did, too. It hurt, but not too much. I'd washed, shaved, dressed, got the car out and driven over to the Symmington house in half an hour. Not bad going.

Megan must have been watching for me. She came out of the house at a run and clutched me. Her poor little face was white and twitching.

"Oh, you've come—you've *come!*" she cried.

"Hold up, funnyface," I said. "Yes, I've come. Now what is it?"

She began to shake. I put my arm around her.

"I—I found her."

"You found Agnes? Where?"

The trembling grew.

"Under the stairs. There's a small storeroom there. It has fishing rods and golf clubs and things. You know."

I nodded. It was the usual storeroom.

Megan went on:

"She was there—all huddled up—and—and *cold*—horribly cold. She was—she was *dead,* you know!"

I asked curiously, "What made you look there?"

"I—I don't know. You telephoned last night. And we all began wondering where Agnes was. We waited up some time, but she didn't come in, and at last we went to bed. I didn't sleep very well and I got up early. There was only Rose—the cook, you know—about. She was very cross about Agnes not having come back. She said she'd been before somewhere when a girl did a flit like that. I had some milk and bread and butter in the kitchen—and then suddenly Rose came in looking queer and she said that Agnes' outdoor things were still in her room. Her best ones that she goes out in. And I began to wonder if—if she'd ever left the house, and I started looking around, and I stepped into the storeroom under the stairs and—and she was there . . ."

"Somebody's rung up the police, I suppose?"

"Yes, they're here now. My stepfather rang them up straightaway. And then I—I felt I couldn't bear it, and I rang *you* up. You don't mind?"

"No," I said. "I don't mind."

I looked at her curiously.

"Did anybody give you some brandy, or some coffee, or some tea after—after you found her?"

Megan shook her head.

I cursed the whole Symmington *ménage.* That stuffed shirt, Symmington, thought of nothing but the police. Neither Elsie Holland nor the cook seemed to have thought of the effect on the sensitive child who had made that gruesome discovery.

"Come on, slabface," I said. "We'll go to the kitchen."

WE WENT around the house to the back door and into the kitchen. Rose, a plump, pudding-faced woman of forty, was drinking strong tea by the kitchen fire. She greeted us with a flow of talk and her hand to her heart.

She'd come all over queer, she told me, awful the palpitations were! Just think of it, it might have been *her,* it might have been any of them, murdered in their beds they might have been.

"Dish out a good strong cup of that tea for Miss Megan," I said. "She's had a shock, you know. Remember it was she who found the body."

The mere mention of a body nearly sent Rose off again, but I quelled her with a stern eye and she poured out a cup of inky fluid.

"There you are, young woman," I said to Megan. "You drink that down. You haven't got any brandy, I suppose, Rose?"

Rose said rather doubtfully that there was a drop of cooking brandy left over from the Christmas puddings.

"That'll do," I said, and put a dollop of it into Megan's cup. I saw by Rose's eye that she thought it a good idea.

I told Megan to stay with Rose.

"I can trust you to look after Miss Megan?" I said, and Rose replied in a gratified way, "Oh, yes, sir."

I went through into the house. If I knew Rose and her kind, she would soon find it necessary to keep her strength up with a little food, and that would be good for Megan too. Confound these people, why couldn't they look after the child?

Fuming inwardly I ran into Elsie Holland in the hall. She didn't seem surprised to see me. I suppose that the gruesome excitement of the discovery made one oblivious of who was coming and going. The constable, Bert Rundle, was by the front door.

Elsie Holland gasped out, "Oh, Mr. Burton, isn't it *awful?* Whoever can have done such a dreadful thing?"

"It *was* murder, then?"

"Oh, *yes.* She was struck on the back of the head. It's all blood and hair—oh! it's *awful*—and bundled into that cupboard. Who can have done such a wicked thing? And *why?* Poor Agnes, I'm sure she never did anyone any harm."

"No," I said. "Somebody saw to that pretty promptly."

She stared at me. Not, I thought, a quick-witted girl. But she had good nerves. Her color was as usual, slightly heightened by excitement, and I even fancied that in a macabre kind of way, and in spite of a naturally kind heart, she was enjoying the drama.

She said apologetically, "I must go up to the boys. Mr. Symmington is so anxious that they shouldn't get a shock. He wants me to keep them away."

"Megan found the body, I hear," I said. "I hope somebody is looking after her."

I will say for Elsie Holland that she looked conscience-stricken.

"Oh, dear," she said. "I forgot all about her. I do hope she's all right. I've been so rushed, you know, and the police and everything—but it was remiss of me. Poor girl, she must be feeling bad. I'll go and look for her at once."

I relented.

"She's all right," I said. "Rose is looking after her. You get along to the kids."

She thanked me with a flash of white tombstone teeth and hurried upstairs. After all, the boys were her job, and not Megan—Megan was nobody's job. Elsie was paid to look after Symmington's blinking brats. One could hardly blame her for attending to it.

As she flashed around the corner of the stairs, I caught my breath. For a minute I caught a glimpse of a Winged Victory, deathless and incredibly beautiful, instead of a conscientious nursery governess.

THEN a door opened and Superintendent Nash stepped out into the hall with Symmington behind him.

"Oh, Mr. Burton," he said. "I was just going to telephone you. I'm glad you are here."

He didn't ask me—then—why I was here.

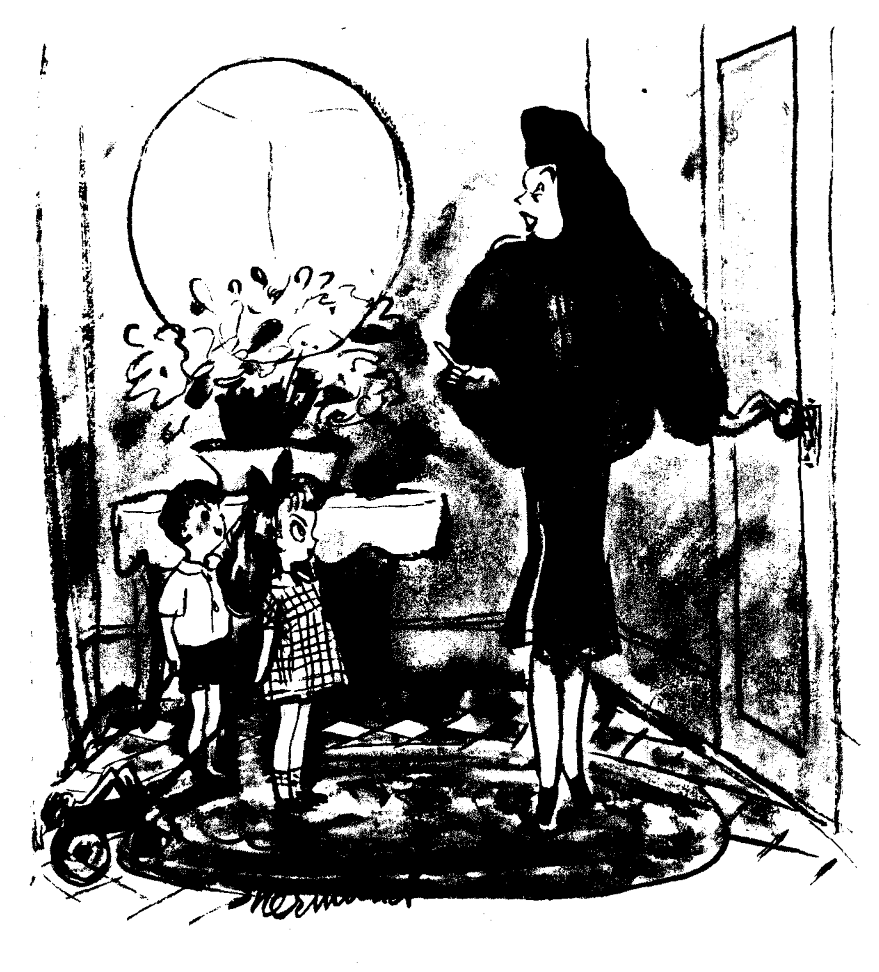
He turned his head and said to Symmington, "I'll use this room if I may."

It was a small morning room with a window on the front of the house.

"Certainly, certainly."

Symmington's poise was pretty good, but he looked desperately tired. Superintendent Nash said gently:

"I should have some breakfast if I were you, Mr. Symmington. You and Miss Holland and Miss Megan will feel much better after coffee and eggs and



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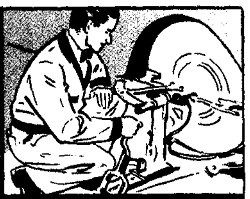
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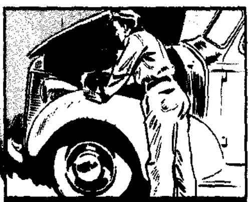
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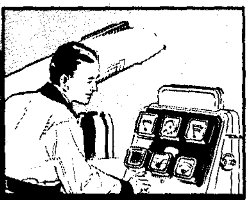
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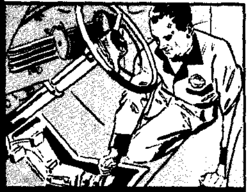
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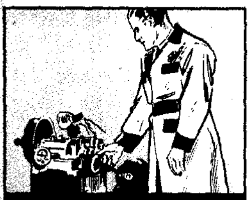
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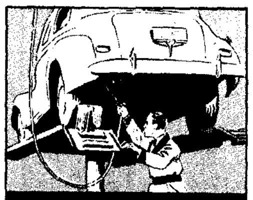
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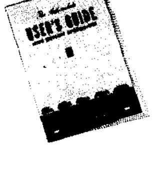

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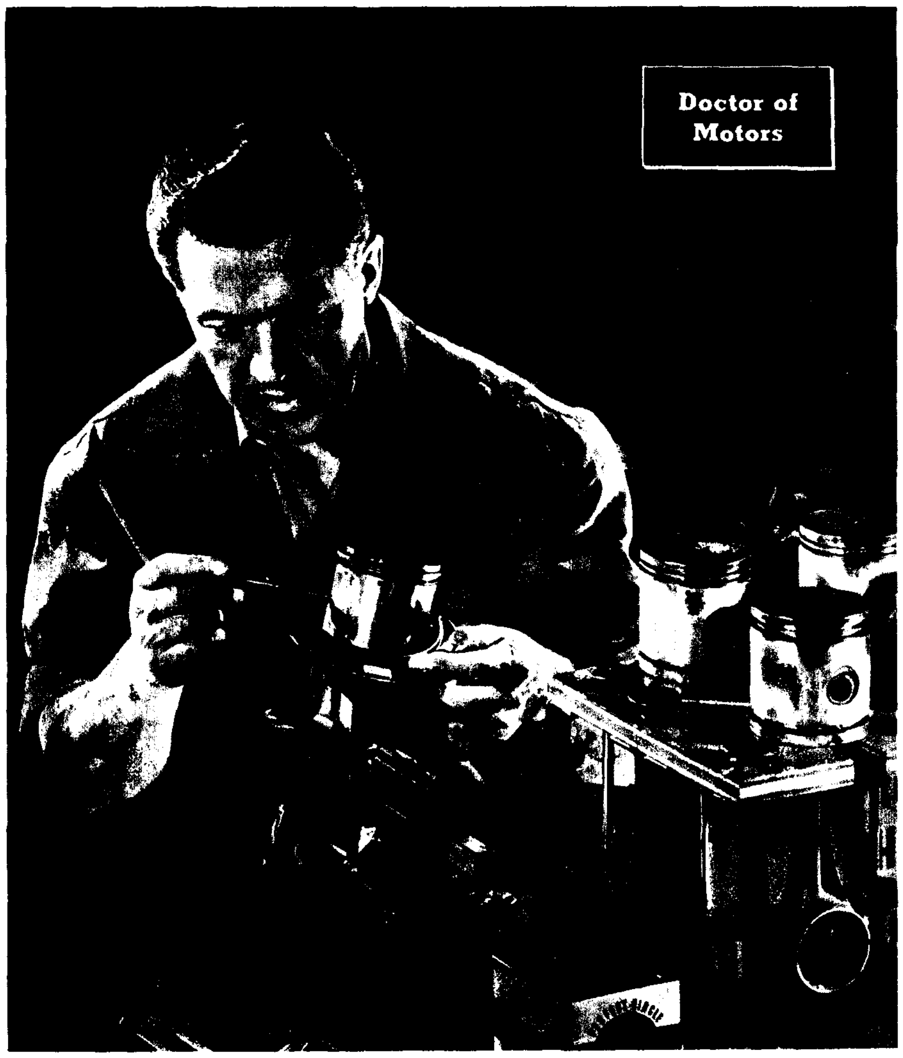

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bacon. Murder is a nasty business on an empty stomach."

He spoke in a comfortable family-doctor kind of way.

Symmington gave a faint attempt at a smile and said, "Thank you, Superintendent, I'll take your advice."

I followed Nash into the little morning room and he shut the door.

He said then, "You've got here very quickly? How did you hear?"

I told him that Megan had rung me up. I felt well-disposed toward Superintendent Nash. He, at any rate, had not forgotten that Megan, too, would be in need of breakfast.

"I hear that you telephoned last night, Mr. Burton, asking about this girl? Why was that?"

I suppose it did seem odd. I told him about Agnes' telephone call to Partridge and her nonappearance. He said, "Yes, I see. . . ."

He said it slowly and reflectively, rubbing his chin.

Then he sighed.

"Well," he said. "It's murder now, right enough. Direct physical action. The question is, what did the girl know? Did she say anything to this Partridge? Anything definite?"

"I don't think so. But you can ask her."

"Yes. I shall come up and see her when I've finished here."

"What happened exactly?" I asked. "Or don't you know yet?"

"Near enough. It was the maids' day out—"

"Both of them?"

"Yes, it seems that there used to be two sisters here who liked to go out together, so Mrs. Symmington arranged it that way. Then when these two came, she kept to the same arrangement. They used to have cold supper laid out in the dining room, and Miss Holland used to get tea."

"I see."

"It's pretty clear up to a point. The cook, Rose, comes from Nether Mickford, and in order to get there on her day out she has to catch the half-past-two bus. So Agnes has to finish clearing up lunch always. Rose used to wash up the supper things in the evenings to even things up.

"That's what happened today. Rose went off to catch the bus at two-twenty-five, Symmington left for his office at twenty-five to three. Elsie Holland and the children went out at a quarter to three. Megan Hunter went out on her bicycle about five minutes later. Agnes would then be alone in the house. As far as I can make out, she normally left the house between three o'clock and half past three."

"The house being then left empty?"

"Oh, they don't worry about that down here. There's not much locking up done in these parts. As I say, at ten minutes to three Agnes was alone in the house. That she never left it is clear, for she was in her cap and apron still when we found her body."

"I SUPPOSE you can tell roughly the time of death?"

"Doctor Griffith won't commit himself. Between two o'clock and four-thirty is his official medical verdict."

"How was she killed?"

"She was first stunned by a blow on the back of the head. Afterward an ordinary kitchen skewer, sharpened to a fine point, was thrust into the base of the skull, causing instantaneous death."

I lit a cigarette. It was not a nice picture.

"Pretty cold-blooded," I said.

"Oh, yes, yes, that was indicated."

I inhaled deeply.

"Who did it?" I said. "And why?"

"I don't suppose," said Nash slowly, "that we shall ever know exactly why. But we can guess."

"She knew something?"

"She knew something."

"She didn't give anyone here a hint?"

"As far as I can make out, no. She's been upset, so the cook says, ever since Mrs. Symmington's death, and according to this Rose, she's been getting more and more worried, and kept saying she didn't know what she ought to do."

He gave a short exasperated sigh.

"It's always the way. They won't come to us. They've got that deep-seated prejudice against 'being mixed up with the police.' If she'd come along and told us what was worrying her, she'd be alive today."

"Didn't she give the other woman *any* hint?"

"No, or so Rose says, and I'm inclined to believe her. For if she had, Rose would have blurted it out at once with a good many fancy embellishments of her own."

"It's maddening," I said, "not to know."

"We can still guess, Mr. Burton. To begin with, it can't be anything very definite. It's got to be the sort of thing that you think over, and as you think it over, your uneasiness grows. You see what I mean?"

"Yes."

"Actually, I think I know what it was."

I LOOKED at him with respect. "That's good work, Superintendent."

"Well, you see, Mr. Burton, I know something that you don't. On the afternoon that Mrs. Symmington committed suicide both maids were supposed to be out. It was their day out. But actually Agnes came back to the house."

"You know that?"

"Yes. Agnes has a boy friend—young Rendell from the fish shop. Wednesday is early closing and he comes along to meet Agnes and they go for a walk, or to the pictures if it's wet. That Wednesday they had a row practically as soon as they met. Our letter writer had been active, suggesting that Agnes had other fish to fry, and young Fred Rendell was all worked up. They quarreled violently and Agnes bolted back home and said she wasn't coming out unless Fred said he was sorry."

"Well?"

"Well, Mr. Burton, the kitchen faces the back of the house but the pantry looks out where we are looking now. There's only one entrance gate. You come through it and either up to the front door, or else along the path at the side of the house to the back door."

He paused.

"Now I'll tell you something: That letter that came to Mrs. Symmington that afternoon *didn't come by post.* It had a used stamp affixed to it, and the postmark faked quite convincingly in lamp black, so that it would seem to have been delivered by the postman with the afternoon letters. But actually *it had not been through the post.* You see what that means?"

"It means," I said slowly, "that it was left *by hand,* pushed through the letter box some time before the afternoon post was delivered, so that it should be among the other letters."

"Exactly. The afternoon post comes around about a quarter to four. My theory is this: The girl was in the pantry looking through the window—it's masked by shrubs but you can see through them quite well—watching out for her young man to turn up and apologize."

I said, *"And she saw whoever it was delivered that note?"*

"That's my guess, Mr. Burton. I may be wrong, of course."

"I don't think you are. . . . It's simple—and convincing—and it means that Agnes knew *who the anonymous letter writer was."*

(To be continued next week)

The Sounds of Geese

Continued from page 14

the skiff. "Just come from a visit to his widow's. I been mighty proud of Miss Gussie. Took her sorrow bravest I ever seen. Held up fine, to now. But I'm afraid she's done sagged a mite, last few days. I guess Crabflake Myers has been a comfort to her—he's been solacing her every time I visited her."

"She got the insurance money yet?" Nellie asked.

"Nope, she ain't, and it's just too bad. Everybody knows poor John is dead, rest him. But you cain't blame the insurance company for wanting some kind of evidince. Guess Miss Gussie'll have to wait a few years, till John's declared dead, legal."

"I hope Crabflake Myers won't be neglecting his Christian attention to her when he sees the money ain't coming for a spell," Nellie said, thoughtfully, after the preacher had motored away from the dock and downriver.

"That ain't no way to talk," Joe admonished.

"I hope you don't think Crabflake's visiting that mean cat of a Miss Gussie Ulm for fun."

THEY said John Ulm had known as well as anybody that September was no time to go sailing off to Cedar Keys in that little sloop of his, but they figured that he had got another bait of listening to Miss Gussie and took off for a rest, and that he'd rather risk a good many afternoon squalls than stay home with his wife on one of her quarrelsome spells.

But the way it turned out, it wasn't just an afternoon squall that came up. A real storm cut loose, with a seventy-mile wind that blew the shingles off houses like scales off a fish.

On the afternoon before the storm, John Ulm's boat was sighted from Gar Head Point, below the mouth of the Aucilla. And that was the last time it was seen. John Ulm was dead, and everybody knew it. But the company that carried his ten-thousand-dollar insurance policy—with a double indemnity clause that made it now worth twenty thousand—understandably declined to pay off until some sort of evidence of John's wreck was brought to light. Even a piece of the boat would be sufficient, they said.

Weeks passed, and no sign of John or his boat could be found. Finally, Miss Gussie offered five hundred dollars for part of her husband's wrecked boat. This, it turned out, was Crabflake Myers' suggestion. Not that the offer did any good. The fishermen kept looking, but John's boat wasn't found.

"Don't make no difference," Nellie said, "if Crabflake's got his mind set on it, he'll figure some way to git that insurance company to pay up."

"Sh-sh," Joe said. "Yon he is, right now."

They watched Myers striding across the shell road that led to the Barnaby office. He was a big, slightly stooped, slightly bald man. He was good at figures, especially those preceded by the dollar symbol. He wasn't well liked, but nobody wanted to be enemy to someone who could foreclose on them at will. "Shucks," Joe once said, "before I'd have folks scared of me like that, I'd rather be in bankrupture."

Myers went into the office of Jules Barnaby. Presently old Jules stuck his head out of the door and called Joe.

"Come here."

Joe went into the little kerosene-warmed office. Nellie went too.

"Is it *him* you goan send me goose hunting with?" Crabflake demanded.

"He's the best they is," Jules said.

"I believe I'll take the next-best this time," Crabflake said angrily, "and git somebody else."

"That's plumb up to you," Jules said.

Crabflake started toward the door; then, apparently struck by a new thought, he turned and said, "I don't know, Jules. If you say he's a good goose hunter, I'll tolerate him."

Joe shook his head. "Ain't no use going goose hunting today."

Nellie nudged him sharply. Jules spat in the sand box under the desk, and said nothing.

Crabflake said, "How come it ain't?"

"The wind ain't right. On a quiet sunshiny day like this, them geese most generally just lay offshore, squonking and feeding. They ain't goan fly, not none."

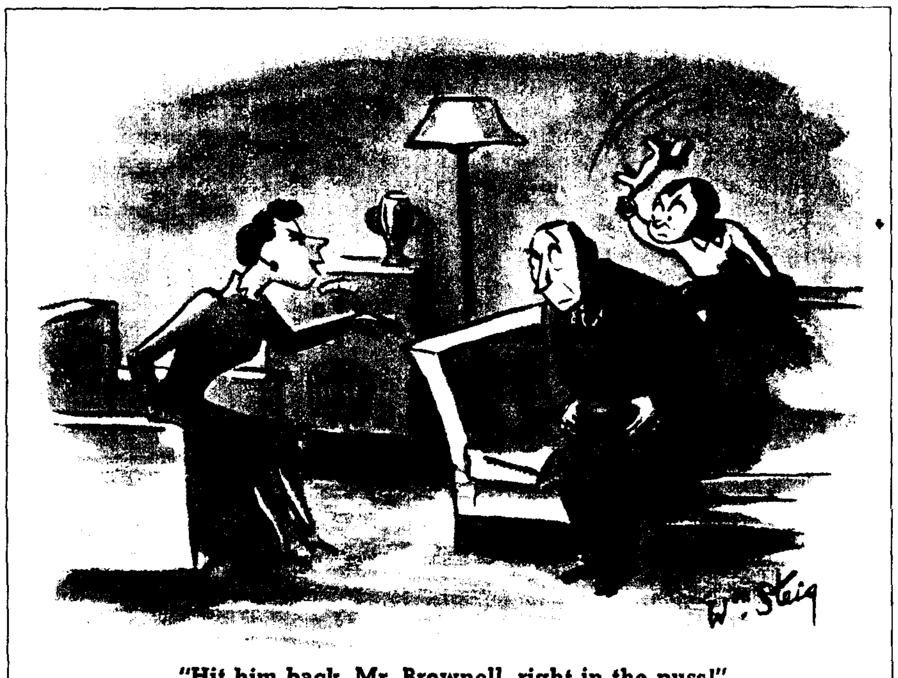
"I'll chance it," Crabflake said. "Git moving."

Joe shook his head. "Ain't a bit of use."

Nellie's elbow punched him again. "I'll help you get your things together."

"You going er not?" Crabflake demanded. "I'm paying for it, and if I say go, we go."

"Nope," Joe said. "I wouldn't feel



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right in my mind about taking no man's money fer guiding on a day like this. Now you take a day when they's a good breeze of southwest wind, we can have some luck."

"Joe," Nellie said incredulously, "you goan refuse to go, bad as we need money?"

"Nellie, I just wouldn't feel right about it."

"Well, for gosh sake!" Crabflake exclaimed angrily. "I guess I can get somebody else to go!"

"I expect you can," Joe answered, "but you ain't goan kill no geese."

Before long, Crabflake was back, his face red with anger, a touch of color even showing through the thin hair on top of his head. "Bullock," he said, "I'm good a-mind to brad your nose! Cain't git *nobody* in this place to take me goose hunting. They all said that if you said weren't no use going, they didn't care to try it, either. You've messed me up good!" He drew back his fist, cocked and ready.

"Let 'er go," Joe said firmly. "Just pile right on in."

But Crabflake noticed the size of Joe's fist, and he thought better of punishing him. With an angry grunt he turned and slammed out.

Old Jules took his vaporous pipe from his bony jaw, and said, "Joe, you got to learn that the customer is nearbout always right."

"I ain't taking nobody goose hunting on a day like this. I'm hard luck enough when conditions is right. A man would sit a long time on his behind, waiting fer geese to fly today."

"Joe," Nellie said, and he saw that she was crying, "you're just no-'count, that's your trouble. You make out to be hard luck, but you're just purely trifling! I don't want nothing more to do with you, Joe. You hear me?"

Jules said, "You ain't quitting him just because he won't go goose hunting with Crabflake, Nellie, for gosh sakes?"

"No. I've learnt something about him, that's all."

Joe sat down, because he felt sick. Finally he said, "Guess I knowed from the first you wouldn't never come right out and marry me. I couldn't expect no good luck like that to happen to me."

THAT night the wind changed around to the southwest, and blew in a good high tide, and brought flying foggy rain. With daylight, the cabbage-palm fronds rattled and glistened wetly, and the water in the river carried a surface of broken suds; and droves of restless wild fowl moved up and down the coast line.

Joe had stayed awake most of the night, grieving about Nellie, so that when he did drop off he overslept, and daylight was almost there by the time he got dressed. Then he heard somebody calling for him from below, the voice muffled by the blow of the wind. He went down from his room over Jules' boathouse, and found Crabflake Myers waiting for him.

"*Now* what's wrong with the weather?" Crabflake asked.

"Drizzly."

"I mean for goose hunting."

Joe admitted, "She's a pretty durn' good goose day."

"Well, what's your reason for not going with me today? Got a bad cold or something another, I reckon."

"No, my health's tol'able good. But this goose hunting—it takes a right smart of a man to tough it out, in weather like this."

"I been goose hunting before!" Crabflake said angrily. "You going er no?"

"I'd just as soon," Joe said finally.

They loaded their guns and shells and a few cans of beans into Crabflake's little launch, the Kingfish, and presently shoved off down the chopped water of the river. They had forty miles to go down the coast, to the vast juncus-grass sea marsh beyond tiny Limestone Island.

Here, on calm days, the great rafts of Canada geese fed in the shallow water. Joe had lain on shore in the smelly muck, hidden by needle-pointed juncus grass, watching them paddle contentedly about, upending themselves so their long necks would reach down to the tender bottom shoots. For hours, while he waited for them to drift in close enough for a shot, he had listened to their satisfied squonks and mutters, with an occasional full *ah-honk* from a sentinel gander.

But on days like today the tide was too high for them to feed on the bottom, and they had to keep swimming constantly to prevent being blown to shore by the wind. So they flew. Some headed back toward the hammock and lit in the tiny fresh-water ponds, where it was possible for a good woodsman to stalk them. Others kept beating nervously up and down the coast line, fighting the wind, and offering an occasional flight shot.

THEY were flying when Joe headed the boat into Rock Creek. In spite of his sadness because of Nellie, Joe's pulse moved fast, seeing the magnificent birds flying in bunches of eight or ten, and listening to their honks above the wind. Ducks were flying, too, and once, not far offshore a thousand scaup flew over Limestone Island in a scurrying cloud. As Joe maneuvered the Kingfish past the rocks of the creek, he was curious about Crabflake, who lay in the cabin bunk chewing his cigar. For a man so hell-bent to go goose hunting, he was strangely unexcited by a coastal scene that should stir the blood of any wildfowl hunter.

"He sure don't act much like a goose hunter," Joe mused. "Maybe he is, but till he proves hisself he's goan be on prohibition with me."

They anchored the boat near an island, and Joe went ashore and climbed a scrub oak. From this vantage the marsh now took on another dimension, and he could see numberless winding creeks, and the round ponds like silver dollars in the sea marsh, and areas of salt flats. None of the ponds now held geese close to the coast. Joe climbed down, and they started to the next island inland.

Slogging across the marsh, the stinging gusts of rain at their backs, pushing through the thick, stabbing juncus, Crabflake showed little enthusiasm for the hunt.

"How come we cain't sit on a point and try for a flight shot?" he demanded finally. "Ain't no use to kill ourself just for a few old geese."

"They might fly over you on a point, if you're lucky," Joe said. "I ain't lucky, so I most generally go to my geese, instead of waiting for them to come to me."

"Tomorrow I'm goan sit on a point," Crabflake said.

JOE shrugged and kept walking, pushing through the rank grass. He wished John Ulm hadn't gone and got himself drowned. He and John, now, on a day like this, would stalk the ponds and when night came they'd have all the geese they could stagger out with.

John had been a fine hunting partner. He hadn't ever wanted to go back home, because his wife, Miss Gussie, was a pretty severe letdown after a good goose hunt, or even a poor one. Joe was usually the one who had made the motion to go home. . . .

They reached an island he and John had named Bell-Cow Island, because a rattlesnake—John called them bell-cows—had almost got him one warm day last season. Joe climbed an oak he had used many times, and from the top of it the marsh flattened out beneath him. Then Joe stiffened. On a little pond about a quarter mile away were seven Canadian geese, quietly feeding.

"Okay," he said, climbing down. "Git ready to crawl on your belly like a rat pile."

Part of the distance they walked in a crouch. As they drew closer, Joe motioned to advance on hands and knees. The last hundred yards they slid on their bellies, Crabflake protesting in angry whispers that the mucky water was soaking him to the skin. But Joe didn't heed, and crawled on, inching through the grass. He listened. Above the wind rustle of the grass he heard *pum-pum* as a goose flapped its wings in contentment. They were close.

Joe peered through the grass. Now he saw them. Five of the geese had their heads under water. One gander picked serenely at his wing feathers. Another gander held his head up in semialertness.

"They're right up ahead," Joe whispered. "Git ready to shoot."

"Where?" asked Crabflake, and raised his head to look.

At once the geese rose from the water, honking noisily.

Joe exclaimed fervently, "Dog take the luck!" and fired at the lead gander. At the first shot the big goose wavered, then fell with the second load, striking the water with head under, and paddling in convulsive circles. Crabflake finally recovered enough to fire a couple of times, but the geese were out of range.

"I got one!" Crabflake said, seeing the dying goose on the water.

"If you hadn't stuck that bald head up we'd a-had four or five," Joe said disgustedly. "If that's your goose out there, wade on out and git him."

"I ain't the guide. You wade out and git my goose."

"Yes, sir," Joe said, and stepped out into the water.

THAT night Joe lay in his bunk, thinking about Nellie and listening to the faint honking of the geese, like the barking of country dogs in the distance. Once he dimly thought he heard Crabflake get up, then he went back to sleep.

After breakfast they started out again. Here and there small flocks of geese headed back out to sea.

"We missed our chance yesterday," Joe said as they came to a small creek. "But maybe we'll git a shot or two before they all go back outside."

He waded out into the creek, and Crabflake followed. Joe started to step up on the opposite bank when his foot struck something. He thought it a rock, and gave it only a passing benediction; but a glance showed that it was a piece of wood, imbedded in the soft mud of the creek bottom.

"Hey, look," Joe said. He loosened the wood and finally pulled it free, and it was a piece of sailboat rudder, splintered near the upper end where the tiller would have been. Two pieces of brass strapping, discolored with verdigris, bound the flat surface of the rudder.

"That's the rudder of John Ulm's boat!" whispered Crabflake. "I'd know it anywhere. I sold him that brass on there."

"It sure looks like it," Joe said. He washed the mud from the rudder.

"BOY," Crabflake said, "you've sure stepped in luck this time! That's five hundred dollars you stumped your toe on!"

"If this turns out to be John's rudder, and Miss Gussie pays five hundred dollars for it," Joe said, "half the money is sure yours, by rights."

"No, sir," Crabflake said. "You found it, and the money belongs to you. I ain't goan try to horn in on your luck. Let's git on back to the boat and take that rudder home."

"Ain't no powerful hurry. We might git two or three shots. We can deliver the rudder tomorrow."

"Today's better," Crabflake said firmly. "Come on."

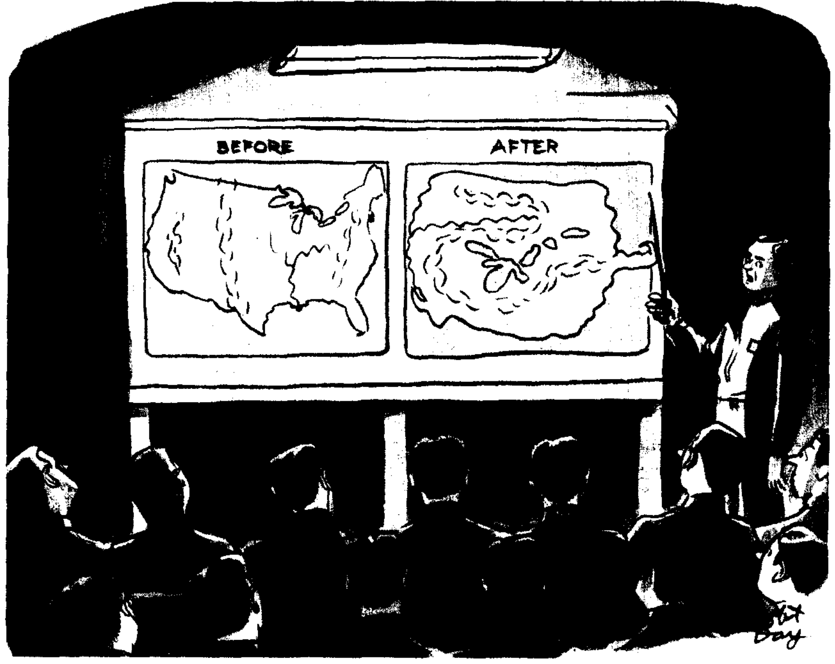
Crabflake's impatience was understandable to Joe, because if this was really John Ulm's rudder, Miss Gussie would get the insurance money. But, as they made their way back to the boat, the thing that puzzled Joe was Crabflake's generosity regarding the five-hundred-dollar reward. It just wasn't natural for him to waive his share in a claim like that.

The tide was low and there was no getting out of the Rock Creek for two hours. While they waited, Joe studied the rudder they had found. With his knife, he scraped it to examine the grain of the wood. Finally he said:

"I hate to tell you, Crabflake, but this ain't no rudder offn John's boat."

"How come it ain't? I'd know that rudder anywhere."

"Nope. This un's pine. John's rudder was oak. I holped him plane it smooth. And one time me and him harpooned a shark that turnt and tried to bite the



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boat. His teeth marks was in John's rudder," Joe said. "Come on, let's go after them geese."

Crabflake walked back and forth nervously. Suddenly he said, with a wise smile, "Won't nobody but me and you know it ain't John's rudder. You can git that money right on. I ain't goan let the cat out the bag."

"I'd feel sort of guilted about pulling a trick like that," Joe said. "We better git started if we want to try the geese."

Crabflake exploded. "I swear, I don't believe you got good sense!"

"Me and you just don't think like each other," Joe said. "You coming er not?"

Crabflake subsided abruptly, and said, "You go on stalking. I'm tired of wallowing in that muck. I'm going out on one them points and set down and wait for a flight."

WHILE Joe hunted that afternoon, he figured the whole thing out. Crabflake had decided to use him as a guide because people knew they weren't friends, and wouldn't suspect the two of them of conspiring together. Probably Crabflake had made the rudder a while back, and exposed it to weather and barnacles. Some of the green touches on the brass looked a bit like green paint. Then last night Crabflake had planted the fake rudder on their trail, so Joe could find it. Yes, Joe thought, he had all the steps of the scheme figured out.

All, he discovered, except the next step. For when he got back with three geese to Rock Creek just before dark, Crabflake Myers and his boat, Kingfish, were gone.

"Hey!" Joe shouted, thinking at first that Crabflake might have simply moved the boat around a bend for some reason. But a half-hour of searching and shouting convinced him that Crabflake had gone and left him.

Joe stood there by Rock Creek with night falling around him, and realized that he was alone on the sea marsh, fifteen or twenty miles from the nearest settlement, with a half-dozen rivers and creeks between. Crabflake had gone home to report finding John Ulm's rudder, and to tell of Joe Bullock's getting lost. Possibly he would get the insurance money for Miss Gussie and then come back to find Joe.

"Or maybe he figures just to let me parish to death out here," Joe figured. The unfairness of it overwhelmed him, and he said angrily, "It shore ain't no way to do a fellow!"

JOE made his way to the nearest island and prepared to spend the night. With dried palm leaves and cedar and pine sticks he built a fire, and while it was catching up he used his pocket knife to cut green cabbage-tree fronds for his bed. He roasted the livers and gizzards of the geese and ate them. Finally he went to sleep, shivering in the cold.

Next morning he set out for the hammock, leaving the dead geese, for they were heavy and he had a lot of rough walking and swimming to do. *"He's plumb mistooken if he reckons I'm goan set here and parish to death,"* Joe told himself.

Now the tide was out and the creeks were low, so that only once or twice did he get wet all over. The sun came out, and the dogflies attacked him in hordes that left blood flecks on his face and hands. He went on, wading and walking and pushing through the grass, thinking, *"It ain't no way to do nobody."*

He stopped to rest before wading the last creek short of the hammock. A flock of ibis sailed overhead. Joe leaned down to tie his boot and saw the broken mast of a boat. For a second he stared at it, puzzled. Then he started searching.

Before long he found what he was looking for. He found all that was left of John Ulm. If they had thought about it, they'd have remembered that in the storm the water had covered the marsh.

A heavy sadness weighed upon Joe, here beside the bones of his old friend. He sank to the ground and leaned back against one of the palm trunks and closed his eyes. A gull flew lazily above, looking about inquiringly; from the hammock came the scolding bark of a gray squirrel. A breeze rattled the palm leaves pleasantly.

A new thought gradually came upon Joe's consciousness. This was no place of sadness; this was a place of peace. John Ulm had lived a full life, and now —away from woman's sharp tongue— he rested on his beloved marshland; where the wild fowl flew, and the raccoons hunted, and where, even now, far off, came the honking of wild geese. . . .

Joe fought the hammock that afternoon. Bamboo and prickly ash cut him and tore his clothes, and cypress knees tripped his stumbling feet. Joe thought, *"It just ain't no way to do a fellow."* But now, if he ever got out, he had Crabflake Myers where he wanted him. For he could easily prove that the rudder was a fake, and then never mention that he had found genuine evidence of John's death. Of course, he'd lose the five hundred dollars Miss Gussie had offered, but he was willing to do that to get even with Crabflake.

Still, it seemed inadequate revenge. What he wanted was something permanent. And next day just as he reached the high palmetto flatwoods beyond the hammock, he knew the terrible thing he could do to Crabflake Myers. . . .

JOE BULLOCK was spreading his gill net—the one he had bought with part of the five hundred dollars—on the grass to dry, and Nellie Barnaby was watching him, and Joe said, heavily: "Nellie, I been aiming to try to tell you: you ought not to marry me."

"Why not, Joe?" she asked. "You've proved you'll work, since you got that net."

"Well, I hate to say it, but something's been heavy on my conscious. I ain't no kind of man for you to marry. I pulled a powerful dirty trick on a fellow. Dirtiest I ever heard tell of," he said in remorse.

Before she could inquire about this, Preacher Walt Minton came down the dock with his outboard motor, going red fishing. Joe was glad he came, because now he could confess to his girl and to his preacher at the same time, and have it done with.

"WHAT'S the trouble with you-all?" Walt asked.

"I pulled a dirty trick on Crabflake," Joe said. And he told them what he had done. "At first I wasn't going to tell about finding John. Then I remembered what you said about too much money being like a rattlesnake, and I thought about Miss Gussie, and I knowed the worst thing could happen to Crabflake was to have to live with Miss Gussie Ulm and all that money the rest of his life. If I'd a-just shot him it wouldn't a-been so heavy on my mind."

Walt thought a minute, and finally he said, "Joe, it ain't for us to know the workings of the All-Mighty. Maybe it's in His book for Crabflake and Miss Gussie to be married up, and you had to git mad and make things come out right. I don't know about that. But I'm plumb positive that John Ulm wouldn't a-wanted all that money he had paid in on that insurance policy to go to waste. It was Miss Gussie's money, and Crabflake don't concern us, not none. Maybe you had the wrong idea, all right, but Miss Gussie was shore due her money," Walt added. "For all we know, maybe the Lord caused all this to happen, just so John Ulm's widow could get what was coming to her."

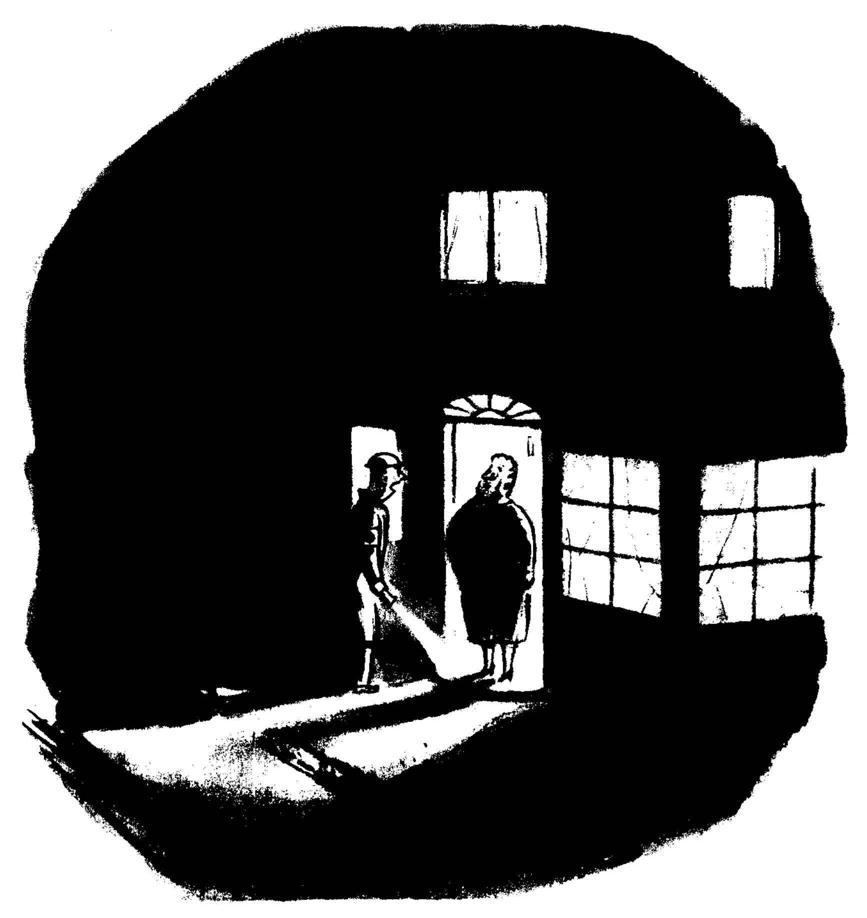
"You reckon so?" Joe asked hopefully.

"Like as not," Walt said firmly. He clamped the motor on a skiff.

Nellie smiled at Joe.

"I guess it's like the good Book says," Joe sighed. "The Lord moves in mischeevious ways."

THE END



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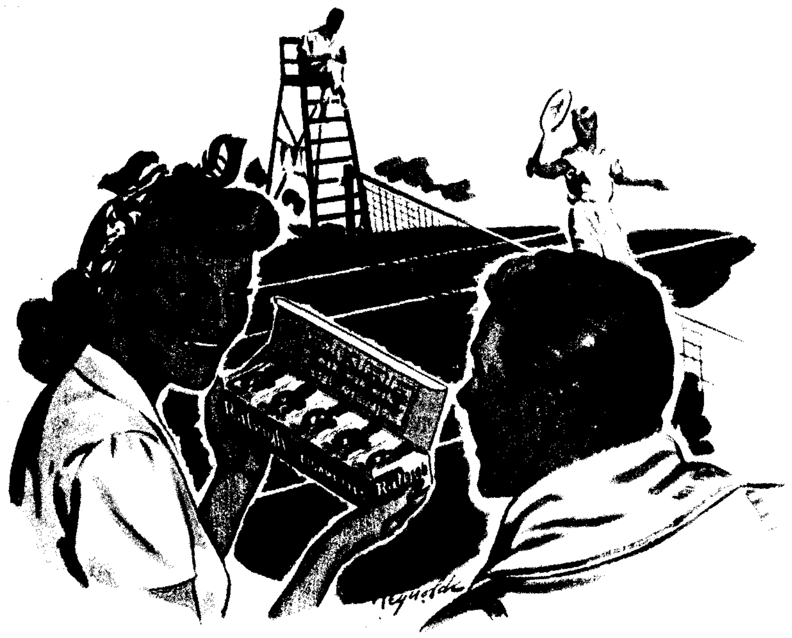
2. "I let them take Raleighs and some of their other brands, conceal the labels, and show me just the open ends of the packs. Then I bet I could pick the Raleighs.



3. "I won a carton of Raleighs—and you can, too. It's a bet you can hardly lose! That's because the tobacco in Raleighs is more *golden*. You can see it at a glance.

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4. "Golden color is proof of *quality*. At the great tobacco sales, golden leaves bring top prices. It's the expert way to get a milder, tastier smoke. Try Raleighs and *see*."

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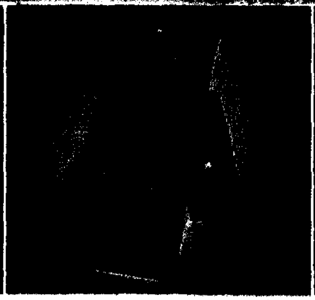

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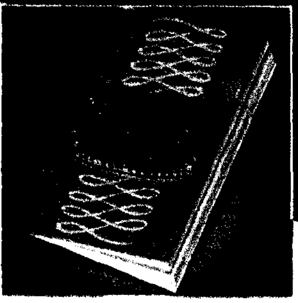

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The Lady Leads

By Shepard Barclay

WINNERS OF NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS—1941-42 SEASON

Masters' Events

Individual—Lee Hazen, New York.
Pairs—Merwin D. Maier and Howard Schenken, New York.
Fours—A. Mitchell Barnes, Atlanta, Georgia; Edward Hymes, Jr., Samuel Fry, Jr., and Waldemar von Zedtwitz, New York.

Open Events

Pairs—Mrs. Ralph C. Young and Sidney Silodor, Philadelphia.
Knockout Fours (The Harold S. Vanderbilt Cup)—John R. Crawford, Philadelphia; Myron Fuchs, Robert A. McPherran and Sherman Stearns, New York.
Match Point Fours—Mrs. Wilkinson Wagar, Atlanta, Georgia; Mrs. Alexander M. Sobel, Peter Leventritt and Simon Rossant, New York.

Women's Events

Pairs—Mrs. Mae P. Rosen and Mrs. Edith Seligman, New York.
Fours—Mrs. L. B. Buchanan, Mrs. W. P. Dickens, Mrs. Randolph Scott and Mrs. W. L. Terry, Memphis, Tennessee.

Men's Event

Pairs—Joseph E. Low and Simon Rossant, New York.

Mixed Events

Pairs—Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Glick, Miami Shores, Florida.
Fours—Mrs. Alexander M. Sobel, New York; Mrs. Ralph C. Young, Charles H. Goren and Sidney Silodor, Philadelphia.

Nonwinners Who Earned Second Places

Oswald Jacoby, New York, Dallas, Texas, and Washington, D. C. (4); B. Jay Becker, New York (3); Theodore A. Lightner, New York (2); Harry Feinberg, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Gussie Planco, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.; Philip Abramsohn, Hollywood, Florida; Miss Ann Bryant, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Wynne Cross, Newark, New Jersey; Joseph Davis, Philadelphia; S. Garton Churchill, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Robert B. Fuller, Mrs. Ruth Horn, Mrs. Olga Ross, Mrs. Joseph M. Rothschild, Mrs. William Tucker, Mrs. Stuyvesant Wainwright, Jr., Dr. Richard H. Ecker, Harry J. Fishbein, Charles Lochridge and Charles Sanders, New York.

IFOR THOMAS

Top ranking in contract bridge play for the 1941-42 season goes to Helen M. Sobel of New York. With her is her husband, Tournament Director Alexander Sobel

THE FIRST TEN

1. **Mrs. Alexander M. Sobel***
2. **Sidney Silodor, Philadelphia**
3. **Mrs. Ralph C. Young, Philadelphia**
4. **Simon Rossant**
5. **Merwin D. Maier†**
6. **Howard Schenken**
7. **Lee Hazen**
8. **John R. Crawford, Philadelphia**
9. **Waldemar von Zedtwitz**
10. **(Tied) A. Mitchell Barnes, Atlanta, Georgia, and Sherman Stearns.**

***New Yorkers unless otherwise stated.**

†Died February 15, 1942.

I USED to do most of the talking but now I do most of the listening." So says Alexander M. Sobel (Al Sobel to you), stentorian-voiced tournament director of bridge championships whose 105-pound wife has just landed the Number One place in the ranking of the nation's contract stars for the competitive season of 1941-42. Brilliant, canny, resourceful little blond Helen Martin Sobel and her versatile husband together form the first outstanding married couple of bridge since the days when the Culbertson and Sims families monopolized so many headlines. One difference is that this time the female of the species is the more deadly competitor. In this case, the husband taught tournament bridge to his wife.

This is the second time in history that a woman has ranked first in national championship accomplishments for a season. The other was two years ago, when Mrs. Ralph C. Young, of Philadelphia, gained the top. This season Mrs. Young is in third place, with another Philadelphian, Sidney Silodor, second. These three won two national championship events apiece, out of the eleven contested, and each also had a second place—the two women while playing as partners in the women's title teams-of-four, and Mr. Silodor in the men's pairs.

To settle the relative standings and break what otherwise was a tie among them, it is necessary to consult their performances in nonnational events. These are best appraised through the medium of Master Points, those awards of merit furnished in varying amounts by the bridge players' voluntary national organization, the American Contract Bridge League, to competitions all over the country. The number awarded in a specific event depends upon the importance of the sanctioned contest, the size of its total entry and the strength of the field, according to a fixed formula. Fractions of Master Points, known as Rating Points, are awarded in all officially sanctioned duplicate tournaments.

Rated this way, Mrs. Sobel outdistanced her competition, as she accumulated a total of 162 for the season, as against 127 for Mr. Silodor and 121 for Mrs. Young. Among the important nonnational victories she gained was the Eastern pairs for the Julian Goldman Trophy, playing with Charles H. Goren of Philadelphia, who led this ranking three years ago and whose pupil, Mrs. Young, was the leader in the following year. Mrs. Sobel is the first woman to gain the William E. McKenney Trophy, awarded for the most Master Points in a season, the runner-up for this honor being John R. Crawford, of Philadelphia, with 145, who finishes eighth in this ranking. Philadelphia had a big year in championship play, as Mrs. Sobel was born in Philadelphia and the second and third placers both hail from there.

Fourth place goes to Simon Rossant, of New York, a newcomer among national winners, with two victories. Fifth and sixth are the late Merwin D. "Jimmy" Maier and Howard Schenken, of New York, members of the noted Four Aces team, each with one win and two seconds, whose tie was broken by the former having 117 Master Points and the latter 113. Mr. Maier, who died of a heart attack on February 15th, at the age of 33, is the first player listed posthumously in these rankings since they were instituted twelve years ago. Seventh is Lee Hazen, New York attorney who won the individual championship tournament and also gained a second place. John R. Crawford of Philadelphia, in eighth place, had one win and one second and that great total of Master Points. Waldemar von Zedtwitz of New York is placed ninth because he earned more Master Points than did Sherman Stearns of New York and A. Mitchell Barnes of Atlanta, Georgia—each also with a first and a second—who are tied for tenth place.

The new season champion, who is 5 feet 3 inches tall and whose weight varies from 104 to 105 pounds, was born on May 22, 1910, in the heart of Philadelphia. She completed her schooling at Temple University and then embarked on a career as a dancer, at which she was truly adept, and had begun to gain a reputation as Helen Martin when her interest turned to bridge. One day in 1932 she met Al Sobel at New York's old Contract Bridge Club. Soon discovering her aptitude for the game, he finally induced her to try duplicate. With him as her partner, she won the first time she ever played, at the then Tower Bridge Club in New York, in 1933. From then on, she preferred duplicate bridge, a more genuine test of skill, to rubber bridge.

She's in to Stay, Now

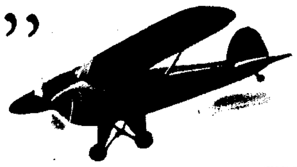
In 1934 Helen Sobel entered her first big tournament and won the Eastern mixed four championship, teamed with the late Louis H. Watson, Howard Schenken and Helen Bonwit. In the summer of that same year, she captured the first national championship in which she entered, the women's pairs at Asbury Park, N. J., with Miss Bonwit as partner. After that, she was accepted by the stars as one of them.

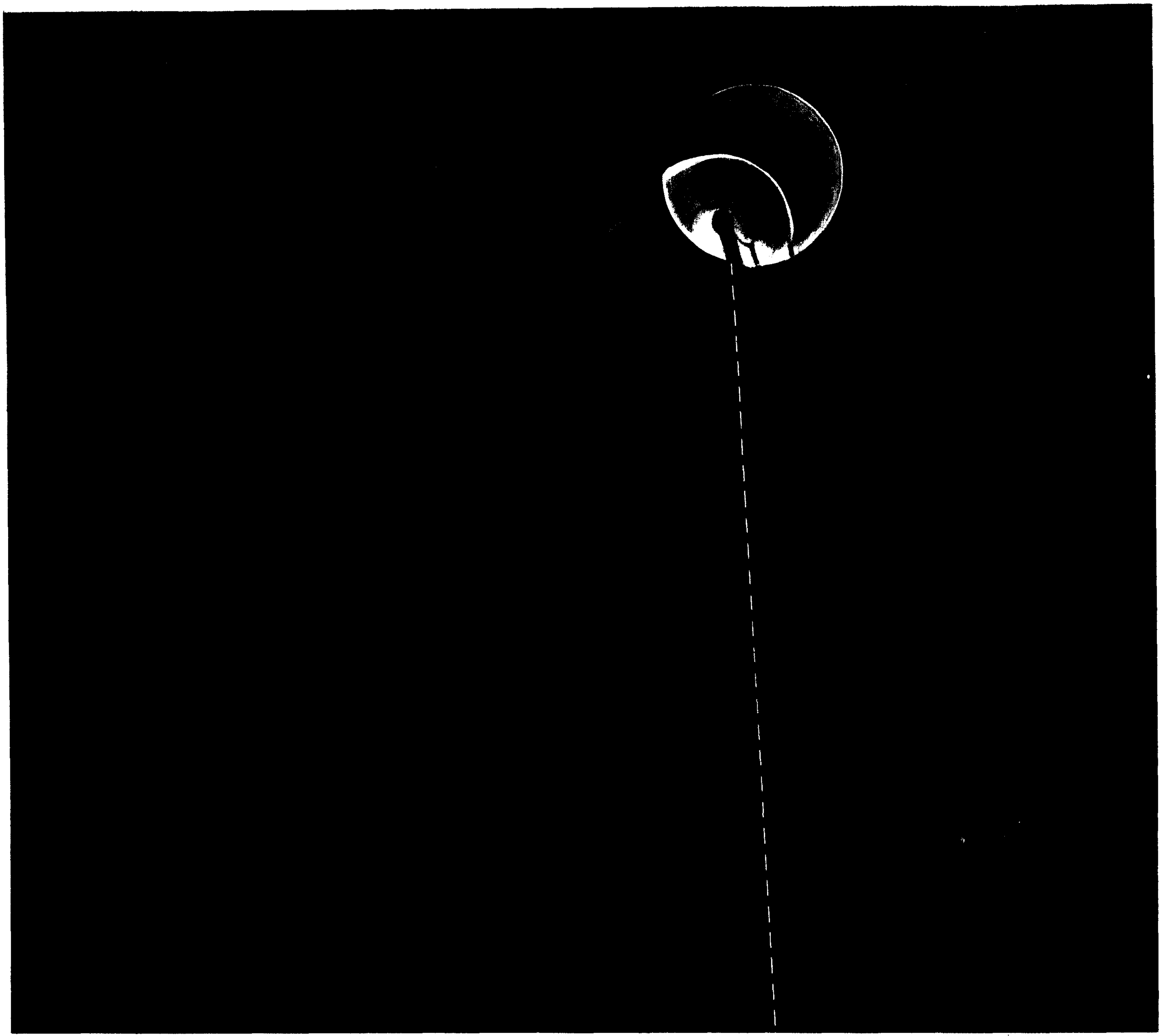
In the meantime Al Sobel was becoming more prominent in other departments of bridge than competition. A native New Yorker, born in 1901 and a graduate of New York University in industrial engineering, he had gone into the building business. He turned his trained mathematical talents to bridge scoring and other technical phases of the game. His first work at a big tournament was as chief scorer of the 1933 Eastern Championships.

In 1935 both he and the young woman who was later to become his wife were summoned to Los Angeles by Tom Stoddard, principal bridge impresario of the Pacific Coast, who is now an officer in the U. S. Army, to aid him in further organization. Tremendous duplicate tournaments are held there, and Mr. Sobel put in most of his time promoting and conducting them while Helen wrote about the game, gave lessons and helped in the conduct of clubs. Finally, Ely Culbertson heard fine

(Continued on page 54)

"Shoot the green to that little job"





"CALLING the little coupe, south of the field . . . little coupe . . . if you can hear me, wiggle your wings" . . . But the little coupe can't hear the man in the control tower, because it has no receiving set. And so it doesn't wiggle its wings. It just circles round and round. Then the dispatcher says, "Shoot the green to that little job." And the operator takes aim with a light-gun, shoots a green flash right in the pilot's eyes, a green light that means "Come on in . . . it's safe to land."

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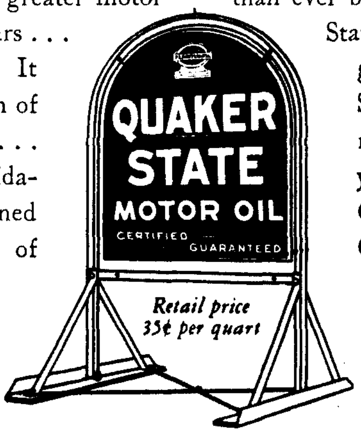

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The Mystery of the Missed Third Strike

Continued from page 19

knew what was coming: "But when you missed that third strike, we could have kicked you in the pants."

"Why don't you do it?" I asked.

He looked at me in amazement. "Do you mean it?"

"Sure do," I said soberly. "It might do me good." Mr. Wise began to laugh and the other men chuckled as I moved into the open space between the rows of hand tools. "Well, sir," he said, "if you think it'll do you any good—" I turned around, standing my ground as he stepped behind me, planting a boot where it hurts the least. And then I laughed with the other fellows, a good, fine, deep laugh which shook off all the regrets, and cleared up forever The Mystery of the Missed Third Strike. I knew then—and I know now—that the name of Mickey Owen will never be inscribed on the list of baseball's goats. I know, too, that the missed third strike, instead of ruining my career, will make me a better catcher not only during this new season of 1942, but also until the day I hang up my mask and glove forever.

I have no excuse for failing to catch that ball. Hugh Casey threw it, and it should have sealed his greatest victory. From the time he retired Joe Gordon on an easy fly with the bases full in the upper half of the fifth inning, he'd been pitching the greatest ball of his life. Higbe, French and Allen had failed. But not Hughie. He had control, speed, change of pace and curves. Yes, sir, curves that broke with a fork like the jagged end of summer lightning. He was taking my signals without question, and delivering the ball on X-marks-the-spot. We had the Yanks hog-tied as the ninth inning began.

Hugh breezed through the first two batters, Johnny Sturm and Red Rolfe. He wasn't afraid even of Henrich, although we knew that the Tommy is a clutch hitter. We knew that the pressure was on Tommy. He had to hit the ball for a clean drive, or curtains! So we determined not to give him any piece of the ball, but to put it where he would be compelled to swing, swing and swing.

Casey's great curve made this easy. The ball would come roaring up to the plate and then break away. Henrich was outsmarted on two strikes, but managed to work the count to three and two.

The Play That Made History

And then came the third strike. I signaled for a low, inside curve, figuring that Henrich was so deep in the hole that he would swing at anything. The ball shot toward the plate, then suddenly broke down and away, fooling Henrich, who swung and missed. It certainly fooled me, too. It had the wickedest inshoot I've ever seen. My glove was placed too near my body; that's how the ball got away. It was all my fault. Henrich raced toward first. I dashed madly to retrieve the ball.

Many fans believe that the special police, who thought that the game was over, and who ran out of the field boxes and dugout to protect the players, obstructed my quick throw to catch Henrich. This is not true. Henrich got to the bag too soon for me.

Charles Doyle, of the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, has criticized Manager Durocher for not removing Casey from the box at once. He also believes that the skipper should have held up the game to permit Casey to settle down. But Casey was not flustered. And Leo did hold up the game, by a signal from the bench to me. He decided, and decided correctly, to leave Casey in the game.

Joe DiMaggio was the next batter. He golfed a fast ball into left field, and Henrich pulled up at third. The game was still ours. Two were out, and our only job was to dispose of Keller, who swings for distance, and therefore hits at bad balls.

Casey fed Keller wide curves, changing the pace with each pitch he tossed up. Charlie swung as if his eyes were closed, missing two curves far outside the plate. I signaled for one more outside pitch, and Casey shot the ball exactly where it belonged, far beyond the range of Keller's bat. He let it go by for a ball. Plainly the situation called for an inside curve. It came low, where not one batsman in a hundred could drive it beyond the reach of our outfield. But Keller was that batsman. He rocketed the ball against the right-field wall to score the tying and winning runs.

How It Feels to Be a Goat

The rest is a blur to me. I recall sitting on the stool before my locker, too tired to strip off my clothes. I heard Wyatt, Fitz, Medwick, trying to comfort me. "Forget it, Mickey . . . Tomorrow's another day," they were saying. They knew, and I knew that we had been beaten by a great exhibition of pinch slugging. They also knew that I should have caught the third strike. Leo, I think, stood beside me for a moment. "Never mind, Mickey," he said, "you can't keep chain lightning in a bottle." Mr. MacPhail slipped his arm around my shoulders and said: "We'll blast them yet, Mickey. And I want you to know that I wanted to win that game as bad as you did. Forget it, will you?"

I nodded, and looked up. I'll swear that the Dodgers' boss had tears in his eyes.

I was still in a daze as I met Gloria on the ramp. Police escorted us to a car, and we whizzed through Brooklyn to our New York hotel. I could feel the hostility of the city, the few boos I heard as I quit the park were still ringing in my ears. As we drove across the bridge, Gloria asked me for the first time how I had missed Casey's winning pitch. For the first time, I told her. She said: "It couldn't be helped. It might have happened in any game since the season began. Everyone has faith in you, Mickey."

At that moment I was thinking of all the other "goats" in baseball's long history. Goat . . . the word smacked me between the eyes. I had failed in the least of the many things I am supposed to do on a ball field—to catch the ball which would have made millions of fans happy.

Telephones were ringing, telegrams were arriving, the hotel clerk looked queerly at me, the elevator operator said, "Good evening, Mr. Owen," in an odd tone, as we hurried to our room. We ordered the telephone disconnected, and decided to eat a private dinner. During the meal, John McDonald, the Dodger road secretary, dropped in. He's a quiet guy, and, from force of habit, a thoughtful one. He sat down, and said: "Just met Larry Goetz in the lobby." John looked me straight in the eye and continued: "Larry's been umpiring for years. He says that from where he stood behind the plate this afternoon, Casey's curve had the most violent break of any ball he's ever called." I said nothing. John then asked: "Does that make you feel any better, Mickey?"

"No," I replied. "It doesn't make me feel any better."

But the applause of the fans during

that last losing game on Monday did make me feel better. And by the time we reached Brookline, the local postmaster was snowed under by the weight of mail from all parts of the country. Heart in my mouth—tight, as we ballplayers say—I ripped open the first letters. What would the fans say? How would they feel about the missed third strike?

Only one of the thousands who wrote to me accused me of deliberately failing to catch Casey's curve. On a sheet of yellow scratch paper the threat was scrawled. With cowardly caution, the writer signed no name. He wrote:

"Why don't you quit when you throw away a game like today? You ought to quit for good. You ain't no ballplayer but a BUM. You ain't got no guts but are a quitter. I'd like to make you quit myself."

Other writers had no other object than to make me understand that although they were eagerly rooting for a Dodger victory, they did not blame me for our defeat. Some offered personal advice. Others seemed to know that I was suffering and tried to buoy me up with expressions of their faith in my ability.

Such letters made me realize how deeply the fans love baseball, especially those who live in small towns, far from big-league cities. From the eastern shore of Maryland, an 82-year-old man wrote: "You are young, but not until you are nearly my age will you know that your failure is your greatest success. For you will know how to conquer yourself in the future, and to see everything in its true perspective. You are a player of character, and therefore a man of character. Everyone here is pulling for you, at this home for the aged where I, poor thing, still live."

From Eastern State Penitentiary in Pennsylvania, a convict laboriously scribbled this message on the narrow, lined official writing paper: "You had to come to the same kind of luck that got me down, kid. Chin up, now. Keep your feet on the straight and narrow, no matter what."

Things That Keep a Man Going

Well, this is next season, and to this fine friend in a jail, and to so many, many others, I owe more than the solution of The Mystery of the Missed Third Strike. For now I have friends, friends everywhere—a sweet Catholic nun in Jersey City, a police officer in Omaha, the head of a great shipping company in San Francisco, a small boy in a Georgia hamlet—I'm going to drop off and see him when the Dodgers move north this spring. And a World War veteran who runs a service station far up in Maine, and many soldiers in our Army of today, on post in Newfoundland, one in the Canal Zone, and one from Honolulu, where the war struck that December day.

To tell these friends of mine how much I appreciate their thoughtfulness is not enough. Perhaps I ought to explain that their good wishes have proved to me that I have succeeded in one respect. I try to work harmoniously with our Dodger pitchers. I try to make them and every other player on our club like me personally. This, I think, I have done. And although few loyal Brooklyn fans are acquainted with me off the field, I believe that all of them, whether they have seen me play or not, understand this simple precept. Perhaps because I was a member of the St. Louis Gas House Gang for a time, a real Mudcat at that, I have the reputation of being a scrappy, fighting player.

Take our pitchers, for example: Casey, Fitzsimmons and Davis of our championship staff seldom shake off my signals, because they have confidence in my knowledge of batters. Wyatt and Higbe are two exceptional pitchers, now at the top of their form. Whit and Kirby both study batters carefully; sometimes Whit shakes me off, as we say when the pitcher disagrees with the catcher's judgment. Kirby likes to pitch his own game. I try to keep them at ease, working with them so that they will feel that their catcher is part of their own pitching skill.

Perhaps these pitchers have never been aware of my help in many other respects, for battery work does not consist merely of throwing and receiving the ball. It's the catcher's job to encourage pitchers when they weaken, to prompt them to watch base runners, to point out to them that some runner is wandering far from the bag and can be picked off with a quick throw. A catcher must sense a play on the bases before it happens; he must tell his pitcher what base to cover on infield grounders, and where to place himself so as to back up a throw from the outfield.

How to Nail 'Em on Third

The catcher holds the ball almost as often as the pitcher. He has much more to do than merely to throw out base stealers. He can pick them off at any base with quick, accurate throws, sometimes shot from a crouching position. Sure, I get a kick out of rifling that throw to second base when some speedy runner, say Linus Frey of the Reds, tries to steal. But my favorite play is the throw to third. Let's suppose that Johnny Hopp of the Cards is on first when Enos Slaughter slams a liner to center. Hopp scurries past second, past third as Petie Reiser grabs the ball and throws to the plate. Hopp sees the throw and turns in his tracks, backing toward third. I must throw the ball straight up the third-base line, always avoiding Hopp, for if the ball hits him, it will roll away and he will score easily. But I must also throw low and to the right of the bag so that my own third baseman can scoop the ball out of the dirt with his glove and tag Hopp out as he belly-whops back to base.

As for the more commonplace work of outguessing the batter, baseball would be a far more interesting game if the fans could read our minds as we plot and plan.

Great hitters (Mel Ott is one) wait for the pitch they like before they will swing. The catcher in such cases works like a master of chess. He must call for pitches which the batter will not expect. He must also be careful to call for pitches which the batter thinks you will not dare throw to him. It's like leading to strength in bridge—and most ballplayers are good bridge players, too.

I became a catcher accidentally. Ten years ago I was a shortstop, playing on a St. Louis amateur club. In the middle of the game, our catcher fell ill, and I put on the mask and glove for the first time. Today my head is a card index of the batting styles of all players in the National League, and my body is ripped with spike wounds and bruises. Hard work? Yes. But I'm glad I'm a catcher, even though that error on the missed third strike will stand on my record as long as baseball is the American national game. A catcher's big-league life is long, because, more than any other player on the team, his stock in trade is experience.

I earned my spurs in experience that Sunday afternoon at Ebbets Field. I learned then that although baseball is only a professional sport, it welds together the people of our country in one solid mass of believers in fair play.

I'm a better man because I missed the third strike. Not exactly a hero, but certainly not the villain of Gloria's imaginary mystery tale.

THE END

Are YOU the type
who mixes well?

The Face of a Sociable Fellow
. . . *Eyes*, pupils shiny—lids etched with lines of merriment. *Mouth*, large—easily given to laughter. This type who makes friends easily—serves friends "double-rich" Cream of Kentucky, made by the "dean" of Kentucky distillers.

Then meet another "good mixer"

Cream of Kentucky

the "CREAM" of Kentucky's finest Bourbons

IT'S "DOUBLE RICH"
Schenley
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey

If you're the congenial type with a host of friends, you'll be the kind of host who serves Cream of Kentucky and so gives his friends a "double-rich" treat . . . Remember, the password between "good mixers" is *"make mine Cream!"*

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof. Copr. 1942, Schenley Distillers Corp., N Y C

There is a story about a town called Kings Row

All knew it, but none talked about it—except in whispers...

Out of the hushed strangeness of these lives, and out of the shadows that hid their shame, filmdom has fashioned a drama most unusual, most touching and Most Wonderful! Here is screen greatness, truly!

ANN SHERIDAN
the girl from the 'wrong' side of town

ROBERT CUMMINGS
he knew women's minds and hearts—too well

RONALD REAGAN
his whole life was one wild search for love

BETTY FIELD
she couldn't have the thing every girl desires

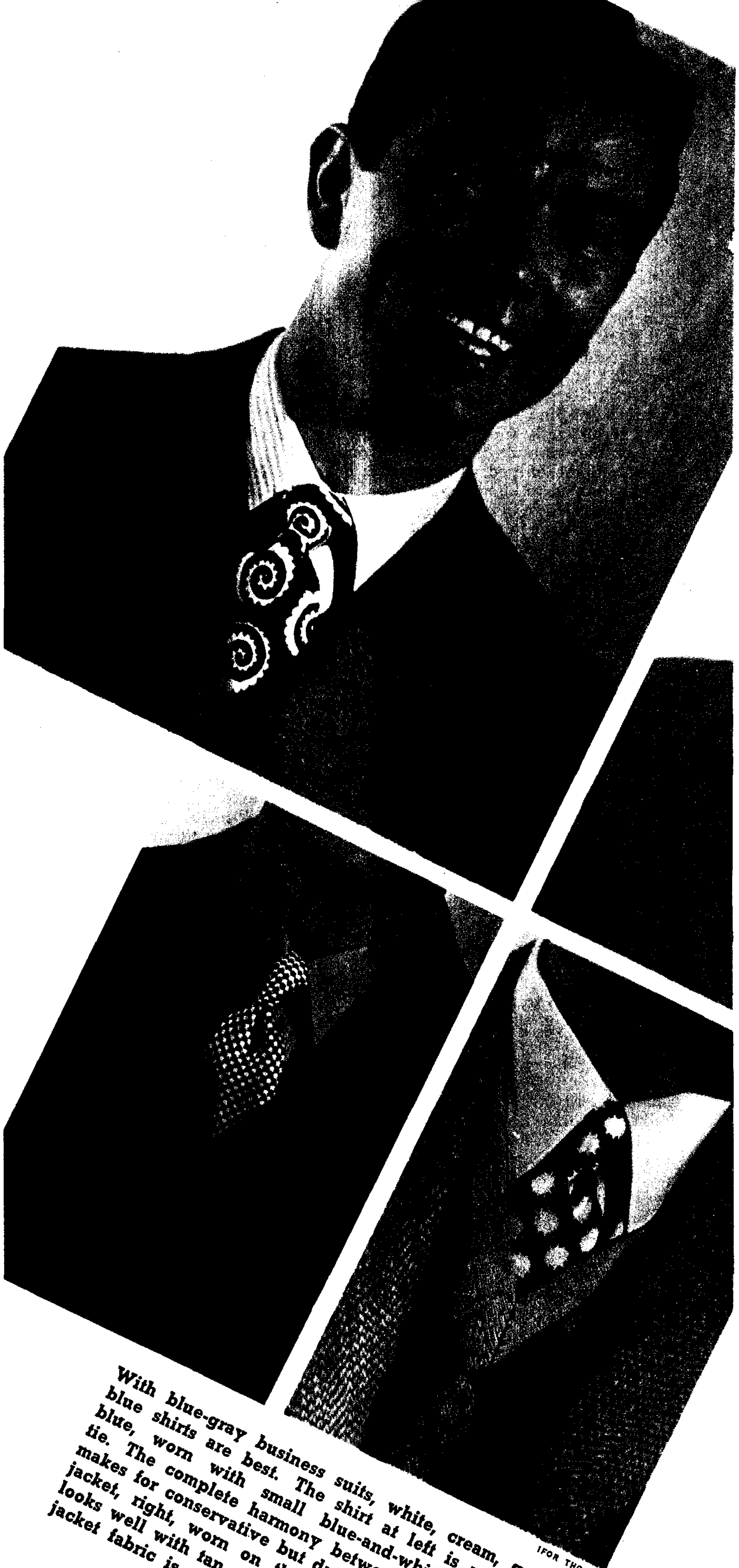
in

KINGS ROW

NOW READY FOR SHOWING!

To be long remembered for the best-seller it was—for the magnificent film it is!

WARNER BROS.' NEW SUCCESS with
Claude Rains · Judith Anderson · Nancy Coleman
CHARLES COBURN
KAAREN VERNE · MARIA OUSPENSKAYA · HARRY DAVENPORT
The Screen Play is by Casey Robinson from the Novel by Henry Bellamann · Music Composed by Erich Wolfgang Korngold
Directed by SAM WOOD of 'Mr. Chips' and 'Kitty Foyle' fame



IFOR THOMAS

With blue-gray business suits, white, cream, gray and blue shirts are best. The shirt at left is a close-stripe blue, worn with small blue-and-white all-over-effect tie. The complete harmony between shirt, tie and suit makes for conservative but dressy appearance. Shetland jacket, right, worn on the campus or in the country, looks well with tan and brown shirts. Yellow thread in jacket fabric is repeated in tie with contrasting figures

With natural shades in covert, gabardine and whipcord, everything in the brown-tan family is good in shirts. Green is excellent in neckwear because of the greenish cast in the suits

Wine-and-gray striped shirt at left, worn with gray flannel suit and red tie with black-and-white figures. For contrast with the gabardine suit at the right, choose blue shirt with rust-and-gold striped tie

We'll Match You

By Henry L. Jackson

ARMY and Navy have good shirt-and-tie color combinations: Khaki and black (soon to be khaki and brown), blue and black, white and black. Out in civilian life you have a wider choice, despite some color juggling due to war-made shortages.

Incidentally, before long white shirts are going to turn up cream color, due to lack of bleach. There'll probably be fewer deep-colored shirts, but plenty of the pale-colored kind. This won't hurt: Your shirt always should be lighter than your suit.

There are three chief suit colors: Brown, gray, blue. And three basic shirt colors: Tan, gray, blue. Mix 'em or match 'em: You can't go wrong. But don't wear a green shirt with a blue suit.

In shirts you have four collar styles from which to choose: Medium point, for general wear; widespread, for big-knot ties; the California long point; the button down. The California's the most comfortable.

Ties? For town wear, simple designs, subdued colors. For country, bold colors and patterns. Let the basic color in your tie be that of your suit or shirt; then add a contrasting color.

Good combinations: Gray suit, blue shirt, maroon tie; dark blue suit, gray shirt, blue-and-white polka-dot tie; brown suit, tan shirt, green-and-tan tie.

Tip for men whose wives buy their shirts: Get the Little Woman a color chart from an artists' supply store—but do it tactfully, Brother! And when she tells you to unknot your tie at night, instead of just loosening it and slipping it over your head, take her advice. Your ties will last longer and not wrinkle so badly.

Want to know where to get any of the ties or shirts shown here? Just ask us.

★★★

Peach Short-Cake with Gingerbread layers. M-m-m! Add water to mix . . . bake layers . . . spread with whipped cream and fruit.

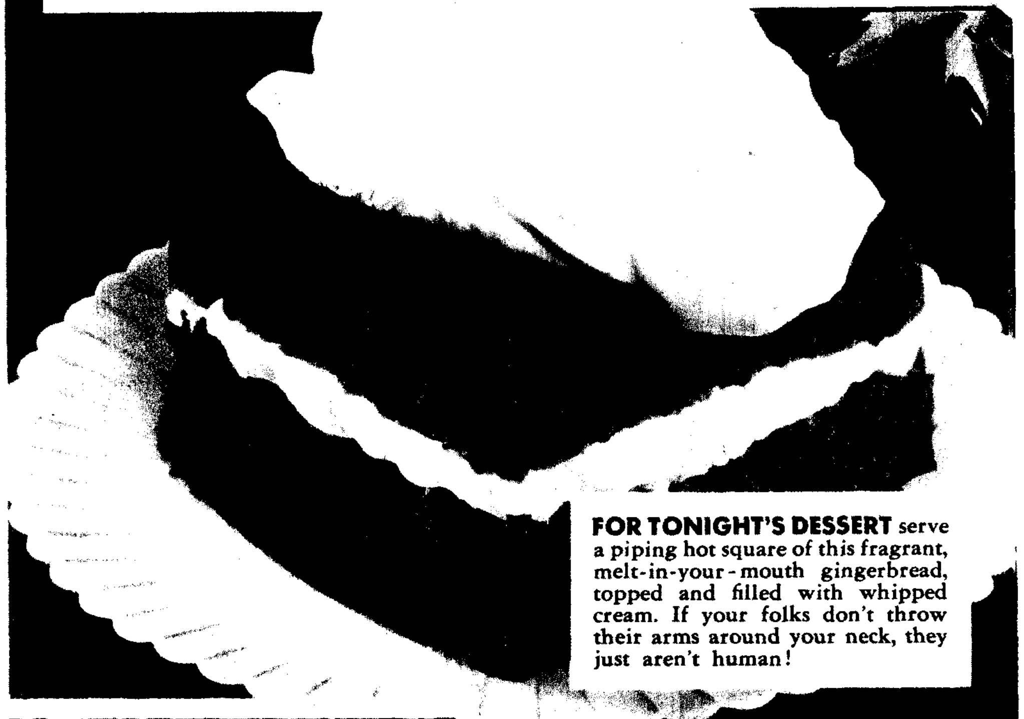
Hearty, wholesome dessert for young or old. Use greased muffin pan (or line with paper cups). *Extra-delicious* with frosting.

Mouth-watering gingerbread, and a glass of milk . . . real *nourishment* there! Only the choicest ingredients in Dromedary mixes.

HOT GINGERBREAD

LIKE YOU NEVER ATE BEFORE!

Just add water to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix!


FOR TONIGHT'S DESSERT serve a piping hot square of this fragrant, melt-in-your-mouth gingerbread, topped and filled with whipped cream. If your folks don't throw their arms around your neck, they just aren't human!

2-MINUTE RECIPE FOR

CHOCOLATE STUDDED "GINGIES"

with whole pieces of chocolate!

You'll want to send them to boys in the service, children at school — they're so tasty, so easy to make.

Just add 1/3 cup water and a 7 oz. package of semi-sweet chocolate pieces to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a moderate oven — 350°.

BEATS ANY HOME RECIPE

. . . yet costs you less!

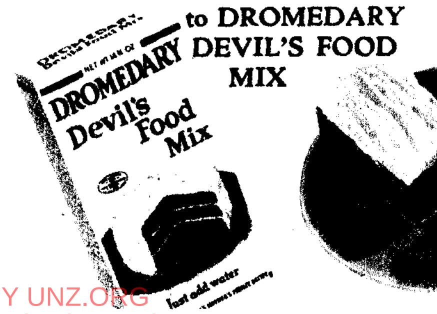
• Even the best cooks admit Dromedary ginger bread mix beats their own! And it comes out *perfect* every time! *Yet it actually costs less than mixing at home!* Made from the private recipe of George Washington's mother.

DROMEDARY

GINGERBREAD MIX

DROMEDARY
Ginger bread Mix
ENJOY THE WORLD'S ONLY PASTEURIZED DATES—DROMEDARY!

AND HERE'S HOW TO MAKE RICH CHOCOLATEY DEVIL'S FOOD:



Add water to DROMEDARY DEVIL'S FOOD MIX

Bake 35 to 40 minutes and look what you get!

Dark delicious cake..rich and chocolatey.. tender and velvety... Makes cookies too. Try it!

China Gold

Continued from page 21

were there, nothing else. "This was my room," she said. She looked about it with bitter eyes. "You will be safe here, perhaps," she said, "safer than I was. My mother will bring you food. If you are tired, sleep upon my bed."

"Thank you," Elaine said. "I think it will not be long until my friends come."

She saw Mei-su give her a quick look, but the girl made no other answer. In a moment she was gone and Elaine was alone. The country silence was deep about her. The day had been windless, a rare day, and now the small noises of the country carried clearly to her ear through the open window. A hen cackled, a dog barked. Someone called and two women laughed. Men's voices shouted across a field. But no one came near her.

OUTSIDE the room Mei-su had stood for long minutes, thinking, weighing in her right hand and her left her two loyalties. This house in which she was born pressed upon her, though she did not know it. It was made of the earth of the fields which had belonged to the family of Siao for generations. Floods had flattened it, but it had been built again and again through the centuries. Here she had spent her childhood, here her life had been. The weight of the house pressed upon her and after she had stood a little while, she sighed deeply and moved toward an inner room. There, her mother had told her, she would find her brother. She went there and opened the door. He was walking up and down the earthen floor. When she came in he stopped.

"You," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"I was told to bring a white girl here," she said.

"A white girl," he repeated. "Who sent you with her?"

"The German," she said.

"The German," he repeated, as though he did not understand. Then a fury came into his eyes. "That is why the signal has been delayed!" he shouted. "We have been waiting for two hours and more. By this time the city ought to have been taken."

"Wait," she said in a whisper. "Here is something else I cannot understand. I—she—they told me I was not to tell you—not to tell anyone, you understand. But you are my brother. A white man is killed! The Japanese killed him. The Japanese is drunk, you understand—yes, and he is also sleeping. That is—she must have given him a great deal of the drug because he has been asleep now for many hours—ever since last night."

"Where is he?" her brother whispered.

"In her house—I mean, where I belong, you understand. The Japanese is lying across the white man's body."

"Do you know the room?"

"Yes."

"Can you take me to it secretly?"

"Yes."

"Then—at once!"

The brother and sister went out of the house, not by the main door, but by a small gate that gave out of the pigpen.

"What will you do when we get to the Japanese?" she asked—but she already knew the answer. "Come. Quickly!" he said.

Elaine leaning at that moment on the earthen sill of the window, saw them slip through the late afternoon light. They were strangers to her, and yet less strange than all else around her and in this house and when she saw them go she felt her first pang of fear. At that same moment a clangor rose from the near-by city and spread through the air. She lifted her head and listened. It was the noise of the church bells. Surely it was the bells, but ringing as she had never heard them ring before. They rang and rang, and when at last they stopped she heard the sound of voices, roaring like the waves of the sea, muted by the distance into a deep roar.

She listened and was terrified.

"IT IS not possible to open the door of every house in this city," Father Valerian said at last to Larch. "We have gone into all the doors on the streets that she could have reached in the moment in which I lost her. Let us go back to the mission and hear the others. As for me, if she is not found I shall go into the church and pray while the search goes on."

"There's a very queer feeling in this town," Larch said, staring about him. "Look at the streets—empty!"

"Since the Japanese took the city no one comes out unless he must," Father Valerian replied. He looked old and full of trouble and he was longing to get to prayer and find out what he must do next. Within him his heart was continually crying, "Mary—Mary—Mary—" Was she blaming him somewhere up there in that heaven in which he believed she was waiting for him?

"The people's faces look scared," Larch said, gazing at a man passing by.

"Perhaps they are afraid of you," Father Valerian retorted. "You are very large and foreign-looking. They are not used to white men, except me, and I am not very white after all these years. My color now is about like theirs."

He came out of his daze for a moment. "Why do you not insist that Elaine marry you?" he inquired with the innocence of a saint. "I do not believe you want her money, now that I see you. You are very different from Paul Brian."

Larch turned crimson under his eyes. "Did she tell you I wanted her money?"

Father Valerian tried to remember exactly what Elaine had said. "She said words to that effect," he said trying to be honest. Larch's crimson turned to fury. "She's crazy, then," he said with angry vigor. "I don't want anybody to give me anything. I want to work for what I get. Believe me, we'd have been married by now if she'd been decently poor. But since she's indecently rich—I won't marry her at all."

"Ah," Father Valerian said vaguely, "I must tell her that."

Larch stared at the tall bearded priest at his side, but the face opposite his was as innocent of irony as a child's. "You needn't tell her anything," he growled.

But Father Valerian did not hear him. He was thinking to himself as they walked back to the mission that if anything had happened to Elaine, he would pray God to forgive him if he took someone's life for it.

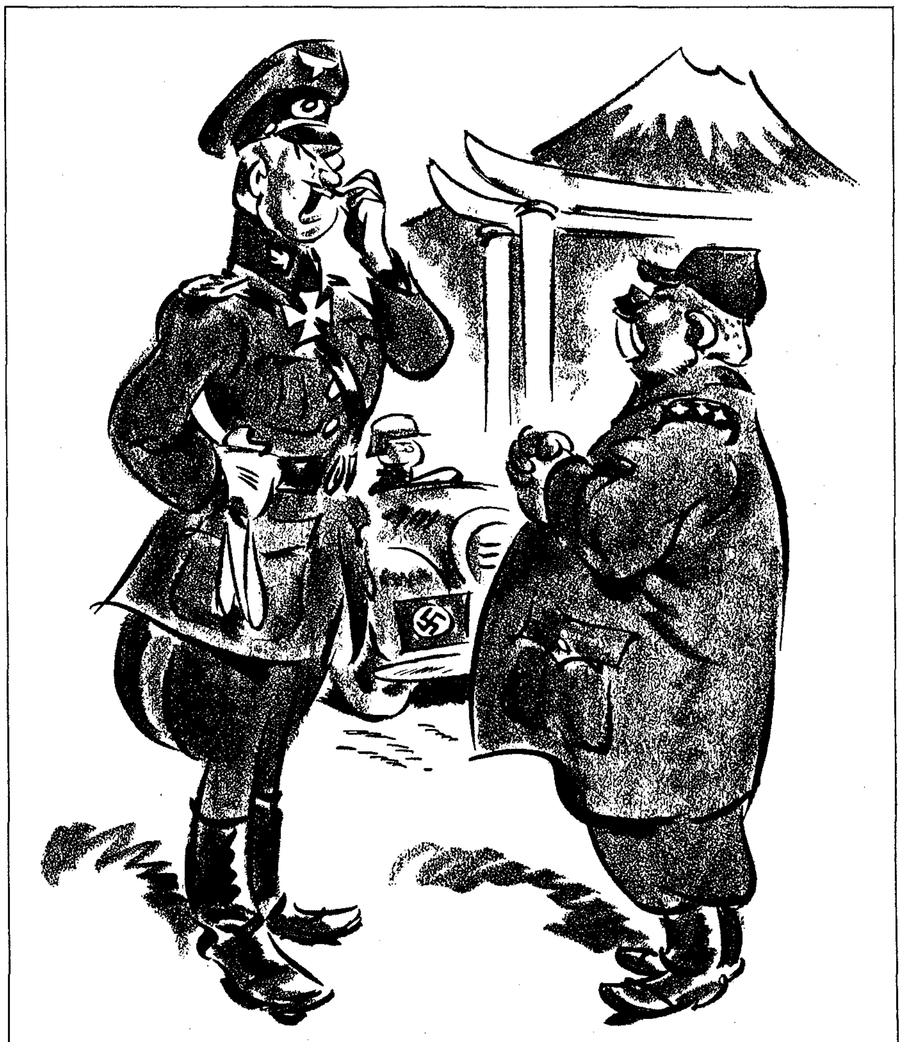
"Here we are," he said. The mission gate stood open and he hurried through. "Now let us see—God in heaven, if they have found nothing!"

He was interrupted by the clanging of the church bells near them. Immediately there was an answering thunder from the city about them. The two men stopped and stared upward at the belfry.

"What is that?" Larch asked.

"The guerrillas!" Father Valerian cried. "It must be the guerrillas!"

Then he saw Rudolf hurrying toward



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THE RAY-O-VAC COMPANY, MADISON, WISCONSIN

Simple hospitality is back in style again

In times like these, all of us feel increasing need to be together in friendly groups. Courage and stamina are bred in the circle of good companionship. But certainly we are not in the mood for big, lavish parties.

Beer and ale are very naturally the basis of today's simple hospitality. Beer is the very symbol of friendship . . . of rest and peace after work and strain.

It is the beverage of thoughtful and tolerant people who live sanely and wisely. Most important of all, beer is the beverage of moderation for a self-disciplined people.

Serve refreshing beer or ale to your friends. It has a rich, mellow flavor that comes from skillful brewing of sun-ripened grains and fragrant hops.

It is the natural companion of good food . . . making good-things-to-eat taste their best.

Remember that beer and ale can do much during these strenuous times to bring relaxation and pleasure to your husband, your family, and your circle of friends.

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***May we send you,** free of cost, a booklet describing the important "Clean-Up or Close-Up" program of the brewers of America . . . a program which provides active industry cooperation for the maintenance of wholesome conditions wherever beer is sold. Address: Brewing Industry Foundation, Dept. B 15, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.*

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YES, 10 miles above Miami, and we mean straight up, it's colder than at the same altitude over the North Pole. It may be 50 degrees colder, and that's no military secret.

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Los Angeles Airport, Inglewood, Cal.

AiResearch

TO THE END THAT AMERICAN AIRCRAFT WILL FLY EVER HIGHER, FASTER AND FARTHER

the house. Father Valerian looked at him. "Rudolf — have you — found Elaine?"

In the midst of the noise his voice sounded as weak as a child's.

"Come here with me," Rudolf said pityingly. He drew Father Valerian toward the hospital, forgetting Larch until he saw him following. "Please," he said, "go into the house and wait a little."

"Tell me—just one thing—have you heard anything about her?" Larch demanded.

"Please," Rudolf begged him, "wait."

He hurried Father Valerian into the hospital and took him to the first room and shut the door.

"I know where she is," he said, "and she is safe."

Father Valerian sat down suddenly on a bench and put his hand to his mouth. His lips were trembling, also his knees. He could not speak for a moment. Then he took his hand away, "Where is she?" he gasped.

"I will not tell you unless you promise not to tell that young man," Rudolf said. "It is what she herself made me promise."

"Did Elaine say I wasn't to tell him?" Father Valerian asked.

"She does not want to see him. She wants to be hidden until the two Americans go away again."

"How can she be hidden safely in this?" Father Valerian asked.

SHOUTING voices filled the air. The bells had stopped. Someone was battering at the mission gate. "She is safe," Rudolf insisted. The battering grew louder and voices shouted over the wall: "Priest—foreign priest, open to us! There are wounded men here!"

"Wounded!" Father Valerian exclaimed. He rose involuntarily. His mind so trained to years of service, went back to its unconscious work.

"Yes, you must open the gate," Rudolf said.

"You say she is safe?" he asked Rudolf.

"She is safe in the village of Siao," Rudolf replied.

Father Valerian was rolling up his sleeves. "Is that where she is?" he cried. "Yes, that is good. Let her stay there. She will be safe enough for a while. Where is Chen? I need him to help me."

Rudolf gazed at him. The priest, he thought, is greater, after all, than the man. What strange drug poured into a man's veins when his spirit was given to God? "You agree that we must send her home, Father," he said gently.

"Certainly we must," Father Valerian agreed absently. Now that she was safe he had almost forgotten her. At the gate there were wounded men waiting for him. "Yes, this is no place for a young white woman," he added, "especially Elaine." He looked restlessly toward the door. "Find Chen for me," he commanded, "and I will go and open the gate. They will not understand it that our gate is locked against them when they need to come in. It is never locked. They will think we have changed—or run away."

"We must not let them think that," Rudolf said, half smiling. He stood aside as he spoke and let Father Valerian stride past him, his ragged robe flying back from his long legs.

"How wrong it would be if I let Elaine stay here with him," he thought. "He is already an angel in heaven, and what would he do with her? She is all woman and how lonely she would be!"

It was at this moment that he knew he had all the time been arguing with no one but himself. His heart had been trying to defend its own longing to find it right that she be kept here, in spite of all. Knowing how helpless he was, how none would trust him as a friend, yet, he had argued with himself, had he ever thought that perhaps it was true she could be happy with Father Valerian? Now he saw that she could not. He went slowly toward the mission house where Larch waited for him.

"HERE!" Mei-su whispered. The bellowing of voices, the roar of cannon, the bursting of guns shook the ground upon which the city was built. A voice could not be heard, even into an ear, and she touched her brother's sleeve as she spoke.

He turned at her touch and went into the door she opened. He was impatient to be where he ought to be at this moment, eager to be gone, angry that the signal of the bells had been so delayed. If he found the German he would hold him to account. But meanwhile, here was the enemy who must first be killed. He saw the two men there on the floor still, but the Japanese was struggling to wake. The noise had penetrated into the dimness of his drugged brain and he was muttering and his hands were striking out against imagined bonds.

"We are almost too late because of that German," he muttered. "But not quite!"

He drew his pistol as he spoke and bent and put it to the temple of the Japanese and fired. Mei-su turned and hid her face. He went to her and touched her shoulder.

"You wanted him dead," he said.

She lifted her face. "I thank you for killing him!"

"And you," her brother replied, "you are forgiven for everything." He turned as he spoke and leaped out of the latticed window and disappeared. And she, now that she had disobeyed her mistress, went to find her and tell her what she had done. She went to Helen's room. Li-hua stood at the door, but she signed to him that she must go in.

"She is sleeping," Li-hua said unwillingly.

"This is life and death," she said simply and he let her in.

But Helen was not sleeping. She was lying on her back, her hair unbound and streaming over her pillow. It was impossible to sleep in the din of the attack. She looked up with enormous tragic eyes as Mei-su came in.

"The Japanese is dead," Mei-su said. "It was my fault. I told my brother and my brother has killed him."

A MOMENT ago Helen had said to herself she did not care what happened to her. And yet when she heard these words she leaped out of her bed and rushed to the room where the two dead men lay and Mei-su ran behind her. Yes, the Japanese was dead.

"Oh, stupid child!" Helen cried. "And now how will we explain these two dead men?"

"We can say they killed each other," Mei-su faltered.

"There is no pistol here," Helen retorted. "A sword, only!"

Mei-su did not answer. Like a child she stared at this elder, her lip trembling, her round black eyes filling with tears. Helen flung back her hair and sighed. Then she saw the girl's face and her anger was gone.

"Come," she said, "don't cry for dead men! Let us escape as fast as we can."

"Escape?"

"Overland, until we come to the railroad, then back to Shanghai."

"All of us?" Mei-su asked, faltering.

"No, you and I," Helen said resolutely. "Li-hua shall stay behind and keep the house open a few days. He can take the other girls home one by one."

Mei-su took the edge of Helen's robe in her fingers.

"But I am to go with you?"

"Until you leave me of your own wish," Helen replied. . . .

It was hours later that she remembered what the dead Japanese had told her, that somewhere at some harbor, American ships would be bombed by Japanese airplanes. She and Mei-su were in a filthy inn where they had come by muleback. The same paper she had taken from the captain's pocket had been their safeguard whenever they were stopped. Another day's journey would bring them to a railroad.

It had been easy enough. She had a feeling of miraculous freedom, as though she had cut off all her old life and was beginning again, with this child beside her, a human being to love and to love her. She was weary of men. She lay on the brick bed, thinking, and thus she had remembered that portentous news which the drunken Japanese had let slip from his unheeding lips.

"It does no good to me now to know it," she thought. "Whom can I tell? I wish I had told the German."

She lay regretful for a while, and then she gave it up with a sigh.

"I cannot go back," she thought, and fell asleep at last.

THE frightful din of the attack had gone on while Rudolf was talking to Larch. It had been a difficult talk. They were wary of each other, and for a little while neither had said anything, each waiting ostensibly for Elton Field to come back.

"You are sure Elaine is safe at that village?" Larch said two or three times.

"Oh, completely," Rudolf had replied. "Bored, perhaps, that is all. But I think we should wait for Field, because he may have some help from the Japanese. Why doesn't he come? Well, we must wait. It is not safe to go out."

"The fellow who brought us was told to wait," Larch replied. "I suppose he is still waiting."

He was unusually somber and silent, because he was thinking of what Father Valerian had said. Now to marry Elaine was the last thing he would ever do. He would take her home and put her on her father's doorstep, tip his hat and go off whistling—and mad as the devil.

Rudolf stood, as he so often stood, leaning against the table, his arms folded, watching the surly young face wistfully. Could one trust one's beloved to this young man? Yes, perhaps, there being no other! He sighed and bent his head and at this moment the clanging of the church bells broke out again like madness over the compound. The bell was a gentle thing accustomed to measured pealing for worship, to joy for marriage of Christian Chinese, to slow tolling for the dead. But now someone was jerking the ropes and the bells were frantic.

"What the devil is that racket?"

Rudolf leaped to the window and stared at the low belfry. "I cannot imagine," he said. But he knew. He could see someone there, pulling the ropes with all his strength. It was Chen, his robes flying out as he bent to and fro with the jerk of the ropes.

"It is a signal to the guerrillas, doubtless," Rudolf said hurriedly. "Where can Field be?" he said again most anxiously. "It will not be well for him if the guerrillas find him with the Japanese."

But Larch was already on his feet, cramming his hat into the pocket of his topcoat. "To hell with Field," he said. "If there's to be this sort of thing I've got to get Elaine out right away. It's no show of ours."

"No, of course not," Rudolf said, uncertainly. "Yes, you are right—we must think of her first."

He hurried out of the house after Larch. At the gate an old man stopped him. He felt the man's hand hard upon his arm and he could not shake it off. When he looked, he saw it was the old man he had seen in the half-caste woman's café!

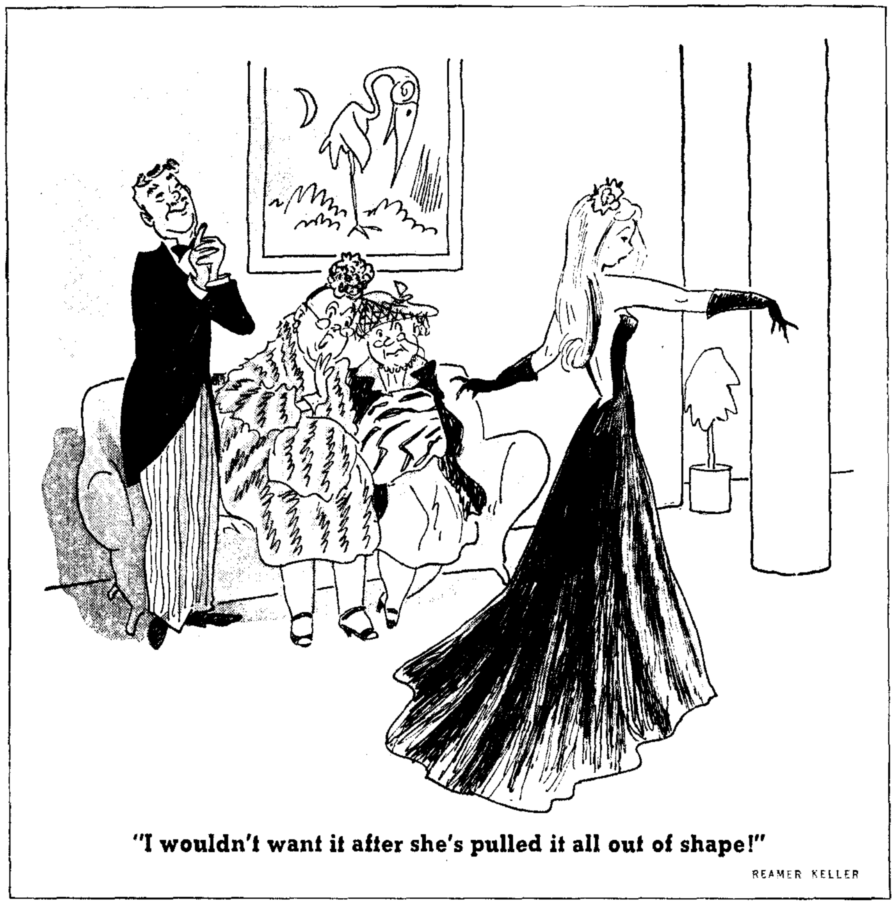
"German," the man said, "I have something to put in your ear."

"Speak out," Rudolf said in Chinese. "This man with me does not understand your language."

BUT Li-hua stood on tiptoe and whispered: "There are two dead men at our house—the Japanese I can care for—I will give him to the Hill and Water men when the city is taken. But the white man—how can I care for him?"

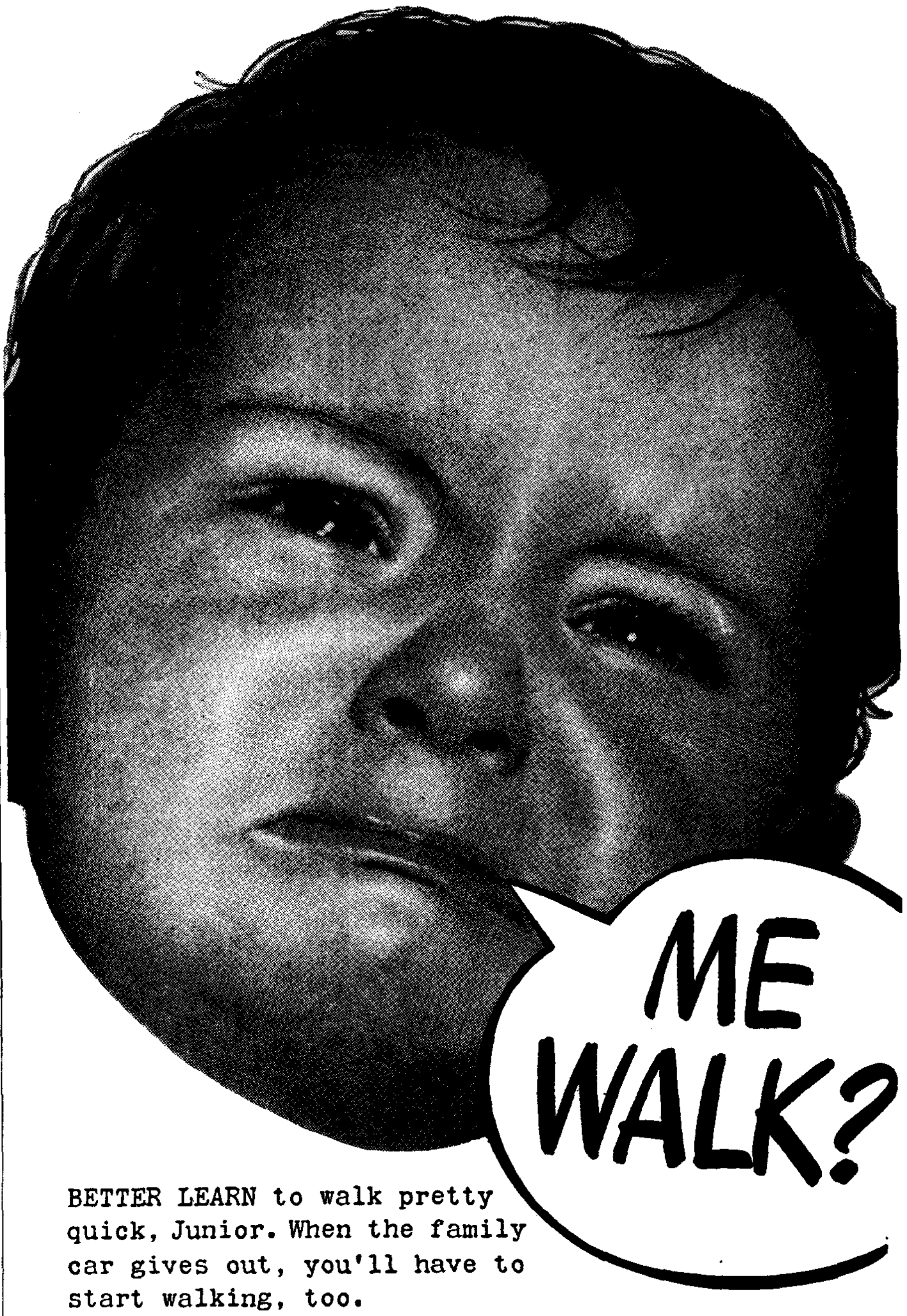
"What white man?" Rudolf demanded.

"Him," Li-hua hesitated. He was loyal to his mistress and not a word would he say that once the dead white man had been her big-man. Then he



"I wouldn't want it after she's pulled it all out of shape!"

REAMER KELLER

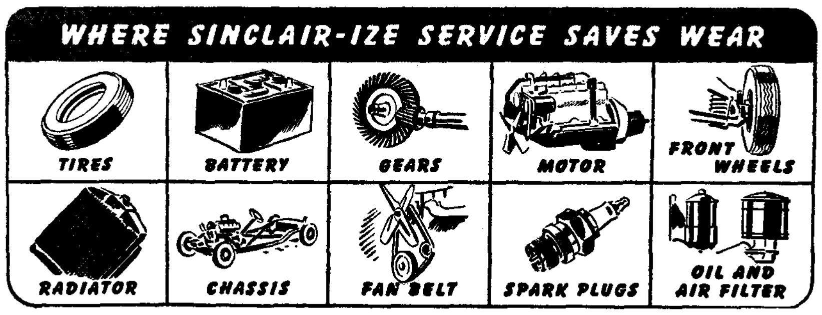


BETTER LEARN to walk pretty quick, Junior. When the family car gives out, you'll have to start walking, too.

No use crying. It's the war, you know. So give Dad this tip. Tell him that Sinclair Dealers have developed a special Sinclair-ize service that makes cars last longer. Tell Dad that just as American railroads, airlines and the U. S. Army use Sinclair lubricants to save wear on vital transportation equipment, so can Sinclair Dealers use specialized Sinclair lubricants to save wear on your family's car.

Tell Dad to ask his nearby Sinclair Dealer about this service today. He'll find that Sinclair-ize service can save him money and worry, too.

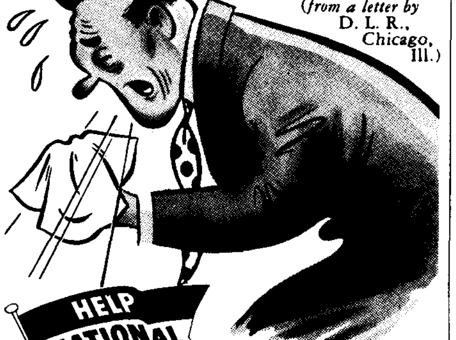
WHERE SINCLAIR-IZE SERVICE SAVES WEAR



SAVE WEAR WITH
SINCLAIR
OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

DON'T BE A
PUBLIC ENEMY

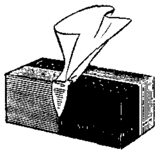
BE PATRIOTIC AND SMOTHER SNEEZES WITH KLEENEX TO HELP KEEP COLDS FROM SPREADING TO DEFENSE WORKERS. AMERICA NEEDS EVERY MAN —FULL TIME!
(from a letter by D. L. R., Chicago, Ill.)



HELP NATIONAL DEFENSE

Save on Kleenex★
SO KLEENEX CAN SAVE FOR YOU!

WHEN HALF-SIZE WILL DO, TEAR KLEENEX IN TWO. TEAR ACROSS FOLD! SAVING KLEENEX SAVES MATERIAL NECESSARY TO NATIONAL DEFENSE!



★ ★ ★ ★

KLEENEX "POP-UP BOX" SAVES TISSUES—SAVES MONEY! BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

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FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH.
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2 for 1

"MY KLEENEX DOES DOUBLE-DUTY! AFTER USING IT TO REMOVE FACE CREAM, IT'S PERFECT TO SHINE UP FURNITURE, LEATHER SHOES AND PURSE!
(from a letter by G. C. T., Pomona, Cal.)

A Girl can't be too careful—
Delsey is Soft like Kleenex!

DELSEY
Toilet Tissues
A KLEENEX PRODUCT

DELSEY* TOILET PAPER
soft like Kleenex Tissues
double-ply for extra strength
3 ROLLS FOR 25¢ - 12 ROLLS FOR 97¢
(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

pointed at Larch. "The white man who came with that one."

Elton Field! Rudolf, staring at the brown face with its scanty gray whiskers, all but cried out the name. Then he did not. Elton Field dead?

"How did he die?" he asked the old man.

Li-hua looked to the sky, his eyes full of innocence. Then he looked down at the earth. He knew how the white man had died. He was standing by the door, as he always did, and he had looked through a crack in the rough boards, and he had seen her take the long pin from her hair. Yes, but for such a thing that pin had been made. The white man had treated her very ill, and women had no way to right themselves if they did not use revenge. Never so long as he lived would he let her know that he knew what she had done. When he looked at her he saw always a little lonely half-Chinese child in a white man's house, who came into the kitchen for her only company.

He leaned toward Rudolf. "The Japanese killed him," he said.

"What is the old fellow saying?" Larch asked impatiently.

"Nothing of importance," Rudolf said quietly. "Come, let us go on!"

He paused for one word more to the old man. "When it is very dark tonight," he said, "past midnight, then bring the body here and put it in the church. The foreign priest will see to its burial."

"Ha," Li-hua said, and trotted off into the darkness.

ELAINE was waked from her shallow sleep by the light of a candle upon her face. The old farm mother stood there at her bedside. She had come in once to bring food, but now why did she come? Elaine sprang up and pushed back her hair with both hands.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Two men," the old woman said. "One the German."

"Oh," Elaine cried, "they have come for me, doubtless!" She leaped out of bed and drew on her Chinese cloth shoes. At last they had come—Rudolf and Father Valerian!

She followed the old woman eagerly through another room. Then at the entrance to the third she stopped.

"Oh!" she cried.

It was Larch. Rudolf had brought Larch.

"Elaine," Rudolf said, "you must go away at once—"

"With me," Larch said firmly. "But see here—I don't want you to think it is for—for anything except to take you home. Your father sent me to get you and bring you home and it is a job, and that's all. I'll deliver you over to him and say goodby. You needn't worry about—about anything."

She flung up her head. "Rudolf, you promised—"

"Promises are nothing when the world changes around you," Rudolf said steadily. "Elaine, the city is being attacked. How do I know what will become of us?"

"But Father Valerian"—she broke in—"if Father Valerian is in danger—"

"We shall all be in more danger if you are there," Rudolf said ruthlessly. "We are two men. We can take care of ourselves. But not if we must always stop to think of you—to look after you—to protect you in the dangers which are yours. What if the Japanese win? Who can protect any of us then? If you value Father Valerian's life, go away!"

"But you—"

"I will take care of him," he said steadily. "Go home, Elaine, go home!"

She did not answer. But she and Larch stood facing each other across the room, stubborn, proud, young. Rudolf watched them, aware in agony of their youth and beauty.

"You two cowards," he said slowly. "Neither of you dares to marry the other. Each of you is thinking only of himself—of no one else. You, Elaine, you are not truly thinking of Father Valerian, no, but of your own pride. You, Larch, do you think I would let money keep me from marrying her? If she loved me, I wouldn't know her millions existed! I, a German, an enemy to her country! I wouldn't know that anything existed between us, though everything does—if she loved me!"

Larch looked at him, stupefied. "You love her!"

"I love her," Rudolf said gently. Elaine bent her head. "But she does not love me."

NONE of them spoke for a moment. Elaine did not lift her head. The old farm woman stood there holding the candle and wondering at the angry talk of these white people, of which she could not understand one word.

Then in the silence Rudolf began again, still in the cool gentle voice of an elder speaking to two children: "You've put me through a nice hell, you two, for nothing. Neither of you deserves anything if you have not the courage to trust each other."

Still those two did not speak. He turned away in seeming impatience. "Very well, Elaine, if you will not go home, then come back to Father Valerian. But I will be responsible for nothing that happens."

"Wait," Elaine said in a small voice. "Wait, Rudolf!" She lifted her head at last and looked at Larch. All her face was pink in the candlelight. "Can you trust me?" she asked him.

Larch shook his head and looked away from her to the candle. "No, you'll think you won't remember your mother but you will."

"What if she does?" Rudolf cried at him angrily. "Can you not help her to forget?"

"But if I can trust you?" Elaine's pleading voice fell upon the silence again.

"Who can make promises for years ahead?" Larch retorted, and went on looking at the candle.

Rudolf laughed, loud harsh laughter that made the old Chinese woman stare at him and shield the candle with her hand that she might see him more clearly. "Come, Elaine," he cried, "marry me! After all, I deserve you more than this fellow does. How cold you Americans are—always thinking about money!"

"We aren't—he isn't—" Elaine cried out in fury.

"He is!" Rudolf shouted. "And you are thinking about yourself."

"She isn't," Larch cried.

But Rudolf pretended enormous anger. "I give you both up! I will leave the two of you here. Elaine, I will wait for you at the mission for one hour after I get back. Then if you are not come, I will try to save my own life and Father Valerian's—if it is not too late!"

"No," Elaine said in a small voice, "don't wait!"

Whatever these two men were saying, the old Chinese farm mother thought, the white woman obeyed them. Yes, even she did as she was told, and the young white man led her away, his arm about her—his sister doubtless, since he was so familiar. Then she forgot the whole matter, for the German was pouring money into her hand, a lot of money, more than she had seen in months. He was saying something at last which she could understand.

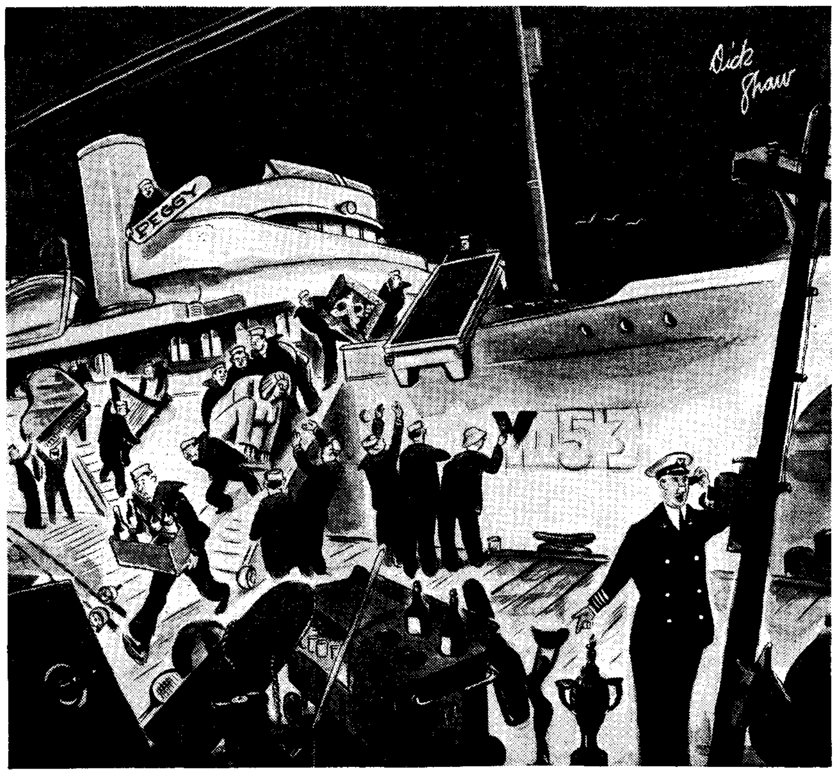
"Tell your son by whatever messenger comes from him, that everything is now to proceed according to plan."

"Certainly I will tell him," she replied fervently. "And I will tell him that you are a good man."

"For that, thanks," Rudolf said and followed the other two.

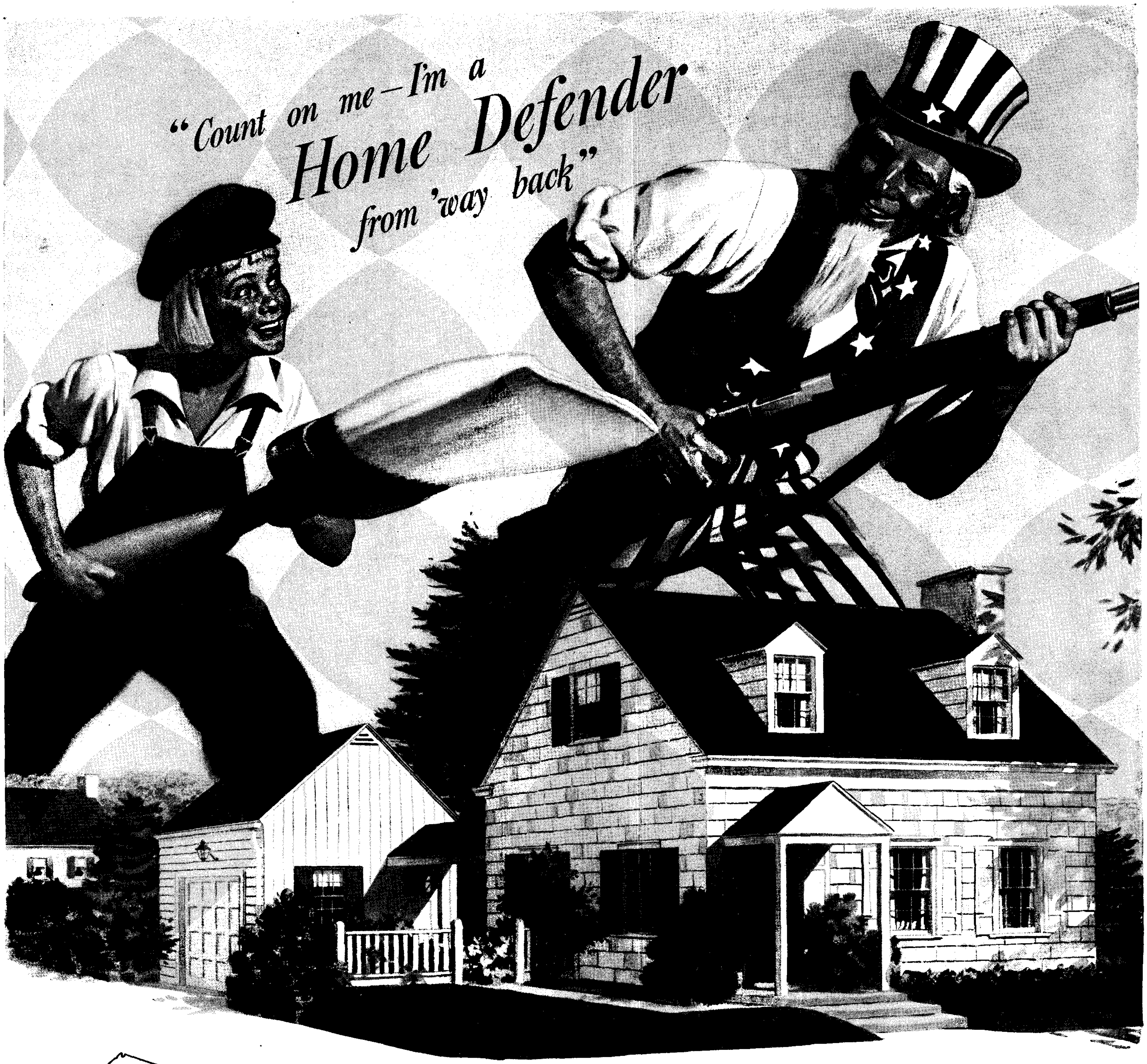
IN THE airplane, soaring over the Chinese landscape which now they could barely see coming out of the darkness beneath them, Larch spoke sternly to Elaine, though his eyes laughed at her: "Do I understand that you are proposing to me, madam?"

The wind was roaring past them and he had to bellow in her ear. She felt his warm sweet breath upon her cheek and she turned and the wind whirled her hair about her face, and she nodded vigorously. Then she saw all the laughter mounting in those dark eyes so near her face and she dropped her head on his shoulder, and his arm went hard about her shoulders, and he was kissing her again and again. But again in the



"Say, Mr. Farnsworth, you left a few personal belongings that we of the Navy won't have use for!"

DICK SHAW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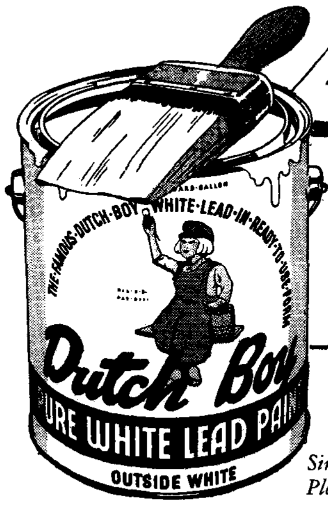
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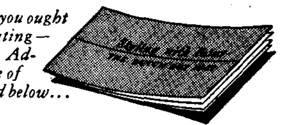

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midst of his kisses she felt his lips at her ear.

"I accept, formally," he said, "on one condition. If ever you mention the word money to me, for any reason, I shall return you to your father. Understand?"

She nodded again, her lips upon the brown smoothness of his neck. He took her left hand and kissed it. Her rings were hard to his lips, and he pulled them off and dropped them into the pocket of her coat.

"No more rings on this hand except mine," he said.

She did not deny him. Yes, it was better to put her mother's rings away. She and Larch wanted no memories of unhappy love.

Larch gave a sudden leap.

"I forgot!" he shouted. "The anesthetic!"

"What anesthetic?" Elaine shouted back.

"I brought a box of it—a fellow asked me to bring it along and it's there in the mission house. I forgot to tell anybody about it!"

Elaine laughed. "Father Valerian will find it—he'll think God sent it."

The machine gave a great dip, but they did not know it. In a little mirror the Japanese pilot was aghast at what he saw. Then he righted himself sternly. It was no business of his what two foreigners did behind his back. It was his duty only to set them down at the coast in time for the next clipper. The German had so told him and that he was not to wait for the other white man. Well, his duty he would do!

"EIGHT days," Helen Kung said anxiously, counting on her fingers. She was in Shanghai again but it was a strange city. Now it belonged to the Japanese. The proud English had given it up, the Americans had gone away. She was left there, she and Mei-su and Li-hua, waifs upon the wind. But they were still safe in her little apartment and she had most of Elton Field's money left. She would see what to do soon. Li-hua had come back to tell her that Elton's body he had taken by night to the church, after he had taken the girls home. Then at dawn he had come away himself, leaving the dead Japanese as he lay, and the café exactly as it was.

"It was a loss," he said to her regretfully, "the dishes and the furniture. Still, life is best."

"Yes," she agreed. "Life is still good. I do not know why."

The newspaper which Li-hua had just brought into her room with her morning tea had horrible headlines. "Japan Bombs Pearl Harbor."

"Shall I pour your tea?" Li-hua asked.

"No," she had said, "go quickly away."

Pearl Harbor—that was the harbor whose name the Japanese would not tell! Oh, but those two, had they been caught on one of the islands or in Hawaii itself?

She read the paper hastily. I ought to have told someone, she thought. Not that anyone mattered to her, she thought. It was strange that she who had always repudiated her white American blood, should now, as she read, find that white blood boiling in her with anger. The treachery of it, the heartless cruelty of it, the evil. If those two had been caught, the Japanese, though dead, had won.

"TELL your mistress," the German had said to Li-hua, "that the girl she sheltered has gone home—with the young man who came from her father to fetch her. Tell her—they will be married."

When she heard it her heart had turned over in her breast. Need she have killed Elton Field? Would he have come back to her? She had cried a little and then she had wiped away her tears. What she had done she had done and had gone on living. Now here was this!

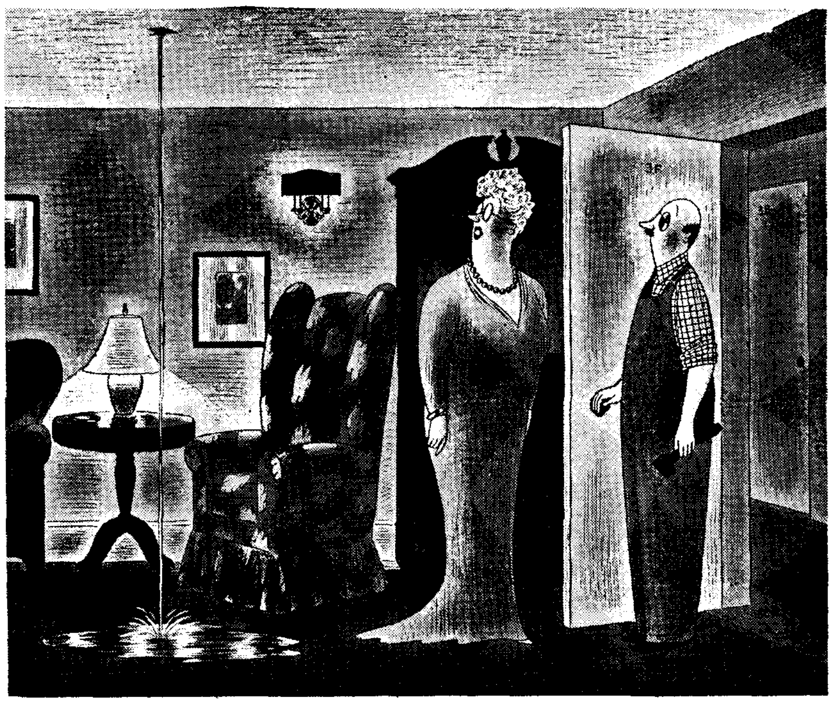
"Eight days." She counted on her fingers. She took each day one by one—Oh, they were home! The Japanese have not caught them! They are safe, she thought, they have won! She sighed and put down the paper and got up from her bed and walked around the room in her bed robes, her arms hugging herself.

"Oh," she muttered. "Oh, I'm glad they've won."

She thought of the dead Japanese with a sort of crazy joy. Well, one of them was dead, anyway—one less there was, and two Americans were safe and alive! Then she stopped and laughed. "I'm thinking in English," she said to herself, "for the first time in my life—just as though I were an American myself!"

She sat down at the table and buried her face for a moment in her hands. Then she lifted her head and poured herself a bowl of Chinese tea.

THE END



"The lady above me is a water-colorist, but I don't suppose that has anything to do with it"

RICHARD TAYLOR

Argentina—Axis Gateway

Continued from page 11

broken all relations with the Axis. They would have taken their place at the side of the peoples of Mexico and Central America and all the other countries of South America except Chile. They would have broken all diplomatic, political and economic relations with the Axis countries. They would have helped to seal the Western Hemisphere against enemy attack and would have prevented leakage of vital information from the continents of North and South America to the enemy and enemy-dominated capitals abroad.

This, because the common people of Argentina, like common people nearly everywhere, are decent and hard-working, and fundamentally believe in the same principles that resulted in the Bill of Rights in the United States. But the people are not sovereign in Argentina. Their votes are stolen. Their press is silenced by martial law arbitrarily imposed by Señor Castillo. He decreed martial law when the press demanded that Argentina honor her pledge to consider an attack against an American nation as an aggression against all the Americas. That was after Pearl Harbor.

Castillo saw that, as a consequence of Japan's attack, an effort would be made by the Big Three of the Pan-American Union—the United States, Mexico and Brazil—to rally all of the Americas against the Axis. He knew the attempt would be made at the Rio de Janeiro Conference of Foreign Ministers.

Castillo's thermometer, the press, showed that the Argentinos were warmly pro-Ally and pro-Democratic. They wanted to go to war against the Axis. At least, they wanted Argentina's Foreign Minister Ruiz Guiñazú to vote with the other Americas for an immediate total rupture of relations with the Axis countries. Castillo—pious, glacially conservative and essentially pro-Fascist—simply broke the thermometer. He scrapped Argentina's Bill of Rights, suppressing assembly, free speech and a free press.

It Didn't Matter In 1918

Economically, Argentina's isolationism in the first World War didn't work any hardship on the Allies or on the Argentinos. The Allies bought her beef, wheat, corn, hides, mutton, wool and small quantities of tungsten, and carried the goods away in their own bottoms. Argentina received in return what machinery and manufactured goods she needed, and Argentina's 2,000 families prospered. They hope to do so again.

But Argentina's neutrality in this war matters very much. For this, there are many reasons. One of them is the matter of communications. From Buenos Aires, you can send cables and radiograms and you can telephone any Axis or Axis-controlled capital in the world.

Another is the fifth column. The Axis agents in Argentina are more numerous, better organized and more influential than in any other Latin-American country. They are ably led and have plenty of money. They constitute an active menace to the security of the Western Hemisphere and to the success of the Allied war effort. And they're immune to arrest or deportation.

At least one other reason is economic: Argentina, as a neutral, is able to sell meat and wheat to starving Spain, for instance, but these food supplies seldom or never go to Spain at all, but to Germany and Italy. On the ships that ply between Buenos Aires and Spanish ports, moreover, travel the reinforcements for the Axis fifth column in Argentina.

Easy communications between Buenos Aires and enemy points, plus the existence of a fifth column so strong that it is tantamount to an Axis invasion of the South American continent, and the commercial pipe lines between Argentina and enemy Europe make that country an Axis base in this hemisphere.

This is why freedom of communications is probably the most important asset of enemy agents in Argentina. A ship sails from, say, Rio de Janeiro. Enemy agents transmit this information to Buenos Aires. That part is easy. There are at least fifteen high-powered clandestine Axis radio stations operating at strategic points on the continent. The German Embassy receives the information and transmits it, in code, to Berlin. There the High Command communicates the message to a raider or a submarine. The ship that sailed from Rio is sunk.

Every scrap of information valuable to the enemy, legitimate news as well as military secrets gathered by Axis spies, can be transmitted to Berlin, Rome and Tokyo in this fashion. Any indiscreet news item appearing in the press anywhere in North and South America can be forwarded through Buenos Aires to where it will do the Allied cause the most harm.

Communications—Made to Order

Enemy agents operating in the Argentine capital don't even have to communicate directly with Berlin. They can wireless, cable or telephone to Madrid or Vichy, from where their dispatches can be readily sent on to Axis capitals. In the other direction, the fifth column in Argentina receives its orders and instructions.

That the Axis fifth columnists have a well-organized communications system on the continent itself is not a myth. The United States government knows of the existence of the clandestine radio stations. Recently, the Nazi Embassy in Buenos Aires was caught sending a new high-powered short-wave transmitting apparatus to Chile. The German diplomatic pouch on the Santiago-bound Pan-American plane looked over-bulky. The bag was legally opened and the transmitter was discovered. But how many radio sets did the German-operated Condor lines carry to scattered points in South America before the lines were grounded?

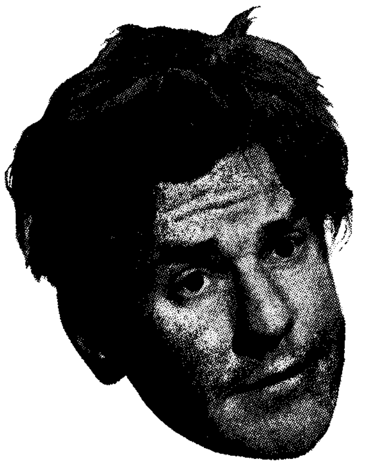
One of the war's major paradoxes involves the communications systems that enable the Axis and pro-Axis diplomats in Buenos Aires to keep in touch with their bosses in Berlin and Rome and Tokyo, or with Madrid, Vichy, Dakar, Stockholm, Geneva and a score of other points from where messages can be relayed to the Axis high commands. The ownership of most of the cable and wireless companies operating out of Buenos Aires is preponderantly American and British.

The All-America Cables and Radio Company, a subsidiary of International Telephone and Telegraph, is 100 per cent American. It provides cable, wireless and radio-telephone service with all foreign points. As a public utility, it cannot, under Argentine law, refuse to give the German Embassy in Buenos Aires a connection with the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin.

The Western Telegraph Company is all-British. It provides communications with Europe and the Orient. It's legally on the spot in the same sense as All-America Cables and Radio.

Italcable and Italradio operated out

APRIL 'SHOWERS' A-HEAD?



SHOWERS OF TAP-WATER

. . . may mean "showers" of dandruff—because water washes away *natural* oils—leaves hair wild, unruly. Use Kreml to keep hair *neatly* in place, remove dandruff scales, relieve itchy scalp.

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. . . mean a long *reign* for King Cupid. Kreml keeps your hair faultlessly groomed, your scalp free from unsightly dandruff scales. Moral: Use Kreml and massage—every day!

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Hair-Care Combination:* To complete your hair-care, use Kreml's partner Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base). It cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. Ask your barber for an application. *Get BOTH at your drugstore.

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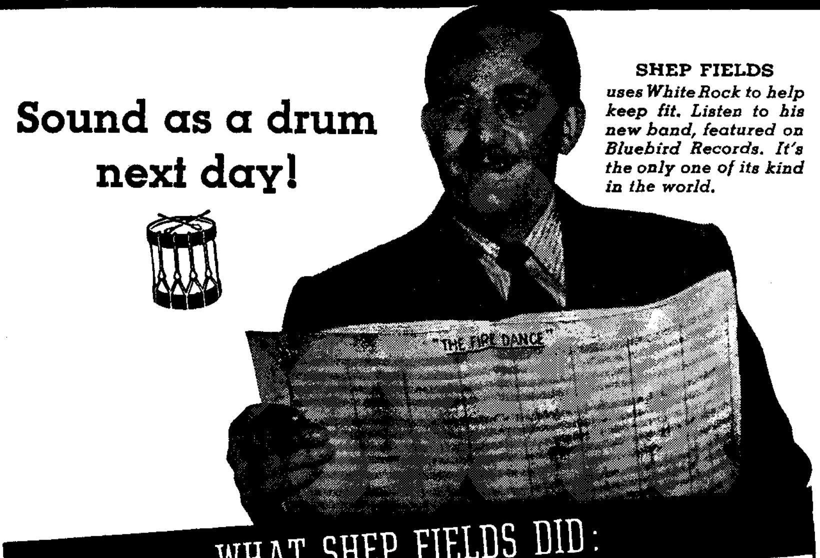

LIFE OF THE PARTY WEDNESDAY NIGHT

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Before going to bed and again in the morning, he had a glass of plain White Rock.

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of Buenos Aires until Italy entered the war. Then the Italian cable was cut, but Italradio is still working. It carries some Italian and Spanish traffic.

Communications experts admit that it is entirely possible for Nazi-Fascist operatives to make direct contact with submarines or Axis warships from clandestine stations operating on Argentine soil. Two such stations have been located and smashed up, thanks to the Taborda Committee of the Chamber of Deputies. But, radio and telephone men argue, if the Argentinos have been able to locate two stations with their poor finder equipment, there must certainly be others.

Where the Money Comes From

The fifth column itself draws its strength from the foreign born who reside in Argentina. There hasn't been an official census in the country for years, but a survey made on November 6, 1941, gave the nation's population as 13,320,641.

The foreign born, excluding first and second-generation citizens born in Argentina, who are largely anti-Fascist and anti-Franco Italians and Spaniards, included 50,000 Germans, 680,000 Spaniards, 780,000 Italians, and 850,000 "others." There are few Japs in Argentina.

Funds for the activities of the German fifth column, the strongest and best organized, are levied from the thousands of German nationals or descendants of Germans who are in business in the country. An estimate of how well provided with money the Germans are can be obtained from the following data: From 1932 to 1939, or in about seven years, the German Embassy in Buenos Aires spent an average of $225,000 a year. In the year ending June 30, 1940, however, the German Embassy disbursed $784,000, and in the year ending June 30, 1941, it paid out $1,930,000. These figures have been reconstructed by the Taborda Committee from known withdrawals from local banks. Hidden cash outlays made directly to agents, propagandists, saboteurs and associated craftsmen must bring the totals up considerably.

The Wintershilfe, the German Winter Help organization, alone raised enormous quantities of money for fifth column work. The contributions levied upon German descendants and nationals varied from 4% to 32% of the individual's income. Wintershilfe produced $287,000 in the year 1939-1940 and $334,000 the following year. These funds were paid into the Nazi Embassy's Chamber of Commerce.

Investigating the accounts of German banks in Buenos Aires, Radical Damonte Taborda found innumerable "bearer checks" issued by the German Embassy. Amounts paid out varied from $250 to $5,000. Most of these were outright bribes. A check drawn "to bearer" in Argentina requires no endorsement.

German fifth columnism in Argentina dates from the moment the Nazis came into power in Berlin. There were already thousands of German settlers in the country. When Adolf Hitler took over, the Germans in Argentine business firms, those employed in important chemical firms, in the building trades, the wool industry and the old business, who wouldn't follow the Nazi party line were promptly fired. Almost all of them, however, fell into step with the Brownshirts. Relatives at home were held as hostages in a pattern of things that's now as familiar as that of the panzer blitz.

The National Socialist-Democrat Argentine Party and the Labor Front were duly organized. Both were dissolved on May 15, 1939, following a national scandal over the discovery of plans to seize Patagonia, but the Taborda Committee a few months ago proved that the Nazis were still doing business at the old stands with new names. The NSDAP became the Association of German Benevolent and Cultural Societies, and the Labor Front became the Federation of German Trades Unions.

In the "Benevolent" association the strong-arm boys are organized into cells, or Stutzpunkts, of 10 members each. Every square mile of Argentina is divided into blocks, districts and zones, under their respective Kreisleiters, Landeskreisleiters and Landesgruppenleiters. The officers for these shock troops are regular SS and SA men. Until May 15, 1939, they drilled, practiced shooting with rifles and did their calisthenics in uniforms. Now they drill, shoot and do their exercises without uniforms.

That the German fifth column has more than "cultural" or "benevolent" intentions regarding Argentina and, therefore, the Western Hemisphere, can be deduced from the fact that Buenos Aires and its environs have been divided into nine zones with a Landesgruppenleiter over each. At the appropriate moment, Buenos Aires can be taken by the Germans with a few telephone calls. Buenos Aires is a gargantuan head on an anemic body, and when the head falls, the body topples too.

American and British oil companies and other firms have cleaned out all German, Italian, Spanish and pro-Fascist personnel. But the Argentine national oil monopoly, the YPF, is jammed with Germans. One German employee was caught making detailed drawings of a refinery on the Argentine coast, although he held only a minor job as valve-turner or oiler in one of the plants.

American oil men are confident that Berlin possesses complete blueprints of every oil refinery, storage depot, power plant, railroad and key industrial plant in Argentina. In recent years, German nationals have completely taken over the chemical industries, the metal trades, engineering, drafting. For the past ten years, there has been a continual flow of German technicians into Argentina. Their supremacy in these fields might have been accidental, but there is a preponderance of evidence that it was planned and political.

The two electric-power plants that furnish Buenos Aires with power and light are owned by Belgian, Spanish and Swiss capital. One plant is 100 per cent Italian. In the provinces the fifth column is almost as strong as in urban centers. German "rowing clubs" line the headwaters of Argentina's rivers. The Argentine province of Misiones, bordering on Bolivia and Paraguay, across the frontiers of which a contraband arms traffic flourishes, is practically a German colony.

Attachés and More Attachés

Buenos Aires, however, remains the capital of Nazi espionage and potential sabotage. The Axis agents' GHQ is the German Embassy. This is equipped with a staff of 150 diplomats, counselors, military and naval and air attachés, consuls, and commercial attachés, despite the fact that German trade with Argentina has been reduced to zero. Berlin's affairs in Buenos Aires could be handled by ten men.

The Nazi rendezvous is a comfortable, modern hotel near the German Embassy. That's where Herr Walter Giese, Gestapo big shot, landed when he was tossed out of Venezuela.

Herr Giese's trail was picked up by loyal Venezuelan, Brazilian, Bolivian, Paraguayan, and Uruguayan police as he made his way to Argentina. When

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he arrived, the American Embassy requested the Argentine government to arrest and deport him. Nothing was done. Finally, under much pressure from Washington, Buenos Aires police inched up on Herr Giese but he had disappeared.

He was located in a hospital, where he had been admitted on presentation of a doctor's certificate to the effect that he was a very sick man. Had Argentine police taken the trouble, they would have noticed that Herr Giese's document was signed by a German physician who was, of all things a *gynecologist.* Giese entertained in his hospital suite for about a week, receiving many guests and giving and taking orders. Then he disappeared permanently.

Herr Giese is one of at least twenty Nazi agents operating in Buenos Aires. Their names and case histories are known to the American government, which has communicated its information to the Argentine police and the Foreign Office. But nothing has been done about these men despite the Pan-American wartime agreement that the movements of spies and agents must be mutually reported and the persons arrested, detained or deported. At least 200 known agents have applied for visitors' or permanent visas at the Argentine Foreign Office since the other Latin-American nations put the squeeze on enemy agents. They're all filtering down now into Argentina and Chile, but mostly into Argentina, where they can be sure of continued hospitality. It's possible that Chile will break relations with the Axis one of these days.

How many enemy agents enter Argentina by steamer from Europe, or across Argentina's unguarded frontiers, isn't known. They come with false passports and faked, documents, and disappear into the interior. Usually they speak flawless Spanish. They take the trouble to learn Spanish before coming to South America.

Berlin-Buenos Aires Pipe Line

One of the chief sources of worry to American and British military people, as well as to diplomats, is the steamship line owned by Franco Fascists who confiscated it from the Republic pre-Spanish Civil War owners. This line constitutes a direct Axis pipe line between Berlin and Buenos Aires. From one of its ships at Trinidad, recently, the British arrested the notorious Leon Hirsch, agent of Otto Abetz, with six or seven other agents. Now the Buenos Aires-to-Spain ships no longer stop at Trinidad or any other ports where they might meet with difficulties. It was on this line that the German ambassador to Argentina, Von Thermann, recently returned to Germany.

British and American policy toward Madrid is kid-gloved. Spanish ships on the high seas are not annoyed. In Washington, it is still hoped that Fascist General Franco, Premier of Spain, will not turn his country, army, navy and ships over to Germany to be used against the Allies, just as the myth persists that anything we can do will prevent Vichy's Marshal Pétain from knuckling to the Nazis whenever it becomes impossible for him to do otherwise. That's why Spanish ships safely sail out of New York with oil and from Buenos Aires with food, despite the lack of positive proof that supplies they carry don't reach Axis countries. Wheat and meat can take the same route to Berlin that Ambassador von Thermann took.

An integral part of Axis fifth columnism in Argentina is the Nazi-controlled press. The bellwether of Naziism is El Pampero, printed in Spanish, edited by Enrique Osés. This newspaper has a circulation of from 75,000 to 100,000, or from one third to one half of the distribution of pro-Democratic La Prensa, and about equal to that of genuinely Argentine newspapers such as El Mundo, Crítica or La Nación.

El Pampero is brilliantly edited, well written. It persistently plugs the Axis party line, which is anti-American and anti-British, of course. It distorts Allied victories into defeats and extols Axis losses into major triumphs. Editorially it preaches anti-Semitism and, when it isn't Red-baiting, it is screaming "Yanqui Imperialism" and proclaiming Argentina for the Argentinos. Cash comes into the coffers of El Pampero to the tune of 100,000 pesos every month, and the advertising department of El Pampero derives almost all of its income from Axis advertisers.

El Pampero Goes to Town

The German Transocean News Agency, an offshoot of DNB, Italian Stefani and hopped-up "specials" from Berlin, Rome, Tokyo and Madrid fill El Pampero's columns. La Prensa, El Mundo, Crítica and La Nación were lukewarm, almost taciturn, when Ruiz Guiñazú returned from the Rio Conference after having knifed—with the aid of oily little Juan Bautista Rossetti—Sumner Welles' program for a unanimous outright break between Latin America and the Axis. But El Pampero screamed: "Guiñazú Returns Victorious."

Proud and supercilious Argentinos preened. There was a full-color Argentine flag waving literally and figuratively on El Pampero's front page, along with an enormous picture of pince-nezed Ruiz Guiñazú. The fact that Ruiz Guiñazú's overloaded French Potez plane ran out of the runway in Rio and pancaked into the harbor was played down. In Rio, Brazilian Foreign Minister Oswaldo Aranha quipped: "It wasn't the plane that was overloaded—it was Ruiz Guiñazú's conscience."

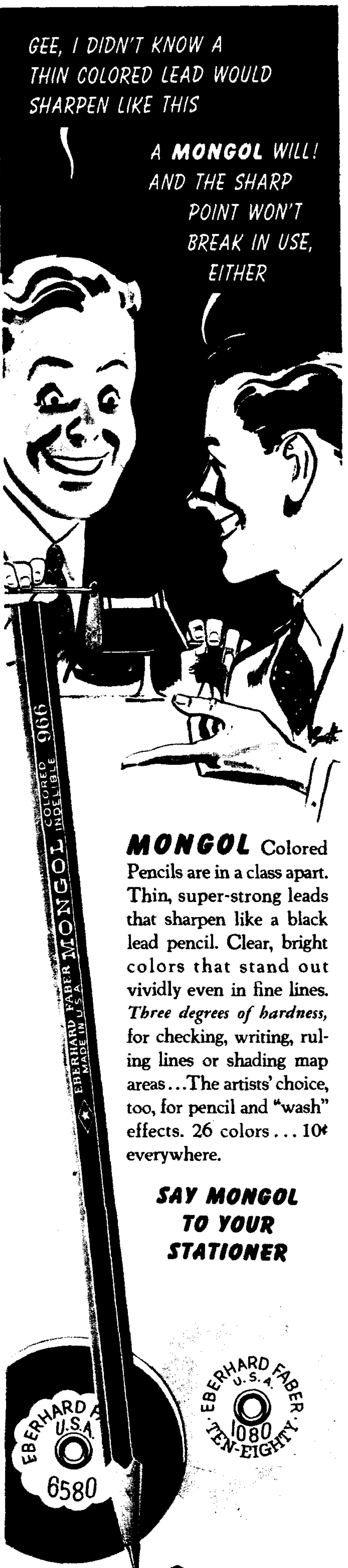
For a long time, it was a mystery where El Pampero got its newsprint. American economic-warfare sleuths traced the source—a Canadian firm. The source has dried up on El Pampero but the paper will keep going. It has about one year's supply stored up. It bought it in driblets through straw men in Brazil, Bolivia and Paraguay. The decent papers in Buenos Aires are running out of newsprint, but El Pampero is well fixed with the raw materials of propaganda.

There are other pro-Axis, Nazi-manipulated newspapers in Argentina. The German-language Deutsche La Plata Zeitung plays the Axis game, but not too willingly. It's the newspaper of the old-timers who would be good Argentinos instead of Germans if they had half the chance. The same is largely true of Il Mattino d'Italia, whose propagandizing is limited almost exclusively to unassimilated Italians. For the most part, the Italians become more creole than the creoles within six months of settling down in Argentina. However, there are plenty of Fascist die-hards among them, although their loyalties to the old country have been rudely shaken by the sorry figure Mussolini has cut in the war.

The government's pro-Axis policy and the fifth column combine to make Argentina a menace. The proportions of the latter are such that I heard Allied diplomats and soldiers speak of it with something of the horror that I heard wide-awake but helpless men speak of the situation that existed in Holland, Belgium, France, Greece and still exists in Egypt.

But until all relations between Buenos Aires and Axis capitals are severed, Argentina remains the potential Norway of the South American continent.

THE END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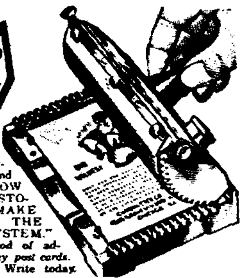

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The Lady Leads

Continued from page 38

reports of their work and arranged for them to come back East, Helen as manager of Crockford's Club and Al as associate editor of The Bridge World.

But before they left the Coast in 1937 they decided to get married, which they did across the border in Mexico on March 28th of that year. When they got back East both were in bridge to stay. Mrs. Sobel was chosen by Ely Culbertson to join the team of four which he took in 1937 to the international championships in Budapest, Hungary, where she, Charles Vogelhofer and the Culbertsons gained some notable triumphs. Back from there, she has played in an increasing number of events and her reputation has steadily grown, as has Al's.

It is pretty hard to get Mrs. Sobel to talk of her bridge unless you are about to become her partner and want to know what bidding conventions you are going to use. Then you will learn from her that she:

1. Uses no artificial slam conventions unless you insist, since most devotees overdo the use of them.

2. Prefers all bids in their natural meanings, as causing fewer misunderstandings.

3. May violate any convention at any time, for the sake of general results.

4. May bid the same hand ten different ways against different opponents.

5. In choosing an opening bid, likes to select the suit which will best prepare her to handle the worst possible response from her partner.

6. In general, prefers to play "by ear" rather than "by note," fitting her action to the situation which exists at the time rather than following some previously determined rule.

Just such a simple summary of general principles was discussed by her in the few minutes preceding the event which clinched her place as ranking player of the past season. It was the national open team-of-four championship, scored on a board-a-match basis, which was played in the greatest tournament ever held by the league, at Richmond, Virginia.

A Jolt for the Masters

Only a week before the tournament, Simon Rossant had telephoned her in New York that he and Peter Leventritt were going to the tournament and invited her to get a partner to make up the other pair for the team game. She wrote then to Mrs. Wilkinson Wagar in Atlanta, one of the South's greatest players, and Mrs. Wagar accepted. When they won the event, in the closest possible kind of contest, by a fraction of a match point, from the great five-man combination of Waldemar von Zedtwitz, Charles Lochridge, A. Mitchell Barnes, S. Garton Churchill and Lee Hazen, it signalized the first time that a pair made up of two women had been on the victorious combination.

During the season, twenty-seven different players shared in the winning of the eleven national events, and twenty others gained second places. The championship hard-luck record of the year—greatest since Waldemar von Zedtwitz five years ago earned eight second places—was registered by the famous Oswald Jacoby, who finished second, barely out of first place, in four of the most difficult events without gaining a victory. His second places for the year made him the leading Master Point holder of all time, with 1,338, ahead of David Bruce Burnstone's 1,332.

One of the striking achievements of the season was the winning of the Individual Masters' Championship by Lee Hazen of New York by the largest margin in the history of the event, 27½ Match Points. His score was 638 as against 610½ for B. Jay Becker, who was second. The year before, his second place among the thirty-six selected Masters was with 623 points. This was beaten only by Morrie Elis, who broke the record for the event then with 640. Mr. Hazen's two-year average for the event is far above that of anyone else since it was instituted ten years ago.

Coast-to-Coast Bridge

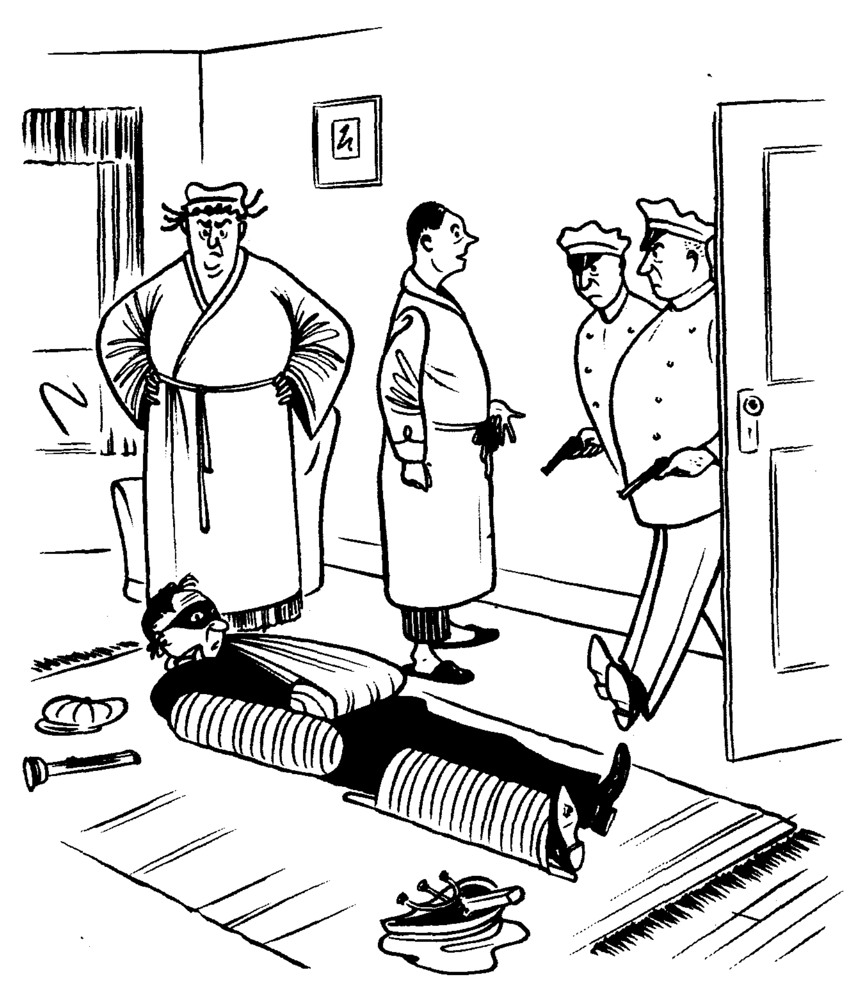
One of the significant occurrences of bridge during the season was the consolidation of the Pacific Bridge League with the American Contract Bridge League, finally giving the game organization which places all parts of the country on an equal basis. Cementing the amalgamation is the fact that Morgan Howard, a former New Yorker but now a resident of Pasadena, California, has been elected president of the League for 1942. The Pacific Coast was better represented than ever before in the national championships at Richmond, and so, of course, was the South. The East is always well represented in both number and quality of contestants, but the Middle West had its least representative year in both total entries and their achievements.

War conditions have caused calling off of the World Bridge Olympic for 1942—the event in which identical selected hands distributed by mail have been played simultaneously in as many as sixty different nations. Last year it shrank to fifteen nations, and this year has had to be abandoned. Replacing it, perhaps, may be a match between the United States and Brazil, which has issued a challenge for a team contest.

Organized bridge, as represented by the League and its many local as well as larger events, has always devoted a good deal of its efforts to aiding charities, under the slogan, "Have a Heart—Take a Hand." For some years its main beneficiary was the fund for children suffering from cancer. That work was continued during the last season and still goes on, but the League also found time to put on a national drive to furnish ambulances. Known as the Bridge-for-Ambulances campaign, it was active in nearly all sections of the country. Prior to our entrance into the war, the ambulances obtained were sent through the British-American Ambulance Corps to the several parts of the world where fighting was going on, for use by the nations which are now our allies. Since December 7th, they have been allotted where most urgently needed.

Bridge will not fold up during the war but it is going all-out in still greater efforts to aid. The winter nationals were sought by three cities—St. Louis, Missouri; Columbus, Ohio; and Syracuse, N. Y.; and at the last stage before the allotment of it, New York submitted an invitation from Mayor La Guardia. But Syracuse made by far the most enthusiastic effort, guaranteeing support from all of the cities near by, and obtained the event, to be held next December. The individual masters' championship is the first event of the new season, April 10th to 12th, followed by the Vanderbilt Cup contest April 13th to 15th, both in New York, and the great summer tournament is scheduled, as in recent years, for Asbury Park, N. J.

THE END



"My wife trussed him up while we were waiting. She just finished her first-aid course"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

Flight from Hong Kong

Continued from page 13

experience with Japanese military efficiency, Hong Kong's people still hoped for some immediate disastrous Japanese defeat and therefore preferred to believe in many wishful reports being surreptitiously circulated.

Meanwhile, the Japanese kept bringing in large contingents of troops, gave them a few days to have a good look at the beautiful hills and blue water of their new conquest, then issued them helmets and sent them on. Japanese mechanics worked to slick up the thousand trucks, busses and limousines assembled on the Hong Kong Club's cricket grounds.

Days of Waiting

About this time I became impatient about being confined on Hong Kong Island. Japanese were prohibiting people from crossing the harbor to Kowloon on the mainland because most important people in whom they might be interested were on the island, where the Japanese wanted them. After more than ten days of futile effort to get across, along with many others, I noted Japanese guards along the water front did not go on active duty until eight o'clock in the morning. At dawn on the tenth day of occupation I talked one sampan man into making the run across for five dollars. Never did the mile-wide stretch of water between the island and the mainland seem so wide. I got ashore on the mainland in plenty of time but an hour later Japanese sentries machine-gunned another junk that had started a bit late. Two men were killed.

All steamer services out of Hong Kong being suspended, the only way into Free China was by a land route across the border and up the East River, where every man had a gun and every man with a gun was a guerrilla when dealing with Japanese.

Early one morning a neighbor's servant came in through my back door and told me the Japanese had searched my abandoned home, unearthed some of the many photographs I'd taken that were probably unfavorable to their cause, and found my correspondence file which included, among others, the letter I'd recently received from Navy Secretary Frank Knox along with a Naval Expeditionary Medal sent me for my work during the bombing and sinking of the Panay.

They offered three hundred military yen to anyone who could tell them where I was. I got busy immediately, obtained a "return-to-native-village" permit under an assumed name, made arrangements for my family to leave later by a less arduous route and by 8:30 A. M. next day I was waving goodby to my wife and my baby.

I joined a stream of refugees shuffling out of Hong Kong, dressed in my manservant's clothes and with a sizable growth of hair I'd been saving for the occasion during the twenty-eight days since Hong Kong fell. My faithful man Friday carried a sack containing clothing which I knew would cost me three years' salary to purchase in Chungking and a Leica camera which I'd not been without for the past eleven years. For days I plodded on with the rest of the footsore mass. At last we passed the last Japanese barbed-wire barricade at Shataukok, in the No Man's Land which the Chinese call "guerrilla sector." I met the last Japanese I've seen sitting on top of an armored car swaying to the mournful cadence of a mountain air being played on a flute by a Chinese lad. The thought came to me as I walked past: perhaps some Pied Piper might some day, somehow, rid China of those dwarfish creatures, but as I walked more steps into Free China I thought perhaps it might be better to set traps for them.

THE END

Any Week

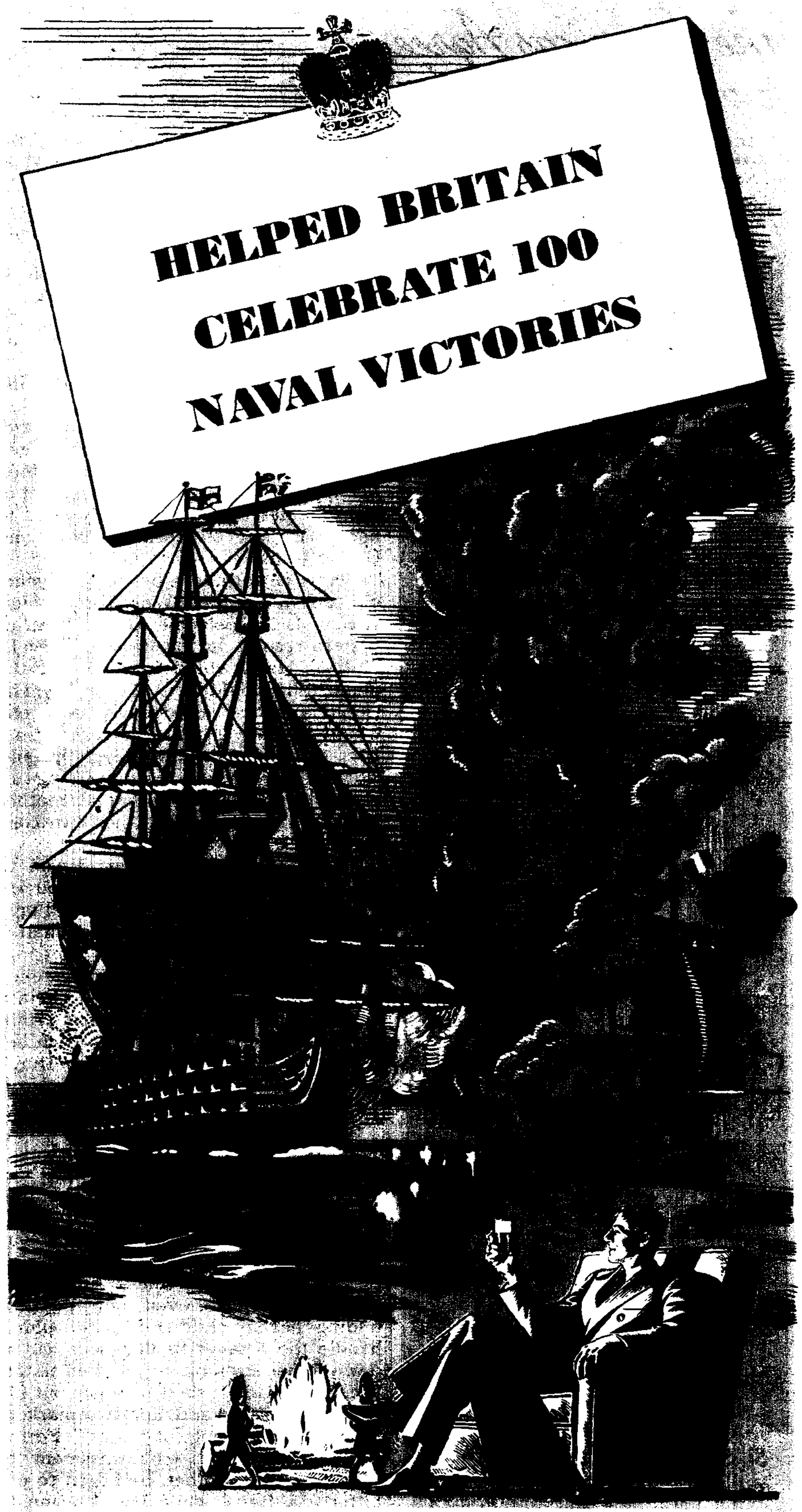
Continued from page 4

Canal, we're looking about a bit. We had a look into the social life of the city of Panama, for example. In Mom's Place we met a very young American soldier with a grievance. Mom's Place might not be tolerated in some sections of the United States where a less realistic people shudder more readily than their Latin neighbors. This American soldier, a recent graduate from the counter of a chain grocery store, told us that he had addressed himself to two of Mom's hostesses. The ladies were affable enough and asked him to sit down and buy a drink. He did both. Whereupon he began to speak what he had in his heart. The ladies looked at him with sudden alarm, abandoned their drinks and leaped through a window in the partition that separates the dance floor from whatever there is beyond. Furthermore, they screamed to Mom to call the police to arrest this obviously loco Americano. "What did you say to them?" we asked him. "Not a thing," replied he, "except to explain President Roosevelt's good neighbor policy. But maybe they don't understand English very well."

WE LIKE Mom. She's a small, motherly person. She presides over a cash register that bears the motto of her place —We Please Most of the People Most of the Time. She asked us if we recognized the phrase, saying that it was uttered by a great American statesman "as he mounted his horse to lead the great American revolution against the usurper." We floundered about a bit and Mom came to our rescue. "The Abraham Lincoln," shrieked she triumphantly. "Are you a child to learn your history from a humble woman of Panama?" Mom has one formula for meeting trouble, exorcising it in its inception. If a brawl is about to occur on her premises she rushes to the scene with a dish of holy water and sprinkles the vicinity. Having done that, the practical woman shouts loudly for the police. The combination almost always restores peace. Money that she suspects of dishonest origin or that may be sprinkled she also sprinkles. We asked her how life went with her. "I am at peace," she replied, "with God, with myself, with the Republic."

NO JAPS yet—just rumors. Almost everybody here would prefer Japs to rumors. But in their absence Panama has plenty of rumors, almost invariably false. But even false rumors have their merit. Without them the tropics would fall asleep. And that's not advisable if we're to remember Pearl Harbor. . . .

W. D.



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Hi, Hazel!

Continued from page 16

including Hazel's grandmother, migrated to a four-story private house on Harlem's 118th Street. Hazel entered public school there while Papa went south to teach at a large Negro university and win bread for the family.

Besides acting as family tuning fork, Hazel amazed her mother by picking out melodies on the piano before she'd had any coaching in its mysteries. Grandma had the honor of hearing the infant Hazel's first one-fingered concert. She was awakened by music in the parlor. Tiptoeing in, she discovered Hazel perched precariously on an unabridged dictionary mounted atop the piano stool. She was playing her own arrangement of the lullabies that were nightly sung to her—a medley of Rockaby Baby and Gentle Jesus.

If this performance by the five-year-old caused Grandma Worrell to rejoice, it was also responsible for the birth of a stern resolve in the heart of Hazel's mother: Hazel would learn to play the piano. She would learn thoroughly, she would practice assiduously and she would become great. For three years Mrs. Scott taught her daughter, and when Hazel reached the mature age of eight, she played so well that her mother felt she had imparted all her own considerable knowledge.

"Dear," she said, drawing Hazel to her, "we must now decide what you are going to do with your life. Do you prefer a career of popular music or shall it be the concert stage?"

Since Hazel had long since relinquished schoolgirl thoughts of Prince Charming and a cottage by a waterfall, it only took her a moment to reach her decision. "'Pop' music would be fun," she said. "But concerts—hot dignity! That's for me!"

Big Praise for a Small Girl

As a direct and immediate result of this conversation, Professor Paul Wagner of the Juilliard School of Music was privileged to hear Hazel's rendition of the Rachmaninoff Prelude. And it was indeed a privilege, even though Hazel, finding that her childish fingers couldn't handle the octaves in the piece, cut it down to her size and played it in sixths. When she had finished, Wagner put his hand on her head and quietly remarked, "I am in the presence of genius." Forthwith, to the great embarrassment of Hazel and her mother, he began to cry bitterly. After a while Hazel began to weep, too, for no particular reason, and then Mamma joined the wailing chorus. It degenerated into quite a scene.

Wagner explained that Hazel was too young for a regular Juilliard scholarship but added that he'd be glad to teach her himself. He did so, until shortly after her performance of the Minuet in G at Carnegie Hall. Then he became seriously ill, whereupon Hazel's formal musical education came to an abrupt halt. From that time on, Hazel worked at her music alone, playing the standard classics over and over until she had them pat. Then boredom set in and she developed the "bad habit" of syncopating the symphonies for variety's sake.

She knew her mother would be unhappy about her swing, and her father would be wrathful. He was an academic man, proud of his daughter's tastes.

Papa's sense of personal dignity was constantly in conflict with American race prejudice and, in Hazel's fourteenth year, he came home for Christmas a beaten man. He had been involved in a lynch riot in the South and at once took to reading all available books on the subject of race differences. He died there a few months later of pneumonia.

Mrs. Scott, now head of the family, took the first available job as saxophonist in Mrs. Louis Armstrong's all-girl band. Before long she organized her own women's orchestra, and naturally enough, Hazel popped up as pianist.

Fifteen-year-old Hazel liked working in the smoky Port Chester bar that hired the band; she liked the late hours, the shop talk. When her job was threatened by delegates of the musicians' union who maintained she was too young to be a member, Hazel, gaining confidence in herself in the world of jazz, shouted them down: "I *am* over eighteen! And I'll outplay, outswing and outsing anybody who says different!"

The band broke up by mutual consent after it had been in existence a year, and Hazel got a chance in the 1938 Broadway musical show, Sing Out the News.

Hazel was a featured performer and sang the show's hit song, Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones. The song and its singer were the recipients of standout reviews, and Hazel's salary promptly bounced upward to a hundred dollars.

The show closed. Came smoky little places; big, noisy, air-conditioned places; medium-sized places selling soft drinks and hard music—two of them at the New York World's Fair. Then, mainly on the basis of his own overenthusiasm, an agent organized a band for Hazel. He called it Hazel Scott's Band, adding only "Fourteen Men and a Girl." Which was all too true, because eighteen-year-old Hazel was too girlish to give her band the thought and time it required. She preferred roller skating and polishing her nails.

Finally the agent couldn't stand it any more. "You should be ashamed of yourself," he told her.

Hazel, lugubrious and guilty, nodded and turned toward her fourteen men. "You're all wonderful characters," she said, "and I'm awful. I'm spoiled, irresponsible, selfish—unworthy to have a band of my own. Therefore, you're all fired."

Somehow this led her to an audition as blues singer at a new Greenwich Village night club called Café Society Downtown. In the eyes of the proprietor of the club she was all right for a three-weeks fill-in engagement. However, when he planned on that short shift for her, he had never heard her play her syncopated classics. The first time he did, he rushed up to her and said, "Hazel! Hazel! Hazel! You have a job for life."

That was three years ago, and he seems to have been as good as his word. With only occasional months off to do quick but remunerative special jobs at places like Boston's Ritz Carlton Hotel Roof, Hazel has stayed quietly at home in the bright new uptown club built especially to house her.

Her salary has risen as the club's gross has gone up, and she plans to leave only for the time necessary to complete her movie contract. This will be whenever Mr. Orson Welles decides to give the signal that his forthcoming production, It's All True, is ready for the cameras. In it, Hazel has signed to play the feminine lead opposite Louis Armstrong but she can't guess when the time will come for her to hurry west. "You know that Orson," she says. "He's such a vague character."

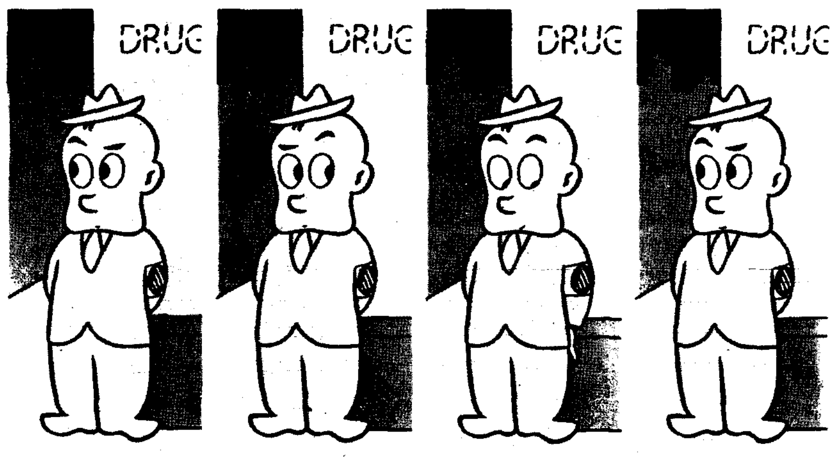
And the Money Rolls In

In the meantime, she can amuse herself by watching her phonograph album "Swinging the Classics" come very close to breaking the sales records in its class. In the first month it was on the market, it sold out in many parts of the country, and one New York department store unloaded three thousand of them in less than two weeks. Her single discs such as Mighty Like the Blues, Calling All Bars, Boogie-Woogie and Chopin Waltz are selling no less well.

Then she always has fun designing her own clothes, including bright, many-hued slack suits for afternoon wear, which she calls her "Hi, Hazel!" outfits because everyone, whether they know her personally or not, calls out, "Hi, Hazel!" whenever she dons one of them in Harlem. Then there are her evening gowns, which are usually strapless. "I think my shoulders are my best point. Don't you?" she says. And she has a great assortment of riding habits for those two or three occasions a year when she gets herself together early enough in the day to rent a horse and go for a canter.

Mainly, however, she spends her time surveying her newly purchased acres and planning what to do with them. "There," she tells anyone who'll listen, "I'm going to build a swimming pool—on the proceeds of the movie. And to the right, there'll be a long terrace where I can entertain in the evenings—that from record sales. And right here I think I'd like to have a landscaped garden going all the way down to the road—I'll think of some way to earn that." Then she sighs wistfully: "I'm afraid, though, it'll be by swinging the classics."

THE END



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BACARDI

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1942

The Day of Great Fear

Continued from page 12

the street by the wall of the temple. It was compromising, ridiculous and something which it would be hard to save face about. The other boys were doing the same as he. It was all very shameful in the full blaze of the noonday sun.

To his astonishment the girls were putting on the boys' clothes. Toa-Tuen was putting on his things over her own as he dropped them in the dust. She is putting them on still warm from me, he thought, and the ones he was wearing were fragrant of her. He felt married to her. Surely this exchange of garments was a kind of marriage—an intimacy from which there could be no going back. It was done.

She ran her fingers as light as butterflies over him adjusting, pulling. He wished he were married to her. If he lived he would get married to her. She picked up his rifle.

"I will keep it safe for you," Toa-Tuen said.

He must apologize for the fixed bayonet.

"I am sorry about the bayonet," he said. "You see, at the time—it was in a little battle, one of no great significance, but there was no time . . ."

She was laughing at him, her eyes were like brown pools, ruffled and shot with sunlight when she laughed.

A knife fell on the ground between them.

"Take it, Singloo," she said.

He picked it up and drew it from its sheath. The blade was beautiful, thin with age, its engraved face almost smooth and the blade as he ran it over his thumb as sharp as a razor. The handle was silver and green jade. The sheath was silver, heavily embossed.

"It has a name," Toa-Tuen said. "When my father gave it to me he said this knife is ancient, it has always belonged to the women of our race. It is called the *simplifier of life*." She laughed again with the sound of golden bells. "Yes," she said, "with that knife life is simple and nothing need be feared for there in that blade is death with honor. It has brought it to many—death to him who would harm its owner or death to her who has been harmed—it is the *simplifier*."

HER skin is like ivory, Singloo thought, like old ivory, warm ivory; her hair black ebony, fragrant with flowers. Simplifier, indeed! Never had life appeared more complex.

"And now take this." She thrust a hoe into his hands. "And go back to Cheng."

"Must I walk back through the village like this?" It had never struck him before that he must go about in these clothes. How stupid of me, he thought. Quite obviously there had been some reason in the orders beyond the pleasure of having on garments that had been next to Toa-Tuen's golden skin, that were scented from it.

But what would his grandmother say if she heard of it? She was very correct and versed in the old ways. He thought of her sitting by the bananas and oleanders in the courtyard of his father's house in New Orleans with the washing hanging like flags upon a line above her head.

"Drive it in low, turn and strike upward," Toa-Tuen said.

What did she mean? The knife . . . yes, that was what she meant.

Then she said, "You speak strangely. Where are you from? Are you from the northern provinces?"

"No," he said. "I am from America. I am an American." He was suddenly very proud of this and wanted to tell her about his father and the laundry, and his grandmother and his little sister and his brother Yang with whom he had come to fight in China and who was already dead. But there was no time now. His heart was full with the things he wished to tell her. That she knew this and wished to listen he could see in her eyes. She bent forward to kiss him. Oh, if his grandmother had seen this what would she have said? But it was nice . . . It was as if all the beauty, all the sweetness and honey in the world were poured forth suddenly, for an instant onto his lips.

"Come," she said. Then she turned and marched in front of him down the village street. She carried his rifle over her shoulder. The bayonet, needle sharp—he had spent hours on its point—twinkling in the sun. He caught her up and put his hand upon the rifle.

"You understand it?" he asked.

"Yes, I understand it," she said and brought the rifle down and opened and closed the bolt.

"And you do not mind my accent?" Singloo asked.

SHE did not answer. Instead she said, "Is it true that if a woman marries an American she would become American too?"

"That is true, I think," he said, "but we should have to ask the consul. It is his business to understand these matters." By now they were nearly back. A stream of boys in gay girls' clothes and girls in bedraggled uniforms with rifles in their hands.

He gave up worrying about his ancestors, about scandal. It was for China.

The men were standing and sitting by the roadside. Cheng sat alone on a big stone. They went up to him and he looked at them without saying anything. Then he said:

"Turn round and bend over. . . . Turn your backs."

Singloo stayed bent till the blood ran to his head.

The girls in boys' clothes were chattering and laughing with the soldiers.

"It will do . . . Stand up," Cheng said. They stood up and faced him.

"I asked for volunteers," he said, "because this is dangerous. The girls were willing but I was not. Toa-Tuen thought of the plan. It was her own but I would have none of it." He paused.

"You know," he said, "that our land is destroyed . . . that we have scorched our earth in front of the invaders. But it is not all scorched. Some is left." He pointed to a great green space to the west . . . Soy beans, knee high, growing as far as the eye could see. "There are no men in the land," he said. "Therefore it must be cultivated by women."

Singloo nodded his head. It was all true, but it did not make much sense to him. The men all round him and the girls were walking off in twos and threes. They were going toward the beans.

Cheng was watching them. He turned back to the boys.

"Do you know what the Japanese do to our maidens?" he said. "Do you know how they raid them . . . how they load them into trucks and take them to their brothels?"

"We know." It made him feel suddenly sick to think that Toa-Tuen was in such danger.

"You know that we are short of ammunition, of guns, of stores," Cheng went on.

"We know," Singloo said.

"That is good. In an hour, we have word of it, a Japanese convoy of twenty

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trucks loaded with all the things we need is passing down this road. And what do you think they will do if they see six young girls working in the fields bent over their hoes?"

Singloo did not answer, he was trembling too much.

"I will tell you," Cheng said. "The first who sees them will stop his truck and get out to have sport with our girls and then capture them and sell them. The other trucks will stop too, to watch and join in the play."

The men who had gone to the field had disappeared.

"We came here today," Cheng said, "from the mountains to attack the convoy but it would have been hard to stop them; some would have got through without this plan. So go, girls," he laughed, "go to the fields and stay bent over your hoes. Let them come up to you. The maidens have given you their knives. Use them. I must let them come right up to you and not start firing too soon for at that moment when they close with you and fling you down those who watch will have eyes only for the sport of hunting women; they will be in the road, crowded onto the drivers' seats and on the tops of trucks. At that moment as they grip you and you turn on them, we will open fire. But you must account for those who have you in their arms. We cannot shoot them, and you will only have your knives."

IT WAS not nice out there in the fields. Singloo struck at a weed with his hoe, cutting it below the roots so that it fell on his feet. To his right and left the other boys worked, their bright clothes beautiful in the hot sunlight, glinting and shining as they worked. But it was not nice even when you knew that a hundred of your comrades under Cheng were concealed all round you.

He kept glancing sideways at the road. First there would be dust, then there would be the line of trucks and perhaps some armored cars. There might even be a plane or two. Then . . . he did not like to think further than that. He slashed another tall weed. The haft of Toa-Tuen's knife was hard against his belly as he bent. He thought of the knife. That it was fine, so handsomely ornamented, meant that she was of a great family. That she was a fine lady. He thought of his family. They had always been respected, his father said, but they had never been great, though one of them, Fuan-lo in the second century, had been a local governor.

And she had kissed him. He had never kissed or been kissed by a girl before. Of course in America it was different and he had seen a lot of it. He thought of the parked cars . . . Petting. But that was not for a Chinese. He was an American but in this he remained Chinese. He felt quite ill as he thought of that kiss. It would be a shame to get himself killed when, if he lived, she might kiss him again. Her clothes still smelled good, but the fragrance was dying as he grew hotter and as the smell of the cut weeds bled out into the summer day. In his mind he went over what he would do. The man would spring on him from behind, seizing his shoulder. He might use judo, but this was unlikely. He would not want to damage a girl. As he came he would drop his hoe, swing round and drive in the knife . . . the *simplifier.*

"*Strike, turn and cut upward,*" she had said. How clear her instructions had been, how beautiful her voice, how fragrant her smell, how glorious her slender form—a humming bird of a woman, a lotus flower, a little living figure of ivory and ebony with dark laughing eyes.

They were coming. He saw the dust.

"Do not look up, comrades," he said. "And when they come, kill. Remember our sisters. We are boys," he said, "but we are also men."

The hoes rose and fell, the blades shining as the sun struck them.

The acrid smell of the weeds rose all round him. Now he could see the trucks. He heard the scream of brakes and some shouts and laughter. In a minute, he thought, in a minute . . .

"Do not run," he said. "Do not turn. Pretend we do not know they are coming . . . pretend we submit . . . pretend. Then turn and strike at their bellies."

He cut another weed, a thick one; there was a sound of running behind him, of heavy boots and the rustle of crushed foliage. The moment was coming . . .

There was a hoarse laugh; a hand was on his shoulder.

"Strike for China!" he shouted as he whirled round. The man's hand was dashed from the collar of his dress. He had torn it. His mouth was open with surprise as *the simplifier* flashed. How easily it went in. Nothing stopped the blade, there was no resistance—only a hot softness and a choking cry. Then came the shots and the beautiful chatter of Cheng's machine guns. He turned to help little Liopo; he had fallen beneath his assailant and was shouting for help. As Singloo ran toward him he could see the Japanese falling from the tops of the trucks; on the one nearest to him the driver hung half in and half out of the cab. His comrades were swarming over the convoy, dragging out the dead, killing the wounded, and changing clothes with them.

So that was Cheng's plan—not just to get some supplies for themselves but to steal the convoy. Those were Chinese truck drivers who had joined them this morning; he had wondered who they were. He heard the engines begin to roar as he drove his knife into the neck of the man who was holding down Liopo. It took him below the ear and the blood spurted on his shoulder in jerks. Toa-Tuen was beside him. Her bayonet dripped blood.

"You!" he said. "You . . . what are you doing here, so near?"

"I crept up," she said. "I was afraid you might get hurt and I wanted my dress back." She was laughing. Her eyes were bright.

"I saw you kill him," she said; she pointed with a small foot.

Singloo bent over the body and undid his belt. Now he would no longer be embarrassed at having a bayonet without a scabbard. He wiped the knife in the ground, driving it in and pulling it out several times. It was clean except for the top where the hilt met the blade. He gave it to her and put on the belt.

OF COURSE he was too young for marriage. What would his grandmother say when she heard of it? But if you were old enough to kill a man then surely the corollary, that you were old enough to create one, must follow. It was a wonderful thought.

"I am only a boy," he said.

Toa-Tuen was picking at the bottom of the hilt of the *simplifier* with a stiff weed.

"It is dirty blood," she said. "The dirtiest this blade has ever met."

Liopo was feeling himself all over.

Then Toa-Tuen said, "Where will we find a consul, Singloo?"

He heard Cheng's voice. He was bellowing:

"Come in . . . come in. We are driving this convoy to the mountains and will fight our way through."

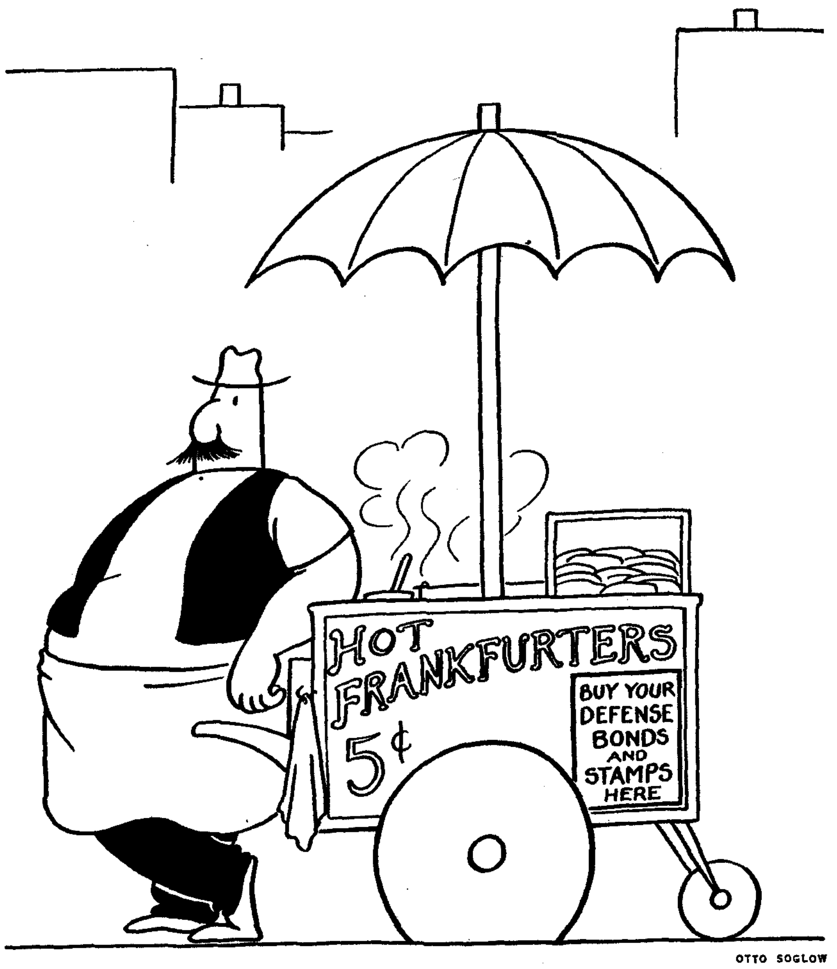
How strange it was to see their men in Japanese uniforms that were too small for them, on all the trucks.

Laughing so that they could hardly run, they ran hand in hand toward the road with Liopo beside them.

The fragrance of Toa-Tuen was his now—not just that of her clothes. And he had a scabbard for his bayonet . . . but it had been the day of his greatest fear. The day of great happiness and great fear. But he was sorry about Toa-Tuen's beautiful dress. He must apologize to her for having spoiled it so carelessly.

He thought of his grandmother . . . There were great objections to being so well brought up. You found yourself having to apologize continually.

THE END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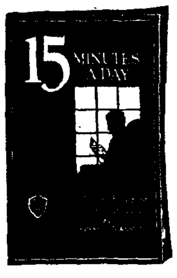

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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 15

had a single subscriber cancel. (We keep our advertisers happy by not having any.) . . . Steel yourself for some slightly incredible tales—such as the one about the beaver colony which went mad in a body when some Fort Greely guards wired a tree so it fell away from their dam—but be assured we shan't pull your leg. Alaska is incredible enough without any invention on our part."

NAPIER FIELD, Dothan, Ala. Pfc. Clarence Nelson had often looked back with nostalgia on the moneyed days he spent at the Havre de Grace track. He had never met his favorite jockey, Jerry Smith, but he always bet on him and usually won. Few days ago Pvt. Nelson got to talking with a new man sitting at the next desk in the field's Personnel Office. The conversation got around to horse racing and, as you've undoubtedly suspected, the new man turned out to be Jerry Smith. "Boy," said Nelson, "did I paste a lot of money on your nose!" Pvt. Smith leaned over the desk. "Just paste a War Stamp on it now," said he.

CAMP BOWIE, Texas. When the 31st Division was preparing to move here from Camp Blanding, Fla., everything was hush-hush as a cat in a velvet bag; but when regimental bands began playing Deep in the Heart of Texas, the cat got out.

PUT on K.P. duty soon after their arrival, three Dixie Division boys gave up hope of meeting any Texas belles, figuring their fellow wolves with more liberty would date every available gal for months ahead. But by the time the liberty boys got back to Bowie the three K.P.'s were smiling and humming tunes softly to themselves. Seems they'd called, and dated, the girls whose phone numbers they'd found on pie boxes delivered to the kitchen.

WITH ex-noncoms flocking back into the service from the ERC (Enlisted Reserve Corps), Barkeley is running over with stripers. The situation is being straightened out now, but some outfits have had sergeants and corporals doing K.P. and guard duty chores. Three companies of the 120th QM. Regiment are now settling the question of who's boss between the former topkicks and the guys who had been appointed to take their places. Company B neatly ironed things out by splitting the job. First Sgt. Ova C. Grantham, recalled from the ERC, takes charge of the men when they're in camp, and First Sgt. Paul Davis officiates when the company's in the field.

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION, Fla. Duncan White, of Glen Cove, N. Y., recently developed such an aversion to submarines he sat up nights figuring how best to give expression to it. He had a particular reason: he was third engineer aboard a Socony Vacuum tanker, and tanker engine room crews were taking a beating from U-boats. White is now an aviation cadet, and hoping fervently that before long he'll have the pleasure of dropping an ash can on one of the underwater sneakers.

CAMP BLANDING, Starke, Fla. Some months ago we revealed the case of the New Yorker who'd just been discharged from the Navy with a gunner's rating only to be drafted and assigned to a Blanding bakery school. Here's the newest misfit anecdote. Pvt. Edvar J. Andre, of Baton Rouge, La., a deep-sea diver with considerable reputation as such, is now a member of the Blanding hospital detachment. We have a hunch the Navy would be glad to swap a boatload of former truck drivers to the Army for Andre.

THE Army can get tires and tubes, all right, but the rubber shortage has put more work on Blanding truck drivers. The boys have to check inflation pressure before they step on the starters in the morning, and from time to time during the day they inspect their tires for cuts and gouges. The quartermaster is operating 450 trucks in and around the camp and they roll up a total of 10,000 miles daily. Yes, daily.

ARTILLERYMAN Pvt. David Cavin, of Atlanta, Ga., says the Army's too quick for him. Cavin showed up in the line at his regimental dispensary and before he realized what they were doing to him one fellow had swabbed his arm, another had given him a typhoid shot and a third had eased him outside. "Hell!" Cavin yelled as he headed back to the entrance. "All I want is some nose drops!"

AND here's another one about that Texas tune. Pvt. Norman Apking was wrapping himself around a double order of ham and eggs in a restaurant near Blanding when the juke box gave out with Deep in the Heart of, etc. Being from Chicago, Apking was unmoved by the melody, but a tall Texan eased over to his table, accosted him as Buddy and added: "When you hear that piece, stand up!" Anyhow, with so many Texans at Blanding, the owner of every juke box within 100 miles has added this second national anthem to the repertoire and the Lone Star Staters are spending bushels of nickels to hear it.

CAMP LIVINGSTON, La. Ten days ago the last canine of the female gender was ushered out of here for the duration. Object: To cause an immediate decrease in the dog population of the area. Reason: Every time the men went out to the training area to practice concealment in fox holes, a multitude of mutts trailed along and, so to speak, stuck their paws into the military machinery. It all came to a head when the 28th Division's commanding officer, Maj. Gen. J. G. Ord, was watching a group of men hiding from a simulated enemy. The men were good at it and the general was just beginning to be highly pleased by his inability to spot a single soldier in the open when a pack of yelping canine investigators burst upon the scene and pranced, tails wagging, around the concealed and cursing owners.

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek, Mich. With the heat on to get enlisted men into officers' training schools, the 5th Division checked back into its records and found that between last June and the first of last month only 300 men had applied for brass hat training, and only 60 of these were assigned. So far as the men themselves are concerned, the answer is that there isn't enough dough in it to make up for the additional responsibilities. As was pointed out here last Nov. 8th, an officer is no better off financially at the end of a month than a private—and he has twice as many headaches. However, according to instructions from Lt. Gen. Ben Lear, commander of the 2d

Army, men with an I.Q. of 110 or better are automatically considered to be applicants for training and are virtually under orders to fill the unit quotas. Moreover, if a soldier turns down the opportunity, General Lear wants to know why.

NAVY men traditionally insist that the Army can't teach them anything, but Custer's Lt. Theodore H. Fossieck is pretty proud of the job he did on Lt. Edward H. O'Hare, the Navy pilot who, you'll recall, shot down six Jap planes in one flight to set a record for quantity destruction. Lt. Fossieck taught Lt. O'Hare English, history and marksmanship at Western Military Academy. Ed must have rated an A in marksmanship.

FORT GETTY, R. I. Pfc. Johnny Lawrence, of Providence, who fancies himself as somewhat of a jujitsuist, was trying to show Pvt. Tony DeChristofaro how to subdue an opponent without injuring him. According to Johnny, Tony was a little awkward about learning. That, at least, is what the explanation sounded like, coming as it did through the gap left by the two front teeth Johnny sacrificed for his art. "You oughta know," his pals reminded him. "that anything you get from the Japs is liable to backfire on you."

GENERAL

RELENTLESSLY comparing calendars and birthdays of officers with its standards for efficient continuous performance of field duty under arduous conditions of modern field service, the Army is making wholesale transfers of officer personnel. Within a couple of months almost all officers inside the age limits set for service with troops will be assigned to troops or will be in schools preparing for such assignments. The overage officers are rapidly taking over the Army's housekeeping jobs, which include service in various station complements; teaching; athletic, recreation and morale direction; and various service commands.

The age limits for service with troops are: major generals (commanding divisions), 62; brigadier generals, 60; colonels, 55; lieutenant colonels, 52; majors, 47; captains, 42; first lieutenants, 35; second lieutenants, 30. Don't, however, let some officer friend on an average Army job know you think he must be a graybeard. There will be a few exceptions to the above rules and you might be insulting a man who's yearning to be in battle but is kept elsewhere by special ability or qualification

O. D. NO. 3 is the official name of the new brown-tan necktie adopted to replace the black silk (winter) and cotton khaki (summer) cravats. The new issue is made of cotton warp with a filling of mohair and will harmonize with both the olive drab and khaki uniforms. Sounds a lot snappier; black ties always seemed to us to be out of place with a completely o. d. outfit.

THE way we hear it, the officers training center established by Lt. Gen. Walter Krueger at Camp Bullis, and mentioned in this department last Jan. 10th, is unofficially known as Krueger's Kollege of Practical Tactical Knowledge.

PILOT OFFICER T. R. LEE, whose address is No. 5 Service Flying Training School, Royal Canadian Air Force, Brantford, Ont., Canada, wants to "get in touch with the editor of the newspaper of some large American flying training school such as Randolph or Kelly Field or Pensacola. Our school is turning out multiengine pilots and I would prefer communicating with a school of similar nature." Pilot Officer Lee is editor of his station newspaper, Sky-Line. That's all we know about this, and we don't guarantee that any but qualified correspondents will receive any reply to communications sent to Pilot Officer Lee.

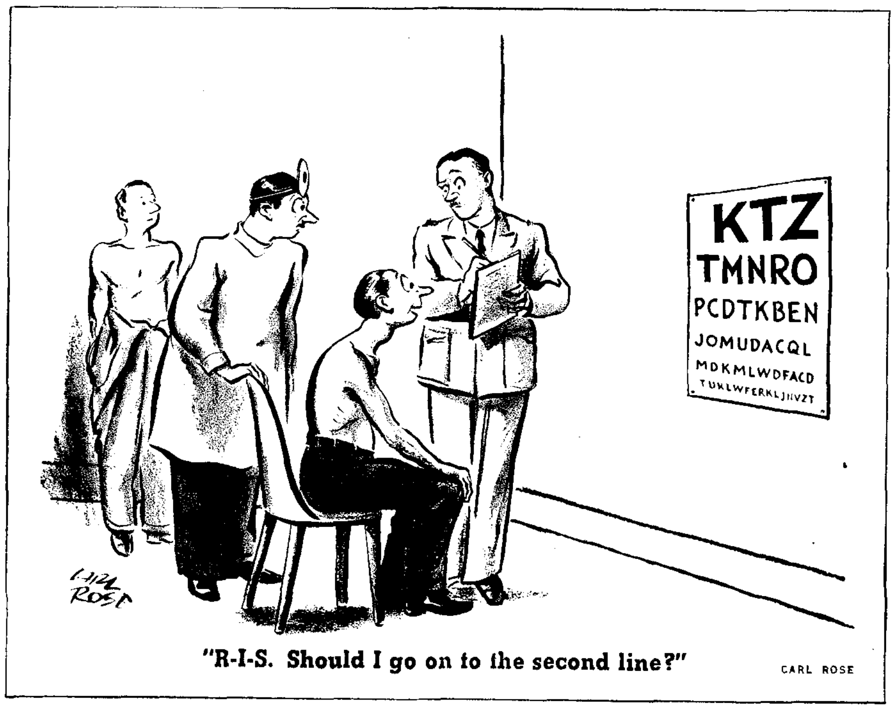
THOSE summer vacations the university and college R.O.T.C. boys used to get at Uncle Sam's expense are out for the duration and six months after that. Students who have completed military requirements and attended summer camps will be commissioned upon graduation; those who haven't had camp experience will go into basic training schools, then be commissioned. But regular R.O.T.C. camps? Nope! There's a war on!

ADD new slang: File 13 is any Air Corps wastebasket.

THE Army wants 3,000 registered nurses right away and will need 10,000 by the end of the year to keep pace with what's going on. The job pays $840 a year plus maintenance and uniforms. A gal has to be an unmarried citizen between 22 and 30, at least five feet tall, a high- and nursing-school graduate and, of course, a registered nurse.

IT WOULD be a nice job for a recruiting sergeant. G. W.

THE END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"R-I-S. Should I go on to the second line?"

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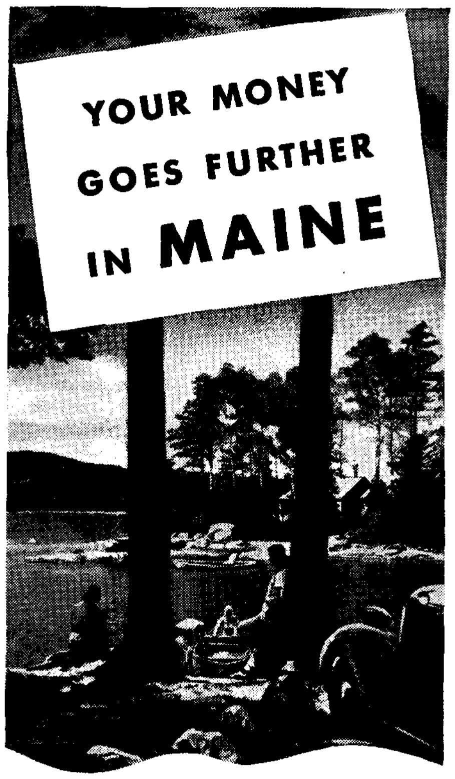

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Continued from page 18

Jason gets off his stool and starts out. At the door he stops, turns around. "By the way, Peter," he calls, "wear a black tie, will you? Rule of the paper." He goes on out, before I can stop him—before, that is, I can recover from the blow.

Black tie. I haven't owned any dinner clothes for six months. They were the first to go. At the moment I am wearing a light gray checked suit, the loudest suit I could buy for a comedy part last year. It was the first thing I tried to sell, but no dice. Now it's all I have left. All. This and the raincoat.

I pick up the 1892 dime and put it carefully back into my pocket.

Joe comes along, wiping the counter. I feel like talking. "Well, Joe," I tell him, "that was almost a break. All I need is eighty bucks for a tux and I get a free meal."

Joe follows my glance, at my suit. He gets it. He grins. "That's a tough one, all right," he says. He keeps on wiping. After a while he says, "Listen, I got an idea. Up at my room I got a dinner jacket. Left over from a job I had waiting at the Alhambra last year, before it folded. We're about the same size. I also got a shirt and black tie."

"No pants?"

"Just the coat. I wore the pants out behind the counter here. I was hoping you'd have some kind of pants."

I shake my head. The only pants I have are on. And the only shoes; and the shoes are soggy.

A customer comes in and Joe goes to wait on him. I sit there thinking things over. Between me and grub lies a pair of black pants. I have no ideas. No ideas at all. When Joe comes back he glances at my raincoat. He says, "You got a raincoat there. If I was in your place, I'd wear the tux jacket and shirt and tie, and your pants, just like they are. Put the raincoat over the whole thing. See what I mean?"

"Sit down at the table in a raincoat?"

"No. The raincoat would be for later, for going out. What you do is, you go over there early. Nobody ever gets there before eight. Tell the headwaiter—the headwaiter won't even be on duty yet, it'll be somebody filling in—tell him you're to meet your friend at a table. Never mind if he looks at your pants. He can't do anything about it, see? None of his business. So when Jason gets there you're already seated. He can only see what shows above the table. When it's time to leave, you let him get up from the table first. Then follow right behind him, stay close to him, get your raincoat quick at the checkroom and put it on quick."

"Joe," I tell him, "I think you got something."

He reaches under his apron and takes a key out of his pocket and tosses it to the counter. "Around the corner at 217. Apartment 9."

I pick up the key.

I am sitting in the Parakeet when Jason arrives at nine-thirty. The place is nearly full and I am feeling funny, sitting there at the table. I have drunk six glasses of water. Jason comes over to the table with the headwaiter and somebody who looks like the manager. It is the manager, I find as Jason introduces us. I start to get up, pretend to catch my knee under the table. The manager implores me not to get up. All right, I won't. Since you insist. Jason sits down, and the headwaiter gives me a menu with a grand flourish.

"Wait a minute," Jason says. He gets up from the table and beats it. The headwaiter nods. "He'll be back in a minute," he says. "Excuse me." He goes away. I put down the menu.

Jason is talking to some people at a large table beside the dance floor. They laugh. He has told a joke. He comes back, looking around at people, smiling here, nodding there, waving a hand to somebody over in a corner. He sits down.

"Hal Galvern," he says. "Got a nice little item from him for the column. The producer, you know." Yes, I know. I tried his studio again this afternoon. I am a great friend of the doorman. Fine, sympathetic fellow, the doorman.

A waiter—evidently a special waiter sent by the headwaiter, and he is all bows and smiles—poises himself above our table. I pick up the menu.

Jason mutters a swear word. I look up from the menu. He is looking past my shoulder, toward the entrance, which is through the cocktail lounge. He is frowning. I look around. A fellow has come in with a beautiful girl. I am choosing my word carefully: beautiful. There are a couple of steps down from the cocktail lounge into the main dining room, which manifestly were put there to allow for a pause, as upon a platform, a stage, to give everybody in the dining room an eyeful of who you are and who you're with before you step down to the common level. Very effective. It is what is known as the Hollywood Entrance.

Whoever this is, he is a master at the entrance. He hesitates just long enough to let everybody know this is something, here is somebody—and just long enough for three or four photographers, who have popped up from nowhere, to illuminate the scene with their flashbulbs—then ushers the girl down quickly, as though just now aware of the spotlight and anxious to avoid it.

"What's that?" I ask Jason.

He makes an impatient gesture. "Jimmy Blossom," he says shortly. "Runs the Hollywood column on the Enterprise."

"Who's the girl?" I ask.

Jason squirms in his chair. "Caroline Waite," he says grudgingly. He looks at me, evidently expecting me to whistle. "New York Waites," he adds. No register. "The society girl, you know. You must at least have heard of her. One of the old wealthy families. Started singing in night clubs about a year ago, as a sort of Junior League stunt. A dare, I think; something like that. Now she's out here, after the movies." Jason squirms in his seat some more, casts an uncomfortable glance toward them. "Blossom has her thrown and tied. On a leash."

"Engaged, you mean? Or whatever they call it here in Hollywood."

"No. Nothing personal, I think. Blossom's happily married. Just business. Those photogs were Enterprise men, planted there. Waite's a project of the paper, in a way. Of Blossom, anyway. A godsend to Blossom. In this business, Peter, this columning, you got to discover somebody, tie them up, make the people want to read about whoever it is, and they got to buy your column to do it."

I pick up the menu. The waiter is still there. New York steak, the menu says, three dollars and fifty cents. I clear my throat. "Well, Jason," I begin, "I suppose we may as well—"

"Peter!" Jason is leaning half across the table. His eyes are snapping. "Peter, how long have you been in town?"

"Two months."

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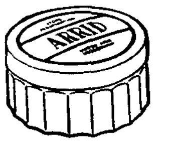

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"How many people do you know here?"

This gives me a laugh. I am still laughing when Jason jumps up from the table, all but upsetting it. He runs out to the cocktail room; I can see him go to the phone booths. The waiter looks at me, shrugs.

I drop the menu.

When Jason comes back he is beaming. "They'll be here in five minutes," he says.

"Who will be here in five minutes?"

"The photogs from the paper. From the Press. There was one on duty at the office, and they're pulling two off the Man from Alaska première to run over here."

Uhuh. I pick up the menu. New York steak, three dollars and—

"It'll be terrific," Jason says. "We'll wipe Blossom's eye for him. Blossom and his Waite. Maybe we can even—"

"Do you gentlemen care to order now?"

My pal, the waiter. My old friend. New York steak, thr—

"Peter, whatever you do, don't give me away. Just take the whole thing in your stride. Internationally known—look, you just came in from London, see? Stopped on your way from the Transvaal for a new wardrobe, see? You—"

"Wait a minute, Jason. Wait a minute. Just explain this whole thing to me, in detail. Just what is this all about?"

Jason is squirming in his chair again, but this time with reverse English. "You're my project," he says delightedly. "My discovery. The boys are coming over for pictures. We'll make Blossom look sick."

Oh, will we? I'm not feeling so well myself. And—

"Pardon me." It is the headwaiter. He is tapping Jason on the shoulder. He leans over and says something to him. Jason jumps up. "The fellows are here already," he says. He beats it. The waiter turns away, and this time I know it is for good. So long, pal.

I lay down the menu forever.

Jason appears at the top of the entrance steps, with three photographers. Their flash equipment is poised; there is a lean and hungry look about their jaws. "Over there," Jason says, loud enough for everybody to hear. He is pointing at me.

With Jason bringing up the rear, the photographers advance upon me like shock troops about to capture a pillbox. They are still a dozen feet away when they start shooting. Three quick flashes, and they reload as they advance. Jason comes around my right flank. "Thank you, Mr. Hagen," he says in a very loud voice. "Just a few more, for the London, Rio de Janeiro and Capetown papers." The photographers, deployed, shoot again. One stands on a chair. Another sits on the floor. The third takes a shot from a leapfrog position.

A couple of fellows with pencil and copy paper in their hands have materialized out of the cigarette smoke. I can hear Jason:

"Peter Hagen, internationally known *bon vivant* and world . . . leading parts on the London and New York stage . . . stopped off on his way . . . and Madagascar. . . ."

Jason moves in on me. His forehead is moist. "Mr. Hagen," he says, "I see Caroline Waite over there. Would you mind posing—" He leans over and hisses in my ear, "Come on, quick! We got things on the move! We got Blossom!"

"Now, listen," I try to tell him, "I can't do it. I can't possibly get up because—"

"Quick!" he says, taking hold of the back of my chair and beginning to pull it.

"I can't!" I tell him desperately. "My pants—"

Too late. Jason has tipped the chair just enough so I must either stand up or sit on the floor.

I am not going to sit on any floor.

So I stand up. Jason has me by the arm. We are moving toward the dance floor. "The minute we get there," he is saying into my ear, "take a bow. Just bow. Never mind what I say. We're stealing Waite for a picture. Then when the music starts, dance. Dance! Grab her gently and simply start dancing. Never mind what anybody says."

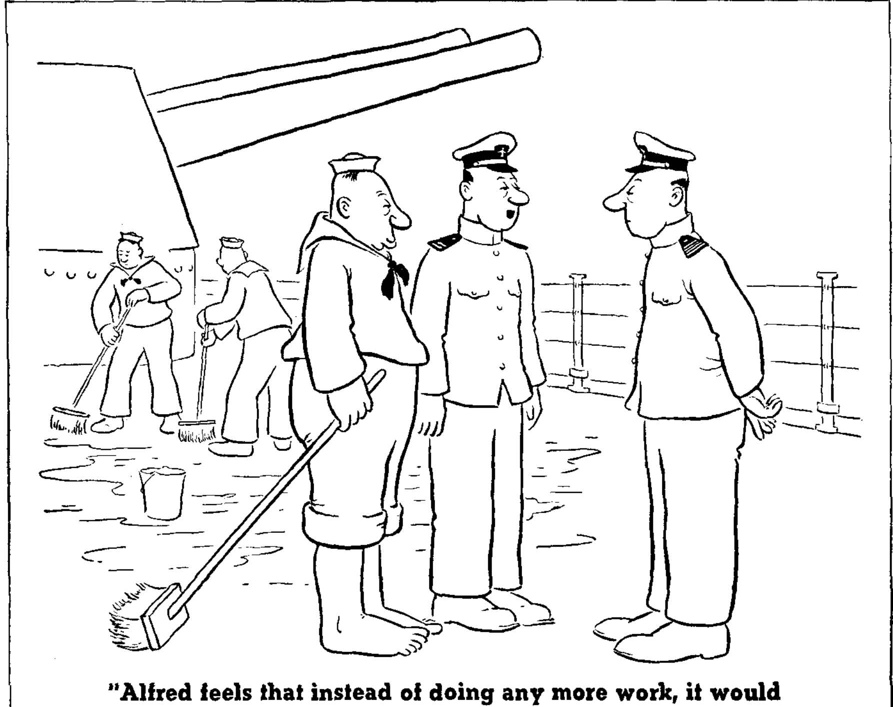
SUDDENLY before me, out of the confusion, is this girl. She was beautiful at long distance. In a close-up she is the most superb creature I've ever . . . She looks frightened. She has plenty of poise, but I'm an actor and I can see fear beneath it, showing through, showing through even her smile.

The flashlights blind me as I bow.

". . . Hagen, internationally known *bon* . . ."

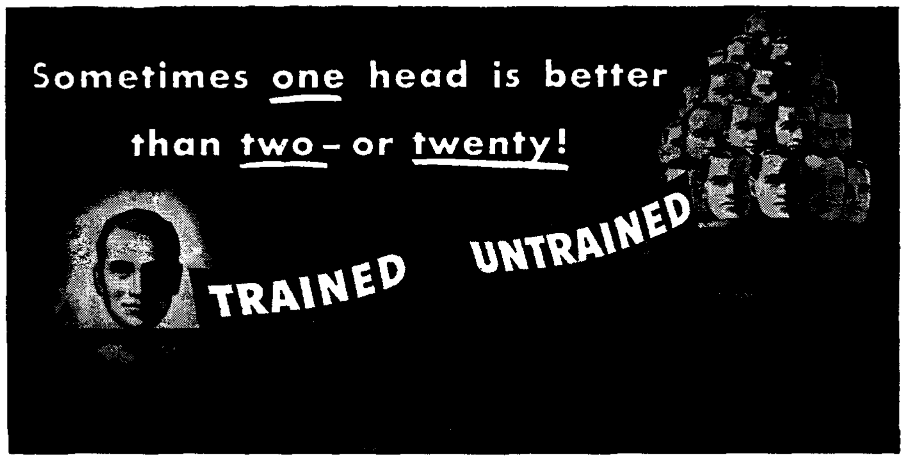
The music starts. "Dance!" Jason whispers hysterically into my ear. "Quick! The boys are reloading!"

I am supposed to grab her and dance. But I do not grab people and dance. Not



"Alfred feels that instead of doing any more work, it would be best for him to conserve all his strength to fight the Japs"

F. HUMFREVILLE



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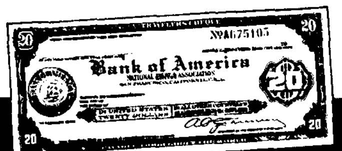

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even this one. I am asking Miss Waite for this dance, and she is saying yes, or I don't dance. So I ask her, and she says yes. And we dance.

Suddenly I am weak. I am cold all over. I look around. The worst has happened: I am the center of attraction. From the waist down.

Everything has gone blooie!

I hold Miss Waite close to me, so she can't look down, although I realize I am merely postponing the inevitable. The dance will have to end sometime. I have a great hope that when it is over I can somehow contrive to disappear in a clap of thunder. Hindu rope trick. First you toss a rope into the air, then you climb the rope, clap your hands, and . . . I can see Jason standing just beyond the edge of the dance floor, rigid, his arms stiff at his sides, looking at me with a sort of hopeless Hollywood horror in his eyes.

All right. Let's pick up what pieces we can; let's make one hard try. I maneuver my dancing companion over toward Jason, and arrive just as the first half of the dance is over. As I slap Jason playfully on the shoulder I whisper quickly, "Latest thing from London, from the Transvaal, from any place. From Sitka. From Nassau. New style. Hollywood by storm. Call the photogs back."

JASON'S eyes open wide, there is a light in them; he turns away, beats it. The music starts. Miss Waite has seen the worst now, but she lifts her arms and smiles, a friendly smile: so far as she is concerned, evidently, I am in perfect attire. We dance. I can catch glimpses of Jason rounding up the boys. Miss Waite is humming to the music; Miss Waite is a peach. Dancing with the latest thing from Sitka, from Nassau. The very last word from Joe's. . . .

The camera boys are coming, with their flashlights. Jason is grinning. Peter Hagen, Internationally Known Idiot, Makes Fool of Self—Had Hoped to Work in Pictures. . . . I guide Caroline around to the edge of the floor and the lights pop. The boys are kneeling on the floor now, getting pictures of us as we dance.

Jason takes me by the arm, pulls us off the dance floor. We are beside the large table to which Jason had gone to crack his joke when he first came in. Two or three men are rising.

"Galvern . . ." Jason is saying.

Miss Waite is saying hello to them all; she knows them. I shake hands a couple of times.

"Galvern . . ."

I am shaking hands with a smallish, pleasant-faced man with a bald pate surrounded on three sides by white hair. He is smiling; a sort of eager, appealing smile. "Very original," he is saying. The music still is going on. "Welcome to Hollywood, Mr. Hagen. Hope you . . . not too many commitments . . . could use . . ." He turns to his guests, jerks his head toward me. "Andy Bruceworth in His Father's Son," he says.

Everybody at the table nods. "Yes!" they say. Galvern nods. He seems delighted. He pats me on the shoulder just as another flash goes off. A photographer is taking aim. Galvern grabs my hand, looks at the camera, throws back his shoulders. Flash. He turns to me again. Jason has taken some copy paper from his pocket, is scribbling. Galvern: "Glad to be the first to . . . my office ten in the morning, if convenient to you . . . hope you can arrange . . . been searching for Andy Bruceworth all over the world; three hundred and seventy screen tests . . . soon as I set eyes I knew . . . Andy Bruceworth . . . terrific part . . . made to order . . . very happy . . ."

"Yes!" everybody says. They nod. Galvern nods.

I nod. "Yes," I say. Ah, yes, yes, yes. Yes, sir. *Yes, sir.*

Jason hurries away toward the telephones. He had a colossal story for his column.

With a parting bow and a final yes, I turn and sweep Miss Waite, as the expression is, into my arms. She is a very fine dancer. But suddenly she is not a fine dancer. Suddenly, or fairly suddenly, she is a poor dancer and she is heavy. She is very heavy. When I feel her being heavy I look around. Just off the dance floor, at one side of the orchestra, is a pair of large French doors, open. They lead out onto a terrace. Lights of Los Angeles below and in the distance.

I dance over that way, and we stop dancing and go outdoors, and she still is heavy, she is heavy on my arm. There is a concrete seat near by, and we sit down on it. Miss Waite sits down rather quickly. She looks at me and smiles a bit uneasily, and says something about the cool air, then she stops smiling and takes a deep breath and leans over against my shoulder and puts her hands over her face. This easily could be mistaken as a surrender to masculine charms: the girl is overcome. But in my case it always means, I have found, simply that the girl is sick.

"Is there something wrong?" I ask.

She nods weakly. Then she sits up and takes her hands from her face and looks at me, directly, frankly, openly. She measures her words:

"Mr. Hagen, I'm hungry."

It's the gong. "Miss Waite," I tell her with deep feeling, "I think I know what you mean."

"You're hungry, too?"

"Madame"—talk about deep feeling—"I never was so close to starvation in my life."

She looks around in a kind of charming, pathetic confusion. "We'll never get anything to eat here," she says.

Check.

We are in a cab before I remember that all I have is the 1892, and the fifty-cent piece in my watch pocket, which, by the way, otherwise is empty. Well, the four bits must go. This is rock bottom, at last. How far, I wonder, is Joe's, in terms of cab fare? Probably thirty-five cents' worth. That leaves two hamburgers and one cup of coffee.

"Could I interest you," I ask my companion, "in a little slumming expedition? I happen to know a place that looks, at first glance, like any other lunch counter. But this one is really the secret rendezvous of all sorts of interesting people. Opera singers, for example. They drop in for the specialty of the house. Hamburgers. It's called Joe's."

MISS WAITE does not reply. Well, I can't help it. We're going to Joe's. I direct the cab driver, in as happy a tone as I can manage, then sit back. No word from Miss Waite. Well, I'm doing the best I can. I have four bits and an 1892, and I'm in love. I'm sorry, Miss Waite. I'm sorry, Caroline. I'm sorry, dar—

She's crying.

"I didn't mean to," she says presently. We are getting close to Joe's. "Mr. Hagen, I've simply got to tell you something."

She stops.

I wait.

"See here," she says, sitting up very straight, "the reason I'm hungry is that I'm—*hungry*. It's not temporary; it's permanent. And that's not all. I've never been to New York in my life. My home is in Salem, Oregon. I came here to work in an insurance office, which I did until I got canned. I met Mr. Blossom at a party, and he had this wonderful idea. He would get me into the movies. All I had to do was let him build me up in the paper, in his idiotic

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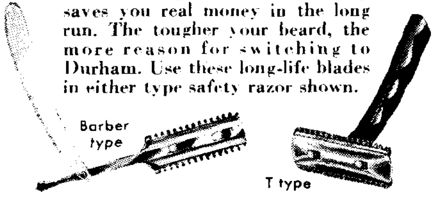

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column. He said he needed a pet celebrity for the column. And he hadn't one, so he wanted to invent one. And I let him—invent me. I think I'd had a couple of drinks. But mostly I was just hungry. You probably wouldn't know what I mean. You're an internationally known—ah—"

"*Bon vivant.*"

"*Bon vivant.* Mr. Blossom has been very sweet to me and I hate to quit him, but I can't go on fooling people any longer. I didn't realize it would be this way. And I didn't want to get into the movies, anyway. I just wanted a little something to eat; but we never had time to eat. Too many people to see. And now all I want is a hamburger at Joe's, the way it used to be. When you mentioned Joe's, I made up my mind. Besides, I already owe Joe sixty cents from—"

"Here we are," the driver says. We are at Joe's.

THE meter says thirty-five cents. On the nose. I give the driver the half and he gives me the change and I give him a nickel. No coffee. I get out first and assist Caroline. I do more than assist her. I kiss her. Just once. "Smile," I tell her. She smiles. Not much.

So we go in. Joe is leaning on the counter reading the midnight edition of the paper. No customers. He looks up as we enter, then stands up straight. "Well," he says, grinning, "how did it—" He sees Caroline. He looks puzzled. "Hello, Frances," he says. "I hardly knew you. You look . . . Maybe it's because you been away so long. Did you get a job?"

"Not exactly," she says. "And, Joe, I'm terribly sorry about the sixty cents."

"Forget it," Joe says. "Hamburger?"

"With a slice of raw," Frances says. "And a pickle."

Frances sits down, but before I sit down I take off Joe's coat and hang it up. "Thanks for the jacket, Joe," I say.

"Okay," he says, "perfectly okay. I brought your things down and they're in the back, there, behind the screen. You can change right there. I mean, when you want to. No hurry. Shall I fix you up a bicarb?" he asks significantly.

I shake my head. "I didn't wait for dinner, Joe. Give me a hamburger with a slice of raw. And a pickle."

"Okay," Joe says. "Frances, I thought maybe you'd gone back to Oregon."

"Tomorrow," she says. She looks at the coat I have hung up. She shakes her head a little, as though to dispel a bit of fog. "Do you mean," she asks, but with the air of a person who doesn't expect a rational answer, "that that's Joe's—coat?"

"Yes," I tell her; "Joe staked me tonight. The pants are my own. I'm sorry, Frances; it was just a—circumstance. I didn't mean to—"

"Then you're not a—oh, dear—an internationally known *bon vivant?*" She seems delighted. Upon her face is a brand-new expression, one I haven't seen before, and it indicates that she is in favor of the idea. "You mean"—she moves her hands around, in a helpless gesture like that of a little baby—"you were hungry? Just like—"

"Same thing. Different columnists."

We just sit there. We are laughing; we are having fun.

"Boy," she says, "I'm glad I told you about—me."

"Why?"

"Because otherwise . . . I don't know. Otherwise— Well, I don't know. I like us best this way. I like—dear me, this is lovely. I'm glad I'm not going back to Salem."

"You said you were going back tomorrow," Joe says. He is turning the hamburgers.

"I did not," Frances says. "And if I did, it was a slip. I want to see how the screen test comes out. I helped get it," she says to me, "don't forget that. I helped. I did something, after all."

"I'll tell you all about it at dinner tomorrow night. All about it. Frances, I love you; I wish I knew your last name. Tomorrow night we'll really be *bon vivants.* I'll get an advance from Galvern and we'll—feast."

"Don't have to ask for any advance," Joe says. "My friends' credit is always okay here." He is slicing the buns. "Toast them?" he asks.

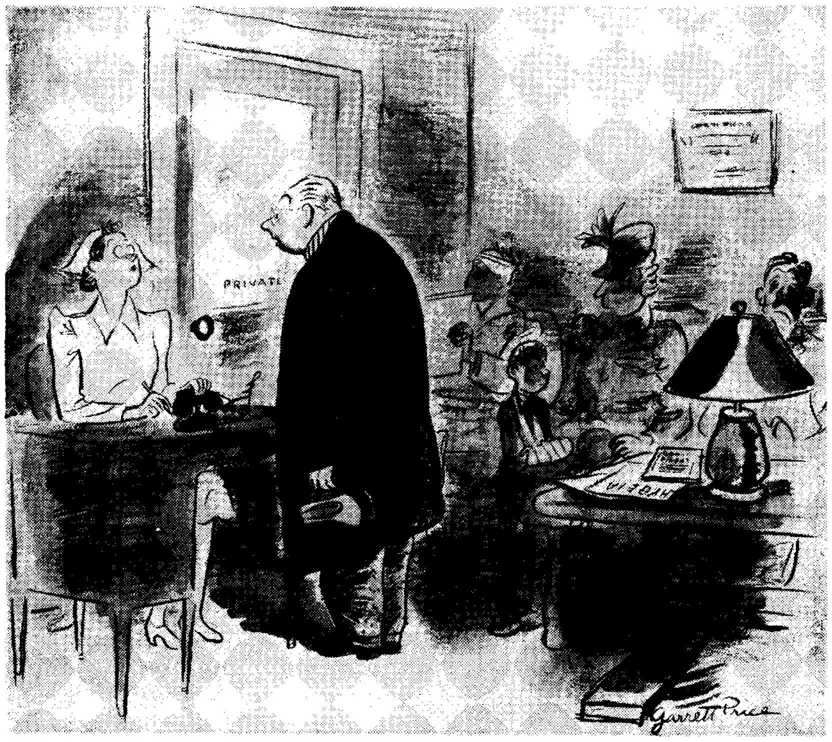
"Rub mine around in the grease, first," Frances tells him.

Joe looks at me and I nod. "Rub them plenty."

"Extra pickle," Joe says.

I take out both dimes and put them on the counter. Goodby forever, dear old 1892. I look at Frances and she looks at me and she is smiling. As I have mentioned, she is even more beautiful when she smiles. At me.

THE END



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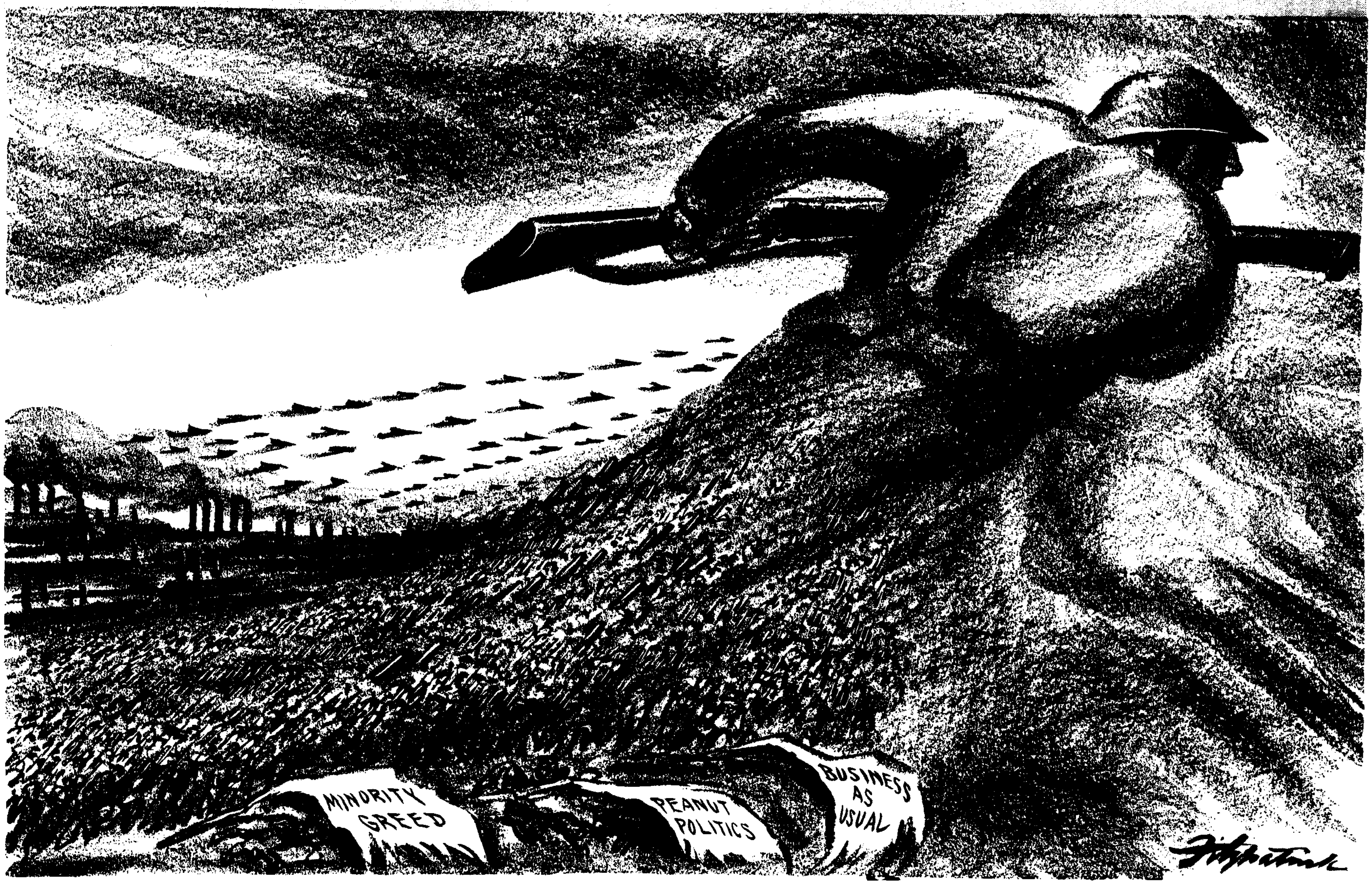

This is WAR!

SOME blood, some sweat, some tears, and frequent defeats have been our portion in the first four months of war.

General MacArthur's brilliant and valiant defense of Bataan has been almost the only cheerful news. Douglas MacArthur caught our imagination and gave us comfort. He stood for the brave success we like to think of as American even though we knew well enough the dreadful odds against him.

The months that have gone have been grim. Now we know how Abraham Lincoln must have felt those first few months of the Civil War when the Confederates defeated the Union armies and all but captured Washington. Lincoln and his generation had to take bad military news for two years before the tide really turned.

The pace is swifter now and we have had our losses quickly. Yes, and we have taken them in our stride. All of us know that because of early defeats the struggle will be prolonged and the price we have to pay for final victory will be the greater.

But no one is discouraged. Every man and every woman knows that we must win this war, whatever the cost. We did not start it. We did not want it. But we must finish it. If we don't finish it triumphantly we shall be finished as a free people.

Everybody is sure of that. There are no important differences of opinion this time. Pearl Harbor unified the nation. Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Batavia, Rangoon, opened our eyes to the power of the Japanese military organization. Nobody west of the Rocky Mountains regards the war in the Pacific as secondary.

The fact is that we could not have been compelled to choose more difficult battlegrounds. The war inflicted upon us must be fought in distant lands and remote seas. We have to fight where our enemies are and where they attack.

The Japs and the Germans chose the times and places for their war. We didn't.

But we have got to give whatever victory costs. If we don't win we won't even have honor left, much less any material possessions.

We cannot afford to waste time or energy on anything that delays or endangers our victory. We cannot afford partisan politics or avoidable wrangling in industrial or labor matters.

Some of the early New Dealers in Washington act as though the success of their little programs of social reform were more important than a successful prosecution of this war. A fat chance social reform will have if Hitler and the Japanese militarists are not stopped.

Some of the farm leaders think that they can use the opportunities of war to enrich the farmers regardless of what happens in this world war. That is a great mistake. If the Nazis or the Japs win this war there won't be any parity or prosperity or anything else desirable for American farmers.

Some of the labor leaders act as if their union interests were more important than the national defense. Another blunder. Labor unions would not survive an Axis victory.

Some businessmen think that profits as usual are possible in this war. This is no time to haggle. Free enterprise won't endure unless we win this war.

Some politicians think that this is a good time to place friends in soft jobs. Many of the silly undertakings of Civilian Defense were transferred to Paul McNutt's health agency when Congress began an investigation of Civilian Defense. So jobs were found for deserving dancers and storytellers and others. That's no help to victory.

We have to do better if we want to survive. We cannot afford business as usual, if we intend to win this war.

Sacrifice is required and not merely of the poor and the inconspicuous or of the rich and the politically negligible. High and low, in office and out, we have a war to win and no time for waste or delay. The American people are not complacent or fretfully impatient. They are serious and aroused. Any individual or any group that stands in the way of victory is destined for rough treatment. They deserve it.

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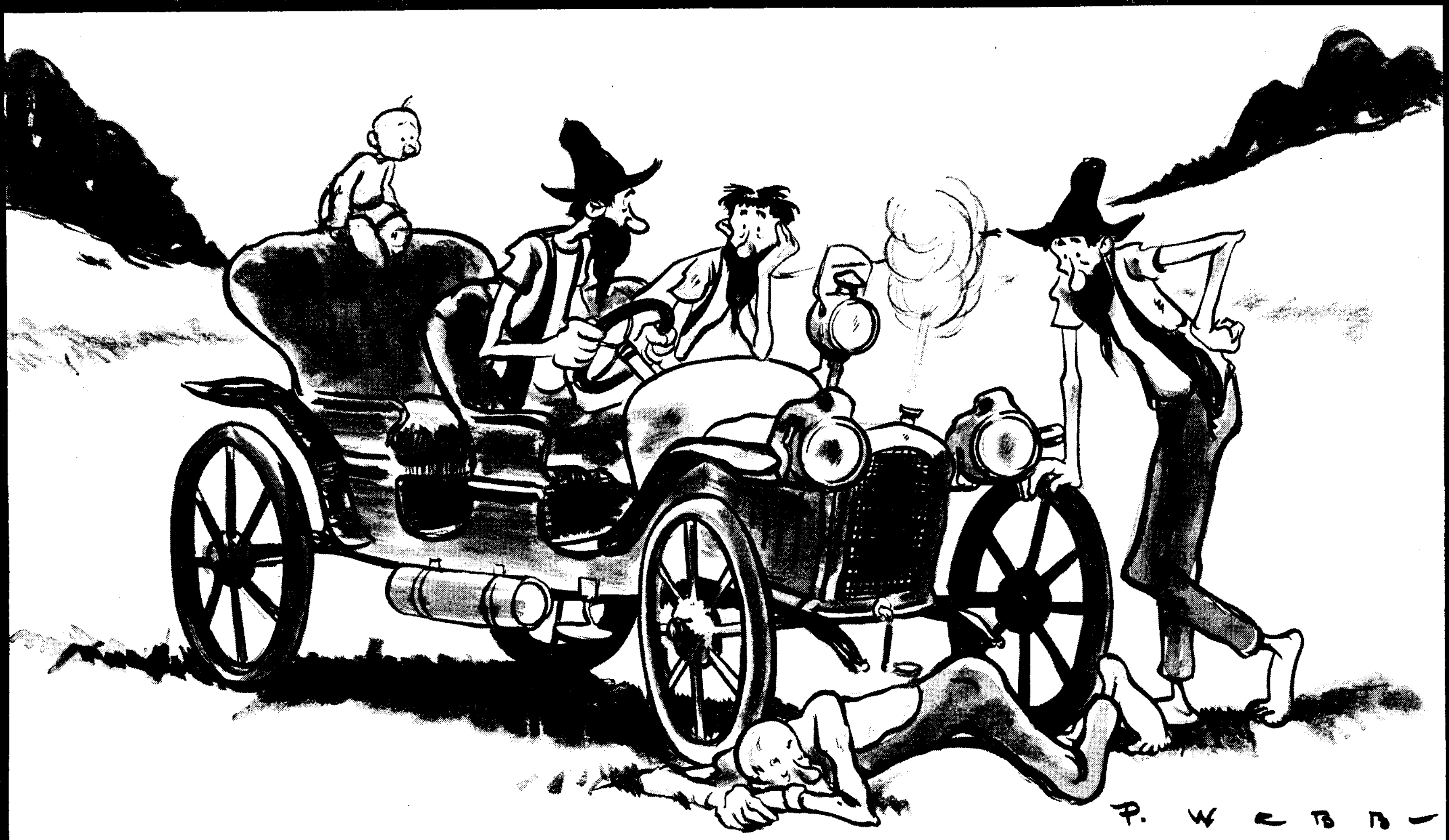

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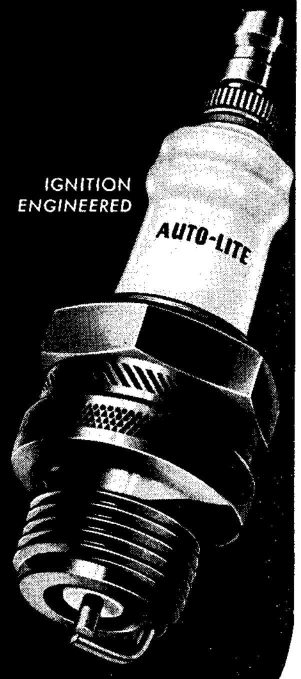

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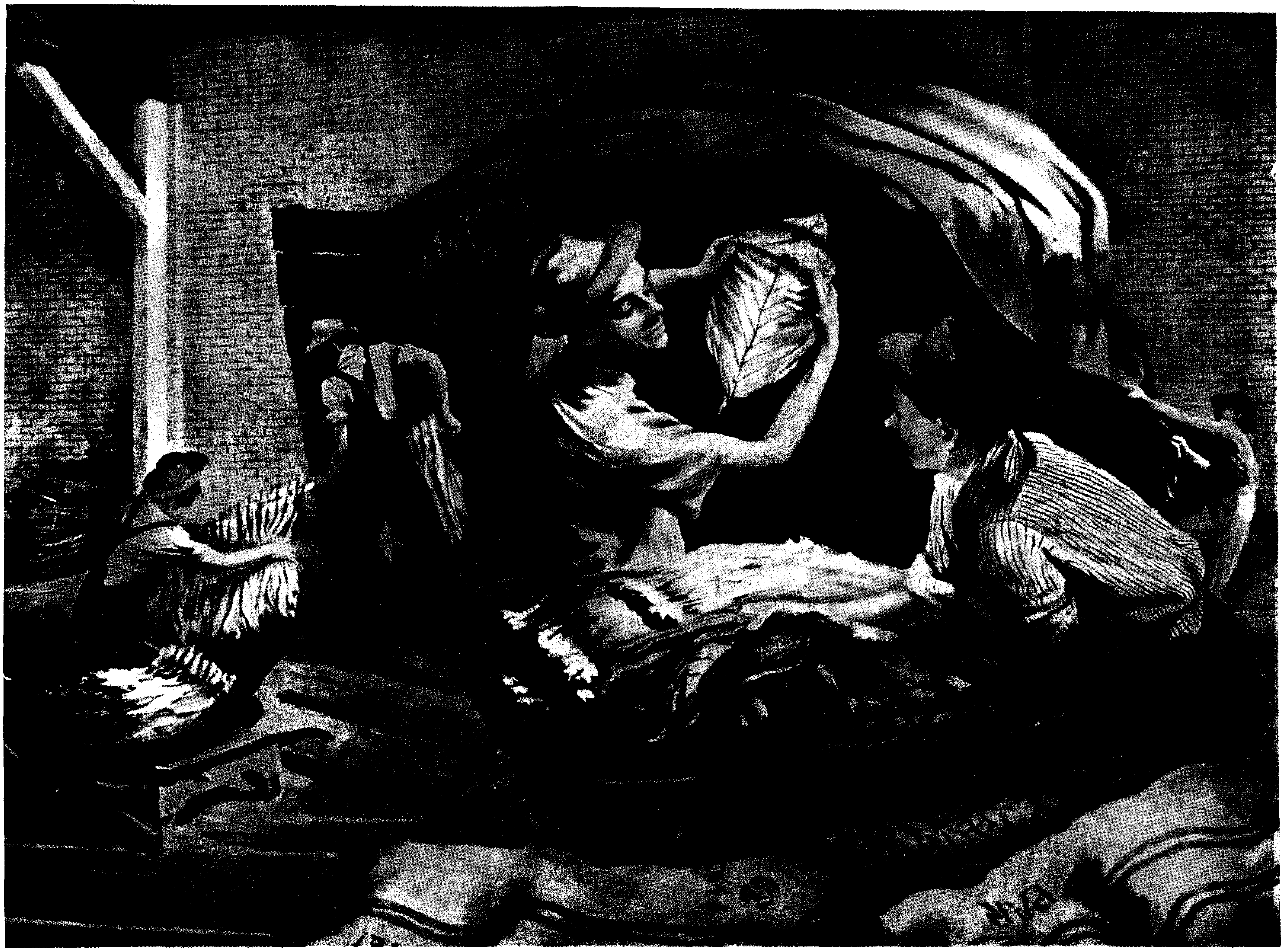

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